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SACRED POETRY:

CONSISTING OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

ADAPTED TO

CHRISTIAN DEVOTION

IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE.

SELECTED FROM THE BEST AUTHORS, WITH VARIATIONS AND ADDITIONS.

BY JEREMY BELKNAP, D. D.

FIFTH EDITION.

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PREFACE.

DR. Johnſon hath obſerved concerning devotional poetry, that "the ſanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction." Inferior ſubjects may be heightened by the charms of rhetoric, but this is too ſublime to receive any decoration from human eloquence; and we often debaſe it by making the attempt.

Dr. WATTS, *in one of his hymns, hath ſaid,*

"Join all the names of *love* and power
"That ever men or angels bore;
"All are too *mean* to ſpeak his worth,
"Or ſet EMANUEL'S glory forth."

Yet, ſuch was the imperfection of one of the beſt of men, that we frequently find in his divine poems, epithets and alluſions taken from "mortal beauties," and applied to the Saviour with a licenſe diſguſting to the ſpirit of devotion. It has been my aim to avoid theſe familiarities; and either to change or omit ſuch epithets and alluſions.

The names of the authors from whom this ſelection is made, are ſubjoined to each pſalm or hymn; excepting when they are unknown, or have requeſted concealment. Moſt of theſe names are familiar to the readers of poetry; but there is one to whom I am largely indebted for ſome of the moſt elegant of theſe productions, who is but little known in this country, and of whom I conceive the following account will be acceptable to every reader.

"ANNE STEELE, *was the eldeſt daughter of a diſſenting miniſter at Broughton, in Hampſhire; a man of piety, integrity, benevolence, and the moſt amiable ſimplicity of manners. She diſcovered in early life her love of the muſes, and often entertained her friends, with the truly poetical and pious productions of her pen. But, it was her infelicity, as it has been of many of her kindred ſpirits, to have a capacious ſoaring mind incloſed in a very weak and languid body. She lived for the moſt part, a life of retirement in the ſame peaceful village where ſhe began and ended her days. The duties of friendſhip and religion occupied her time, and the pleaſures of both conſtituted her delight. Her heart was apt to feel, often to a degree too painful for her own felicity; but always with the moſt tender and generous ſympathy for her friends. Yet, ſhe poſſeſſed a native cheerfulneſs; of which, even the agonizing pains ſhe endured, in the latter part of her life, could not deprive her. In every ſhort interval of abated ſuffering, ſhe would, in a variety of ways, as well as by her enlivening converſation, give pleaſure to all around her. Her life was a life of unaffected humility, warm benevolence, ſincere friendſhip, and genuine devotion. She waited with chriſtian dignity for the hour of her departure: When it came, ſhe welcomed its approach; and having taken an affectionate leave of her friends, cloſed her eyes with theſe animating words on her lips,* "*I know that my Redeemer liveth.*"*

* This account is taken from the preface to the third *volume of her* "miſcellaneous pieces in proſe and verſe," *puplished under the* name of THEODOSIA, by the Rev. *Caleb Evans, of* Briſtol, 1780, after her deceaſe.

It is humbly apprehended, that a grateful and affectionate addreſs to the exalted Saviour of mankind, or a hymn in honour of the Eternal Spirit, cannot be diſagreeable to the mind of God. To ſtigmatize ſuch an act of devotion with the name of idolatry, *is (to ſay the leaſt) an abuſe of language. It cannot be juſtly charged with derogating from the glory due to the ONE God and Father of all, becauſe he is the ultimate object of the honour which is given to his Son and to his Spirit.*

In this ſelection, thoſe Chriſtians who do not ſcruple to ſing praiſes to their Redeemer and Sanctifier, will find materials for ſuch a ſublime enjoyment; whilſt others, whoſe tenderneſs of conſcience may oblige them to confine their addreſſes to the Father only, will find no deficiency of matter ſuited to their idea of "the chaſte and awful ſpirit of devotion."

BOSTON, MAY 10, 1795.

N. B. *The characters denoting the ſharp or flat key, are prefixed to each pſalm or hymn, at my requeſt, by the Rev. Dr.* MORSE, *of Charleſtown.*

PSALMS.

PSALM I. *Common Metre.* ※

The Happineſs of the Righteous and the Miſery of the Wicked.

BLEST is the man who ſhuns the place
Where ſinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the ſcoffer's ſeat.

2 But in the ſtatutes of the Lord
Has plac'd his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 He, like a tree of generous kind,
By living waters ſet,
Safe from the ſtorm and blaſting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful ſtate.

4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair
Shall his profeſſion ſhine;
Whilſt fruits of holineſs appear
Like cluſters on the vine.

5 Not ſo the impious and unjuſt!
What vain deſigns they form!
Their hopes are blown away like duſt,
Or chaff before the ſtorm.

6 *Sinners in judgment* ſhall not ſtand
Among the ſons of grace.

When Chriſt the judge at his right hand
Appoints his ſaints a place.

7 His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well;
But crooked ways of ſinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

WATTS.

PSALM II. *Common Metre.* ✻

The Exaltation of Chriſt.

ATTEND, O earth, when God declares
His uncontroll'd decree;
"Thou art my Son, this day, my heir,
"Have I begotten thee.

2 "Upon my holy Zion's hill
"My King I thee ordain;
"And though thy foes diſpute my will,
"Thou ſhalt forever reign.

3 "Aſk and receive thy full demands,
"Thine ſhall the heathen be;
"The utmoſt limits of the lands
"Shall be poſſeſs'd by thee.

4 "Thy righteous ſceptre thou ſhalt ſway,
"And all thy foes command;
"Juſt as the potter breaks the clay,
"And moulds it with his hand."

5 Be wiſe ye princes, then, give ear,
Ye judges of the earth;
Worſhip the Lord with holy fear,
Rejoice with awful mirth.

Approach the Son with due reſpect,
To him your homage pay;
Leſt ye perſiſt in your neglect,
And periſh in your way.

7 If but in part his anger riſe,
Who can endure the flame?
Then bleſt are they whoſe hope relies
On his moſt holy name.

TATE, varied.

PSALM II. *Short Metre.* ✻

The Death, Reſurrection and Glory of Chriſt.

MAKER, and ſovereign Lord
Of heaven, and earth, and ſeas,
Thy providence confirms thy word,
And anſwers thy decrees.

2 The things ſo long foretold
By David, are fulfill'd;
When Jews and Gentiles join'd to ſlay
Jeſus, thy holy child.

3 Why did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews with one accord
Unite their counſels to deſtroy
Th' anointed of the Lord?

4 Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain deſign;
Againſt the Lord they join their powers,
Againſt his Chriſt combine.

5 The Lord derides their rage,
And will ſupport his throne;
He who hath rais'd him from the dead,
Hath own'd him for his Son.

6 He aſks, and God beſtows
A vaſt inheritance;
Far as the earth's remoteſt ends
His kingdom ſhall advance.

WATTS.

His ever watchful eye ſhall keep
Its conſtant guard around my bed.

4 Faith in his name forbids my fear:
O may thy preſence ne'er depart;
And in the morning let me hear
The love and kindneſs of thy heart.

5 Thus when the night of death ſhall come,
My fleſh ſhall reſt beneath the ground;
And wait thy voice to break the tomb,
With glad ſalvation in the ſound.

WATTS.

PSALM V. *Common Metre.* ※

For the Lord's Day Morning.

LORD, in the morning thou ſhalt hear,
My voice aſcending high;
To thee will I addreſs my prayer,
To thee direct mine eye.

2 Thou art a God, before whoſe ſight
The wicked ſhall not ſtand;
Sinners ſhall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

3 But to thy houſe will I reſort,
To taſte thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worſhip in thy fear.

4 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of truth and grace;
Make every path of duty ſtraight
And plain before my face.

5 The men who love and fear thy name,
Shall ſee their hopes fulfill'd;
The mighty God will compaſs them
With ſavour as a ſhield.

WATTS.

PSALM VI. *Common Metre.* ♭

Prayer in Sickneſs.

IN anger, Lord, rebuke me not,
But ſpare a wretch forlorn;
Correct me not in thy fierce wrath,
Too heavy to be borne.

2 Sorrow and pain conſume the day,
I waſte the night with cries,
Counting the minutes as they paſs,
Till the ſlow morning riſe.

3 My tortur'd fleſh diſtracts my mind,
And fills my ſoul with grief;
How long, O Lord, wilt thou delay
To grant me thy relief?

4 The gloomy ſhades of death cannot
Thy glorious acts proclaim;
No priſoner of the ſilent grave
Can magnify thy name.

5 He hears when duſt and aſhes pray,
He pities all my groans;
He ſaves me for his mercy's ſake,
And heals my broken bones.

6 The virtue of his ſovereign word
Reſtores my fainting breath;
To him will I devote that life
Which he has ſav'd from death.

TATE and WATTS, united and varied.

PSALM VII. *Common Metre.* ♯ or ♭

Confidence in God.

MY truſt is in my heavenly friend,
My hope in thee, my God;
Riſe, and my helpleſs life defend
From thoſe who ſeek my blood.

2 If malice lurk'd within my heart,
Before thy piercing eyes,
I ſhould not dare appeal to thee,
Nor aſk my God to riſe.

3 Impartial Judge of all the world,
I truſt my cauſe to thee;
According to my righteouſneſs
So let thy ſentence be.

4 Let wicked arts of wicked men
Be wholly overthrown;
But guard the juſt, O God, to whom
The hearts of both are known.

5 Then will I all the righteous ways
Of Providence proclaim;
I'll ſing the praiſe of God moſt high,
And celebrate his name.

TATE and WATTS united.

PSALM VIII. *Common Metre.* ※ or ♭

Divine Condeſcenſion.

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame!
Through all the world, how great art thou
How glorious is thy name!

2 When heaven, thy glorious work on high,
Employs my wondering ſight;
The moon that nightly rules the ſky,
With ſtars of feebler light;

3 Lord, what is man! that thou ſhouldſt choo
To keep him in thy mind!
Or what his race, that thou ſhouldſt prov
To them ſo wondrous kind!

4 *Him next in* power thou didſt create

Ordain'd with dignity and ſtate
O'er all thy works to reign.

5 They jointly own his powerful ſway,
The beaſts that prey or graze;
The bird that wings its airy way,
The fiſh that cuts the ſeas.

6 O thou, to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world, how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

TATE.

PSALM VIII. *Long Metre.* b

Adam and Chriſt, or the old and new Creation.

LORD, what was man when made at firſt,
Adam, the offſpring of the duſt,
That thou ſhouldſt ſet him, and his race,
But juſt below an angel's place?

2 That thou ſhouldſt raiſe his nature ſo,
And make him Lord of all below;
Make every beaſt and bird ſubmit,
And lay the fiſhes at his feet!

3 But what ſublimer glories wait
To crown the ſecond Adam's ſtate!
What honours ſhall thy ſon adorn,
Who condeſcended to be born!

4 See him below his angels made!
See him in duſt among the dead!
To ſave the world from death and ſin:
But he ſhall reign with power divine.

5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
The miſeries that attend the fall,
New made and glorious, ſhall ſubmit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

WATTS.

PSALM IX. ver. 10, 11. *L. M.* ※

Encouragement to Faith.

SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
His various and his ſaving names;
O may they not be heard alone,
But by our ſure experience known.

2 The great Jehovah be ador'd,
Th' eternal, all-ſufficient Lord;
Through all the world, moſt high confeſs'd
By him 'twas form'd and is poſſeſs'd.

3 Awake, our nobleſt powers, to bleſs
The God of Abra'm, God of Peace;
Now, by a dearer title known,
Father and God of Chriſt his Son.

4 Through every age his gracious ear
Is open to his ſervants' prayer;
Nor can one humble ſoul complain
That he has ſought his God in vain.

5 What unbelieving heart ſhall dare
In whiſpers to ſuggeſt a fear,
While ſtill he owns his ancient name,
The ſame his power, his love the ſame.

6 To thee our ſouls in faith ariſe,
To thee we lift expecting eyes,
And boldly through the deſert tread,
For God will guard where God ſhall lead.

DODDRIDGE.

PSALM X. *Common Metre.* ♭

A Prayer for Deliverance from Oppreſſion.

WHY doth the Lord ſtand off ſo far,
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep diſtreſs?

2 Lord, ſhall the wicked ſtill deride
Thy juſtice and thy power?
Shall they erect their heads in pride,
And better men devour?

3 Ariſe, O God! lift up thy hand,
Attend our humble cry;
No enemy ſhall dare to ſtand,
When God our help is nigh.

4 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
And ſtill incline thine ear;
Thou knoweſt what thy children ſay,
And thou their voice wilt hear.

5 Proud tyrants ſhall ſhall no more oppreſs,
No more depiſe the juſt;
And mighty ſinners ſhall confeſs
They are but earth and duſt.

WATTS.

PSALM XI. *Long Metre.* ♭

The Juſtice of Divine Providence.

ON God my ſtedfaſt hopes rely;
Why do my foes inſulting cry,
"Fly like a timorous, trembling dove,
"And ſeek the mountain's loneſome grove."

2 Behold the wicked aim their darts
Againſt the men of upright hearts!
If government be overthrown,
Who then the injur'd cauſe will own?

3 The Lord, enthron'd above the ſky,
On ſuffering virtue caſts his eye;
Though he afflict *his ſaints*, to prove
Their patience, and to try their love;

4 Yet lawleſs hands and hearts impure,
His frowns vindictive will endure;
His lightning wings its rapid way,
His thunder fills them with diſmay.

5 Where truth and juſtice hold their plac
God will reveal his gracious face;
Delighted, in the upright mind
His own reflected beams to find.

MERRICK, with additi

PSALM XII. *Common Metre.*

Corruption of Manners.

HELP, Lord! for men of virtue fail,
Religion loſes ground;
The ſons of wickedneſs prevail,
And treacheries abound.

2 Their oaths and promiſes they break,
Yet act the flatterer's part;
With fair deceitful lips they ſpeak,
And with a double heart.

3 Scoffers appear on every ſide,
Where a vile race of men
Are rais'd to ſeats of power and pride,
And bear the ſword in vain.

4 Lord, when iniquities abound,
And blaſphemy grows bold;
When faith is hardly to be found,
And love is waxen cold;

5 Is not thy chariot haſtening on?
Haſt thou not given the ſign?
May we not truſt and live upon
A promiſe ſo divine?

6 Thy word, like ſilver ſeven times tried,
Through ages ſhall endure;
The men who in thy truth confide,
Shall find the promiſe ſure.

WATTS.

PSALM XIII. *Common Metre.* ♭

Complaint under Temptation.

HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face?
My God, how long delay?
When wilt thou ſend thy heavenly rays
To drive my fears away?

2 How long ſhall my diſtreſſed ſoul
Struggle and toil in vain?
Thy word can all my foes control,
And eaſe my raging pain.

3 Be thou my ſun, and thou my ſhield,
My ſoul in ſafety keep;
Make haſte, before my eyes are ſeal'd
In death's eternal ſleep.

4 How would the tempter boaſt aloud,
If I become his prey,
And all the hoſts of hell grow proud
At thy ſo long delay!

5 But they ſhall fly at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head;
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.

6 Thou wilt diſplay that ſovereign grace
On which my hopes have hung;
I ſhall *employ my lips in* praiſe,
And victory ſhall be ſung.

WATTS.

PSALM XIV. *Common Metre* ♭

Univerſal Depravity.

FOOLS in their hearts believe and ſay,
"That all religion's vain:
"There is no God that reigns on high,
"Or minds th' affairs of men."

2 From thoughts ſo dreadful and profane
Corrupt diſcourſe proceeds;
And by their impious hands are done
Abominable deeds.

3 The Lord, from his celeſtial throne,
Look'd down on things below,
To find the men that ſought his grace,
Or did his juſtice know.

4 He ſaw that all were gone aſtray,
Their practice all the ſame;
That none did fear his Maker's hand,
That none did love his name.

5 Their tongues are us'd to ſpeak deceit,
Their ſlanders never ceaſe,
How ſwift to miſchief are their feet,
Nor know the paths of peace!

6 Such ſeeds of ſin, that bitter root,
In every heart are found;
Nor will they bear diviner fruit
Till grace refine the ground.

WAT

PSALM XV. *Common Metre.* ※ or

The Citizen of Zion.

LORD, who's the happy man that may
To thy bleſt courts repair?
And whilſt he bows before thy throne,
Shall find acceptance there?

2 'Tis he, whoſe truly honeſt heart
By rules of virtue moves;
Whoſe generous tongue diſdains to ſpeak
The thing his heart diſproves.

3 Who never will a ſlander forge,
His neighbour's fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a falſe report,
By malice whiſper'd round.

4 Who vice, when dreſt in pomp and power,
Can treat with juſt neglect;
And piety, though cloth'd in rags,
Religiouſly reſpect.

5 Who to his plighted vows and truſt
Has ever firmly ſtood;
And though he promiſe to his loſs,
He makes his promiſe good.

6 Who ſeeks not in oppreſſive ways
His treaſure to employ;
Whom no reward can ever bribe
The guiltleſs to deſtroy.

7 The man, who by this ſteady courſe
Has happineſs inſur'd,
When earth's foundations ſhake, ſhall ſtand,
By Providence ſecur'd

TATE.

PSALM XV. *Long Metre.* ♯ or ♭

The Virtues of a Chriſtian.

WHO ſhall aſcend thy heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man who loves religion now,
And humbly *walks with* God below.

2 *Whoſe hands are pure*, whoſe heart is clean,
Whoſe lips ſtill ſpeak the thing they mean;

No ſlanders dwell upon his tongue,
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

3 He will not truſt an ill report,
Nor vent it to his neighbour's hurt;
Sinners of ſtate he can deſpiſe,
But ſaints are honour'd in his eyes.

4 Firm to his word he ever ſtood,
And always makes his promiſe good;
Nor will he change the thing he ſwears,
Whatever pain or loſs he bears.

5 He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that juſtice ſhould be ſold;
If others vex and grind the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.

6 He loves his enemies, and prays
For thoſe who curſe him to his face;
And doth to all men ſtill the ſame
That he could hope or wiſh from them.

7 Yet, when his holieſt works are done,
His ſoul depends on grace alone:
This is the man thy face ſhall ſee,
And dwell forever, Lord, with thee.

WATTS

PSALM XVI. Firſt Part. *L. M.* b

Good Works profitable to Men.

PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need;
For ſuccour to thy throne I flee;
But have no merit there to plead,
My goodneſs cannot reach to thee.

2 Oft have my heart and tongue confeſt
How empty and how poor I am;
My praiſe can never make thee bleſt,
Nor add new glory to thy name.

3 Yet, Lord, thy ſaints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good I do;
Theſe are the company I keep,
Theſe are the choiceſt friends I know.

4 Let others chooſe the ſons of mirth
To give a reliſh to their wine;
I love the men of heavenly birth
Whoſe works and language are divine.

WATTS.

PSALM XVI. Second Part. *C. M. b*

The Bleſſings of Nature and Grace.

LET heathens to their idols haſte,
And worſhip wood or ſtone;
But my delightful lot is caſt
Where the true God is known.

2 In this enlighten'd, pleaſant land,
My happy portion lies;
Where nature's ever bounteous hand
All human want ſupplies.

3 Therefore my ſoul ſhall bleſs the Lord,
Whoſe precepts give me light,
And conſolation ſtill afford
In ſorrow's diſmal night.

4 I ſtrive each action to approve
To thine all-ſeeing eye;
No danger ſhall my hope remove,
For thou art ever nigh.

5 Thou ſhalt the paths of life diſplay,
Which to thy preſence lead;
Where pleaſures dwell without allay,
And *joys which never fade.*

WATTS and TATE, varied.

And fleſh and ſenſe no more control
The ſacred pleaſures of the ſoul.

4 My fleſh ſhall ſlumber in the ground
Till the laſt trumpet's joyful ſound;
Then burſt the chains with glad ſurpriſe,
And in my Saviour's image riſe.

WATTS

PSALM XVIII. First Part. *L. M.* ♭

Confidence in divine Protection.

NO change of times ſhall ever ſhock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou haſt always been a rock,
A fortreſs and defence to me.

2 Thou my deliverer art, my God,
My truſt is in thy mighty power;
Thou art my ſhield from foes abroad,
At home my ſafeguard and my tower.

3 To heaven I made my mournful prayer,
To God addreſs'd my humble cry;
Who graciouſly inclin'd his ear,
And heard me from his throne on high.

4 The Lord did on my ſide engage,
From heaven my righteous cauſe upheld,
And ſav'd me from the furious rage
Of threat'ning waves that proudly ſwell'd.

5 Thou to the juſt ſhall juſtice ſhow,
The pure thy purity ſhall ſee;
Such as perverſely chooſe to go,
Shall meet with due returns from thee.

6 Who then deſerves to be ador'd,
But God on whom my hopes depend?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with reſiſtleſs power defend?

TAT

PSALM XVIII. Second Part. *L. M.* ✻ or ♭

God executing Judgment on his Enemies.

INCUMBENT on the bending ſky,
The Lord deſcended from on high;
And bade the darkneſs of the pole
Beneath his feet tremendous roll.

1 Thick woven clouds aroud him clos'd,
His ſecret reſidence compos'd;
And waters, high ſuſpended, ſpread
Their dark pavilion o'er his head.

3 His voice th' Almighty Monarch rear'd,
Through heaven's high vault in thunder heard;
And down in fiercer conflict came
Tremendous hail and mingled flame.

4 With aim direct, his ſhafts were ſped,
In vain his foes before them fled;
Around his dreadful lightnings ſtray,
And ſure deſtruction marks their way.

5 Earth's baſis, open to the eye,
And ocean's ſprings, were ſeen to lie,
As the tempeſtuous fury paſt,
And o'er them rag'd the dreadful blaſt.

MERRICK

PSALM XVIII. Third Part. *L. M.* ♭

Sincerity proved, or the Equity of Providence.

LORD, thou haſt ſeen my ſoul ſincere,
Haſt made thy truth and love appear;
Before my eyes I ſet thy laws,
And thou haſt own'd my righteous cauſe.

2 Since I have learnt thy holy ways,
My actions *have proclaim'd* thy praiſe;
Or if my feet did e'er depart,
'Twas never with a wicked heart.

3 What ſore temptations broke my reſt;
What wars and ſtrugglings in my breaſt;
But through thy grace that reigns within,
I hope to conquer every ſin.

4 With an impartial hand, the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward;
The kind and faithful ſouls ſhall find
A God more faithful and more kind.

5 The juſt and pure ſhall ever ſay
God is more pure and juſt than they;
And men that love revenge ſhall know
God hath an arm of vengeance too.

WATTS.

PSALM XVIII. Fourth Part. C. M.

Thankſgiving for Victory.

TO thine almighty arm we owe
The triumph of the day;
Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,
And melt their ſtrength away.

2 'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail,
And break united powers;
By thee their lofty walls we ſcale,
Or burn their proudeſt towers.

3 God ſpeaks, and at his fierce rebuke
Whole armies are diſmay'd;
His voice, his frown, his angry look,
Strike all their courage dead.

4 He forms our ſoldiers for the the field,
With all their martial ſkill;
Inſtructs their hand the ſword to wield,
And gives them hearts of ſteel.

5 The Lord our Saviour ever lives,
His name be ever bleſt;
His powerful arm the victory gives,
And gives his people reſt.

WATTS.

PSALM XIX. Firſt Part. *Com. Metre.* ✠

The Voice of Nature proclaiming God.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill;
The firmament and ſtars expreſs
Their great Creator's ſkill.

2 The dawn of each returning day
Freſh beams of knowledge brings;
And from the dark returns of night,
Divine inſtruction ſprings.

3 Their powerful language to no realm
Or region is confin'd;
'Tis nature's voice, and underſtood
Alike by all mankind.

4 Their doctrine does its ſacred ſenſe
Through earth's extent diſplay,
Whoſe bright contents the circling ſun
Does round the world convey.

5 No bridegroom, on his nuptial day,
Has ſuch a cheerful face;
No giant does like him rejoice
To run his glorious race.

6 From eaſt to weſt, from weſt to eaſt,
His reſtleſs courſe he goes;
And, through his progreſs, cheerful light
And vital warmth beſtows.

TATE.

PSALM XIX. Second Part. *C., M* ※
The Excellency of Scripture.

GOD's perfect law converts the ſoul,
Reclaims from falſe deſires;
With ſacred wiſdom his ſure word
The ignorant inſpires.

2 The ſtatutes of the Lord are juſt
And bring ſincere delight;
His pure commands in ſearch of truth
Aſſiſt the feebleſt ſight.

3 His perfect worſhip here is fix'd,
On ſure foundations laid;
His equal laws are in the ſcales
Of truth and juſtice weigh'd.

4 Of more eſteem than golden mines,
Or gold refin'd with ſkill;
More ſweet than honey, or the drops
Which from the comb diſtil.

5 My truſty counſellors they are,
And friendly warning give;
Divine rewards attend on thoſe
Who by thy precepts live.

6 But what frail man obſerves how oft
He does from virtue fall?
O cleanſe me from my ſecret faults,
Thou God, who know'ſt them all.

TAT

PSALM XIX. *Long Metre.* ※
Nature and Scripture compared.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord
In every ſtar thy wiſdom ſhines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling ſun, the changing light.
And nights and days thy power confeſs;
But the bleſt volume thou haſt writ
Reveals thy juſtice and thy grace.

3 Sun moon and ſtars convey thy praiſe
Through the whole earth, and never ſtand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.

4 Nor ſhall thy ſpreading goſpel reſt,
Til through the world thy truth has run;
Till Chriſt hath all the nations bleſt
That ſee the light or feel the ſun.

5 Great ſun of righteouſneſs, ariſe;
Bleſs the dark world with heavenly light,
Thy goſpel makes the ſimple wiſe,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy nobleſt wonders here we view,
In ſouls renew'd and ſins forgiven;
Lord, cleanſe my ſins, my ſoul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

W[illegible].

PSALM XIX. *Six Line Long Metre.* ✻

GREAT God, the heaven's well order'd frame
Declares the glory of thy name;
Here thy rich works of wonder ſhine,
A thouſand ſtarry beauties there,
A thouſand radiant marks appear
Of boundleſs power and ſkill divine.

2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heavenly wiſdom read;
With ſilent eloquence, they raiſe
Our thoughts to our Creator's praiſe,
And neither ſound nor language need.

3 Yet their divine inſtructions run
Far as the circuit of the ſun,
And every nation knows their voice
Where'er he ſpreads his beams abroad,
He publiſhes his maker, God,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rej

4 But when we read thy written word;
What light and joy thoſe leaves afford!
Theſe are our ſtudy and delight:
Not honey ſo invites the taſte,
Nor gold that hath the furnace paſt,
Appears ſo pleaſing to the ſight.

5 From the diſcoveries of thy law,
The perfect rules of life we draw;
But 'tis thy bleſſed goſpel, Lord,
Which makes our guilty conſcience clea
Converts our ſoul, ſubdues our ſin,
And gives a free but large reward.

6 Who knows the errors of his thoughts!
Forgive, O Lord, our ſecret faults,
And from preſumptuous ſins reſtrain
Accept the tribute of our praiſe,
That we have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

WAT

PSALM XIX. *Short Metre.*

For the Lord's Day Morning.

BEHOLD, the morning ſun
Begins his glorious way,
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 *But where* the goſpel comes,
It ſpreads diviner light;

It calls dead ſinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their ſight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments juſt!
Forever ſure thy promiſe, Lord,
And we ſecurely truſt.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

5 I hear thy word with love,
O help me to obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me leſt I ſtray.

6 Whilſt with my heart and tongue
I ſpread thy praiſe abroad;
Accept the worſhip and the ſong,
My Saviour and my God.

WATTS.

PSALM XX. *Long Metre.*

For a day of Prayer in War.

NOW may the God of power and grace
Attend his people's humble cry;
Jehovah hears when Iſrael prays,
And ſends deliverance from on high.

2 The name of Jacob's God defends
Better than ſhields or brazen walls;
He from his ſanctuary ſends
Succour and ſtrength when Zion calls.

3 Well he remembers all our ſighs,
His love *exceeds our beſt* deſerts;
His love accepts the ſacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

4 In his ſalvation is our hope,
And in the name of God, the Lord,
Our troops ſhall lift their banners up,
Our ſhips ſhall ſpread their flags abro
5 Some truſt in horſes train'd for war,
And ſome of chariots make their boa
Our ſureſt expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heavenly hoſt
6 Save us, O Lord, from guilty fear,
And let our hopes be firm and ſtrong
Till thy ſalvation ſhall appear,
And joy and triumph raiſe the ſong.
W

PSALM XXI. *Long Metre.* ✻

The Exaltation of Chriſt.

DAVID rejoic'd in God his ſtreng
Rais'd to the throne by ſpecial
But Chriſt the Son appears at length,
Fulfils the triumph and the praiſe.

2 How great is the Meſſiah's joy
In the ſalvation of thy hand!
Lord, thou haſt rais'd his kingdom hi
And given the world to his command.
3 Thy goodneſs grants, whate'er he wil
Nor doth the leaſt requeſt withhold;
Bleſſings of love prevent him ſtill,
And crowns of glory, not of gold.
4 Honour and majeſty divine
Around his ſacred temples ſhine;
Bleſt with the favour of thy face,
And length of everlaſting days.

PSALM XXII. First Part. C. M. ♭

The Sufferings and Glory of Chriſt.

NOW, in the hour of deep diſtreſs,
"My God ſupport thy SON,
When horrors dark my ſoul oppreſs,
"O leave me not alone!"

Thus did our ſuffering Saviour pray,
With mighty cries and tears;
God heard him in that dreadful day,
And chas'd away his fears.

Great was the victory of his death,
His throne exalted ſtands;
And all the nations of the earth
Shall bow to his commands.

A numerous offspring ſhall reward
The Saviour's dying groans;
I call them," ſaith the glorious Lord,
"My daughters and my ſons."

The meek and humble ſouls ſhall ſee
His table richly ſpread;
And all that ſeek the Lord ſhall be
With joys immortal fed.

WATTS, varied.

PSALM XXII. Second Part. L. M. ♭

Chriſt's Death and Reſurrection.

NOW let our mournful ſongs record
The dying ſorrows of our Lord,
When he complain'd in tears and blood,
Like one forſaken of his God.

The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And ſhook their heads, and laugh'd in ſcorn
He reſcued others from the grave,
Now let him try himſelf to ſave.

3 " Behold the man who did pretend
" God was his father and his friend ;
" If God the bleſſed lov'd him ſo,
" Why doth he fail to help him now ?

4 O harden'd people ! cruel prieſts !
How they ſtood round like ſavage beaſt
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had put him in their power

5 They wound his head, his hands, his fe
Till ſtreams of blood each other meet ;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he died.

6 But God his Father heard his cry ;
Rais'd from the dead he reigns on high
The nations learn his righteouſneſs,
And humble ſinners taſte his grace.

Wa

PSALM XXII. Third Part. *C. M.*

Obedience to God due from all Men.

LET all the various tribes of men
To God their homage pay ;
And diſtant nations of the earth,
One ſovereign Lord obey.

2 'Tis his prerogative ſupreme
O'er ſubject kings to reign ;
'Tis juſt that he ſhould rule the world,
Who does the world ſuſtain.

3 The rich, whom he with plenty feeds,
His goodneſs ſhall confeſs ;
The ſons of want whom he relieves,
Their bounteous patron bleſs.

4 *With* humble confidence to God
Let all for aid repair ;

For he who firſt their beings gave,
Will make them ſtill his care.

5 Bleſt time! when all of human birth,
Devoted to his name,
Shall to their heirs, his ſacred truth
And glorious acts proclaim.

TATE, varied.

PSALM XXIII. *Common Metre.* ✱

God's tender Care of his People.

1 THE Lord himſelf, the mighty Lord,
Is pleas'd to be my guide;
The Shepherd, by whoſe conſtant care
My wants are all ſupplied.

2 In tender graſs he makes me feed,
And gently there repoſe;
Then leads me to cool ſhades, and where
Refreſhing water flows.

3 He does my wandering feet reclaim,
And, to his endleſs praiſe,
Inſtruct with humble zeal to walk
In his moſt righteous ways.

4 I'll paſs the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and ſtaff
Defend and comfort me.

5 With liberal and unceaſing care,
He does my table ſpread;
He crowns my cup with cheerful wine,
With oil anoints my head.

6 Since God doth thus his wondrous love
Through *all my life extend,*
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple ſpend.

PSALM XXIII. *Short Metre.* ※

God's tender Care of his People.

THE Lord my ſhepherd is,
I ſhall be well ſupplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beſide?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly paſture grows,
Where living waters gently paſs,
And full ſalvation flows.

3 If e'er I go aſtray,
He doth my ſoul reclaim;
And guides me in his own right way,
For his moſt holy name.

4 Whilſt he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I ſhould walk through death's dark ſ
My God is with me there.

5 In ſight of all my foes
He does my table ſpread;
My cup with bleſſings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of his love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from his houſe will I remove,
Nor ceaſe to ſpeak his praiſe.

WA

PSALM XXIII. *Six Line Long Metre.*

God our Shepherd.

THE Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care;
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:

My noon day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountain pant;
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering ſteps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landſkips flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I ſtray,
His bounty ſhall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With lively greens and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread,
My ſtedfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill;
Thy friendly ſtaff ſhall give me aid,
And guide me through the diſmal ſhade.

ADDISON.

PSALM XXIV. *Common Metre.* ※

The Man whom God approves.

THIS ſpacious earth is all the Lord's,
The Lord's her fulneſs is;
The world, and they who dwell therein,
By ſovereign right are his.

2 He fix'd the land, and ſpread the ſeas,
With all which they contain;
Then man in his own image form'd,
O'er *all theſe works to reign.*

3 *But for himſelf, this Lord of all*
One choſen ſeat deſign'd:

O who ſhall to that ſacred hill
Deſir'd admittance find ?

4 The man, whoſe hands and heart are pure,
Whoſe thoughts from pride are free ;
Who honeſt poverty prefers
To gainful perjury.

5 This is the man, on whom the Lord
Shall ſhower his bleſſings down ;
Whom God his Saviour ſhall be pleas'd
With righteouſneſs to crown.

6 Such is the character of thoſe
Who ſeek the face of God ;
Whoſe happy feet ſhall ſtand within
The place of his abode.

TATE, varied.

PSALM XXIV. *Long Metre.* ※

Heaven the reſidence of Saints, and the Aſcenſion of Chr

THIS ſpacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men, and worms, and beaſts, and bird
He rais'd the building on the ſeas,
And gave it for their dwelling place.

2 But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the ſky ;
Who ſhall aſcend that bleſt abode,
And dwell ſo near his Maker, God ?

3 He who abhors and fears to ſin,
Whoſe heart is pure, whoſe hands are cle
Him ſhall the Lord, the Saviour bleſs,
And clothe his ſoul with righteouſneſs.

4 Theſe are the men, the pious race
Who ſeek the God of Jacob's face ;
Theſe ſhall enjoy the bliſsful ſight,
And dwell in everlaſting light.

5 Rejoice, ye ſhining worlds on high,
Behold the King of glory nigh!
Who can this King of glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.

6 Ye heavenly gates, your leaves diſplay,
To make the Lord, the Saviour way;
Laden with ſpoils from earth and hell,
The Conqueror comes, with God to dwell.

7 Rais'd from the dead, he goes before,
He opens heaven's eternal door,
To give his ſaints a bleſt abode,
With their Redeemer and their God.

WATTS.

PSALM XXV. *Short Metre.* ♭

Seeking divine Forgiveneſs and Direction.

TO God I lift mine eyes,
My truſt is in his name;
And they whoſe hope on him relies,
Shall never ſuffer ſhame.

2 From the firſt dawning light
Till the dark evening's ſhade,
For thy ſalvation, Lord, I wait,
And aſk thy heavenly aid.

3 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the ſins of riper age,
And follies of my youth.

4 Thro' all the ways of God,
Both truth and mercy ſhine,
To thoſe who with religious hearts
To his *bleſt will incline.*

5 *He thoſe in ſafety guides*
Who his direction ſeek,

And in his ſacred paths will lead
The humble and the meek.

6 For thy own goodneſs' ſake,
Save thou my ſoul from ſhame;
And pardon all my ſins, tho' great,
Thro' my Redeemer's name.

TATE and WATTS, united and varied.

PSALM XXVI. *Long Metre.* b

Self Examination.

JUDGE me, O God, and prove my way,
And try my reins, and try heart;
My faith upon thy promiſe ſtays,
Nor from thy word my feet depart.

2 I hate to walk, I hate to ſit
With men of vanity and lies;
The ſcoffer and the hypocrite
In my eſteem ſhall never riſe.

3 In innocence I'll waſh my hands,
From pride, and guilt, and folly clear;
Then at thy ſacred altar ſtand,
And hope to find acceptance there.

4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thy honours dwell;
There ſhall I hear thy holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.

5 Let not my ſoul be join'd at laſt
With men of treachery and blood;
Since I my days on earth have paſt
Among the ſaints, and near my God.

WATTS, varied.

PSALM XXVII. *Common Metre.* ✻ or ♭

The Church is our Safety and Delight.

THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my ſalvation too;
God is my ſtrength, nor will I fear
What mortal fleſh can do.

2 One privilege my heart deſires,
Oh grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy ſaints,
The temples of my God.

3 There ſhall I offer my requeſts,
And ſee thy glory ſtill;
Shall hear thy meſſages of love,
And learn thy holy will.

4 When troubles riſe and ſtorms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a ſtrong pavillion, where
He makes my ſoul abide.

5 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
Leave me to want or die;
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need ſupply.

6 Wait on the Lord ye trembling ſaints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raiſe your ſpirit when it faints,
And elevate your hope.

WATTS.

PSALM XXVII. *Long Metre.* ♭

The ſafety of truſting in God.

THE Lord, my Saviour, is my light,
What terrors can my ſoul affright?
Whilſt God, my ſtrength, my life, is near,
What mortal ſhall alarm my fear?

5 His lightning rends the firmeſt rock,
And pierces deep the ſolid ground;
The hinds affrighted feel the ſhock,
And ſhudder at the awful ſound.

6 The Lord ſits ſovereign on the flood,
The Thunderer reigns forever king;
But makes his church his bleſt abode,
Where we his praiſe ſecurely ſing.

7 In gentler language, here the Lord
The counſels of his grace imports;
Amidſt the raging ſtorm, his word
Speaks peace and comfort to our hearts.

WATTS and TATE, united and varie

PSALM XXX. *Common Metre.*

Prayer heard.

BENEATH my God's protecting arm,
How did my ſoul rejoice!
And fondly hop'd no future harm
Would interrupt my joys.

2 Lord 'twas thy favour fix'd my reſt;
Thy ſhining face withdrew,
Then troubles fill'd my anxious breaſt,
And pain'd my ſoul anew.

3 Again to thee, O gracious God,
I rais'd my mournful eyes;
To thee I ſpread my woes abroad,
With ſupplicating cries.

4 What glory can my death afford,
In the dark grave confin'd?
Shall ſenſeleſs duſt adore the Lord,
Or call thy truth to mind?

5 *Hear, O* my God, in mercy hear,
Attend my plaintive cry;

Be thou my gracious helper, near,
And bid by ſorrows fly.

6 Again I hear the voice divine;
New joys exulting bound;
My robes of mourning I reſign,
And gladneſs girds me round.

7 Then let my utmoſt glory be
To raiſe thy honours high;
Nor let my gratitude to thee
In guilty ſilence die.

8 To thee, my gracious God, I raiſe
My thankful heart and tongue:
O be thy goodneſs and thy praiſe
My everlaſting ſong.

Mrs. STEELE.

PSALM XXX. *Long Metre.* ※

Recovery from Sickneſs.

FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I preſum'd 'twould ne'er be night;
Fondly I ſaid within my heart,
"Pleaſure and peace ſhall ne'er depart."

2 But I forgot thine arm was ſtrong,
Which made my mountain ſtand ſo long;
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comfort died.

3 Corrected by a Father's rod,
I cry'd aloud to thee, my God;
"If laid in duſt, can I declare
"Thy truth, or ſing thy goodneſs there?

4 "Hear me, O God of grace," I ſaid,
"And *bring me from among* the dead;"
Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,
Thy pardoning love remov'd my guilt.

5 My ſad complaints in praiſes end,
And tears of gratitude deſcend;
I throw my ſackloth on the ground,
And eaſe and gladneſs gird me round.

6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Thy power and goodneſs ſhall proclaim;
Thy praiſe ſhall ſound thro' earth and heaven
For ſickneſs heal'd and ſins forgiven.

WATTS.

PSALM XXXI. *Common Metre.*

Relief from Diſtreſs.

COME, O ye ſaints, your voices raiſe
To God in grateful ſongs;
And let the memory of his grace
Inſpire your hearts and tongues.

2 His frown what mortal can ſuſtain!
But ſoon his anger dies;
His life-reſtoring ſmile again
Returns, and ſorrow flies.

3 Her deepeſt gloom, when ſorrow ſpreads,
And light and hope depart,
His face celeſtial morning ſheds,
And joy revives the heart.

4 To thee, my God, oppreſs'd with grief,
I breath'd my humble cry;
Thy mercy brought divine relief,
And wip'd my weeping eye.

5 Thy mercy chas'd the ſhades of death,
And ſnatch'd me from the grave;
O may thy praiſe employ that breath
Which mercy deigns to ſave.

Mrs. STEELE

PSALM XXXI. *Long Metre.* ✻ or ♭

Confidence in God.

LORD, in thy great, thy glorious name,
I place my hope, my only truſt;
Save me from ſorrow, guilt and ſhame,
Thou ever gracious, ever juſt.

2 Thou art my Rock, thy name alone
The fortreſs where my hopes retreat;
O make thy power and mercy known,
To ſafety guide my wandering feet.

3 To thy kind hand, all gracious Lord,
My ſoul I cheerfully reſign;
My ſaviour God, I truſt thy word,
For truth, immortal truth, is thine.

4 I hate their works, I hate their ways,
Who follow vanity and lies;
But to the Lord my hopes I raiſe,
And truſt his power who built the ſkies.

5 What perfect bliſs, O bounteous Lord,
Immenſely great, divinely free,
Haſt thou reſerv'd for their reward,
Who fear thy name, and truſt in thee!

6 Bleſt be the Lord, forever bleſt,
Whoſe mercy bids my fear remove;
The ſacred walls which guard my reſt
Are his almighty power and love.

7 Ye humble ſouls, who ſeek his face,
Let ſacred courage fill your heart!
Hope in the Lord and truſt his grace,
And he will heavenly ſtrength impart.

MRS. STEELE.

PSALM XXXII. *Long Metre.* ♭

The Marks of true Repentance.

HE's bleſt, whoſe ſins have pardon gain'd,
No more in judgment to appear;
Whoſe guilt remiſſion has obtain'd,
And whoſe repentance is ſincere.

2 From guile his heart and lips are free,
His humble joy, his holy fear
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith ſincere.

3 Whilſt I kept ſilence and conceal'd
My load of guilt within my heart,
What torment did my conſcience feel!
What agony of inward ſmart.

4 Heavy on me thy hand remain'd,
By day and night alike diſtreſs'd;
Till quite of vital moiſture drain'd,
Like land with ſummer drought oppreſs'd.

5 No ſooner I my wound diſclos'd,
The guilt that tortur'd me within,
But thy forgiveneſs interpos'd,
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.

6 For this diſplay of ſovereign grace,
In my diſtreſs ſo freely given,
Each humble ſoul will ſeek thy face,
And find his way to peace and heaven.

TATE and WATTS, united and varied

PSALM XXXII. *Short Metre.* ♭

Confeſſion and Pardon.

O BLESSED ſouls are they,
Whoſe ſins are cover'd o'er,
Divinely bleſt, to whom the Lord,
Imputes their guilt no more!

2 They mourn their follies paſt,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith ſincere.

3 When I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the feſtering wound;
But I confeſs'd my ſin to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let ſinners learn to pray,
Let ſaints keep near the throne;
Our help, in time of deep diſtreſs,
Is found in God alone.

WATTS.

PSALM XXXIII. *Common Metre.* ✻

The works of Creation and Providence.

REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
This work belongs to you;
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, juſt and true!

2 His mercy and his righteouſneſs
Let heaven and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.

3 His wiſdom and almighty word
The heavenly orbits ſpread;
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their ſhining hoſts were made.

4 He bade the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep;
The flowing ſeas their limits know,
And their own ſtation keep.

5 *Ye tenants of the ſpacious earth,*
With fear before him ſtand:

He ſpoke, and nature took its birth,
And reſts on his command.

6 He ſcorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain deſigns;
His counſel ſtands thro' every age,
And in full glory ſhines.

WATTS.

PSALM XXXIII. *Six Line L. M.* ✻

Creatures vain, and God all-ſufficient.

HAPPY the nation, where the Lord
Reveals the treaſure of his word,
And builds his church, his earthly throne
His eye the heathen world ſurveys,
He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways
But God, their Maker, is unknown.

2 Let kings rely upon their hoſt,
And of his ſtrength. the warrior boaſt,
In vain they boaſt, in vain rely;
In vain they truſt the brutal force,
Or ſpeed, or courage of the horſe
To guard his rider, or to fly.

3 The eye of thy compaſſion, Lord,
Doth more ſecure defence afford,
When death and danger threat'ning ſtand
Thy watchful eye preſerves the juſt,
Who make thy name their fear and truſt,
When wars or famine waſte the land.

4 In ſickneſs, or the bloody field,
Thou, our Phyſician, thou, our Shield,
Send us ſalvation from thy throne;
We wait to ſee thy goodneſs ſhine,
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

WATTS

PSALM XXXIV. First Part. *C. M.* ✻

Encouragement to truſt and love God.

THRO' all the changing ſcenes of life,
In trouble and in joy;
The praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill
My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliverance I will boaſt,
Till all who are diſtreſs'd,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to reſt.

The hoſts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the juſt:
Protection he affords to all
Who make his name their truſt.

O make but trial of his love;
Experience will decide;
How bleſt are they, and only they
Who in his truth confide.

Fear him, ye ſaints, and you will then
Have nothing elſe to fear;
Make you his ſervice your delight,
Your wants ſhall be his care.

Whilſt hungry lions lack their prey,
The Lord will food provide
For ſuch as put their truſt in him,
And ſee their wants ſupplied.

TATE.

PSALM XXXIV. Second Part. *C. M.* ♭

The way of Holineſs and its Reward.

APPROACH, ye piouſly diſpos'd,
And my inſtruction hear;
I'll teach you the true diſcipline
Of God's religious fear.

2 Let him who length of life deſires,
And proſperous days would ſee;
From ſlandering language keep his tongue,
His lips from falſehood free.

3 The crooked paths of vice decline,
And virtue's ways purſue;
Eſtabliſh peace where 'tis begun,
And where 'tis loſt, renew.

4 The Lord from heaven beholds the juſt
With favourable eyes;
And when diſtreſs'd, his gracious ear
Is open to their cries.

5 Deliverance to his ſaints he gives,
When his relief they crave;
He's nigh to heal the broken heart,
The contrite ſpirit ſave.

TATE.

PSALM XXXV. ver. 12, 13, 14. *C. M.*

Love to Enemies.

BEHOLD the love, the generous love,
Which holy David ſhows!
Hark, how his tender pity moves
To his afflicted foes!

2 When they are ſick, his ſoul complains,
And ſeems to feel the ſmart;
The ſpirit of the goſpel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.

3 How did his flowing tears condole,
As for a brother dead!
And, faſting, mortified his ſoul,
Whilſt for their life he pray'd!

5 They groan, and curſe him on their bed,
Yet ſtill he pleads and mourns;
And double bleſſings on his head
The righteous God returns.

5 O glorious type of heavenly grace!
Thus Chriſt the Lord appears;
Whilſt ſinners curſe, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears.

6 He the true David, Iſrael's King,
Bleſs'd and beiov'd of God,
To ſave our ſouls from death and ſin,
Shed his own precious blood.

WATTS.

PSALM XXXVI. Firſt Verſion. *L. M.* ※

The Perfection and Providence of God.

THY mercy, Lord, my only hope,
The higheſt orb of heaven tranſcends;
Thy ſacred truth's unmeaſur'd ſcope
Above the ſpreading ſkies extends.

2 Thy juſtice like the hills remains,
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world ſuſtains,
The whole creation is thy care.

3 Since of thy goodneſs all partake,
With what aſſurance ſhould the juſt
Thy ſheltering wings their refuge make,
And ſaints to thy protection truſt.

4 Such gueſts ſhall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repaſt;
And drink, as from the fountain head,
Of *joys that ſhall forever* laſt.

5 *Then let thy ſaints* thy favour gain,
To upright hearts thy truth diſplay;

With thee, the ſprings of life remain,
Thy preſence is eternal day.

TATE.

PSALM XXXVI. Sec. Verſi. *L. M.*

The Divine Being and Perfections.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodneſs in full glory ſhines;
Thy truth ſhall break thro' every cloud
Which veils and darkens thy deſigns.

2 Forever firm thy juſtice ſtands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wiſe are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both men and beaſts thy bounty ſhare;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But ſaints are thy peculiar care.

4 O God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort ſprings!
The ſons of Adam, in diſtreſs,
Fly to the ſhadow of thy wings.

5 From the proviſions of thy houſe
We ſhall be fed with rich repaſt;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings ſalvation to our taſte.

6 Life like a fountain full and free,
Springs from the preſence of the Lord;
And in thy light, our ſouls ſhall ſee
The glories promis'd in thy word.

WATTS.

PSALM XXXVII. First Part. *C. M.* ♭

The Cure of Envy and Unbelief.

WHY ſhould I vex my ſoul, and fret
To ſee the wicked riſe?
Or envy ſinners, waxing great,
By violence and lies?

2 As flowery graſs, cut down at noon,
Before the evening fades,
So ſhall their glory vaniſh ſoon,
In everlaſting ſhades.

3 Then let me make the Lord my truſt,
And practiſe all that's good;
So ſhall I dwell among the juſt,
And never want for food.

4 I to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will;
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my deſires fulfil.

5 Mine innocence ſhalt thou diſplay,
And make thy judgments known;
Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.

6 The meek ſhall ſtill the earth poſſeſs,
And be the heirs of heaven;
True riches, in abundant peace,
To humble ſouls are given.

WATTS.

PSALM XXXVII. Sec. Part. *C. M.* ♭

Religion in Words and deeds.

WHY do the wealthy wicked boaſt,
And grow profanely bold?
The meaneſt portion of the juſt
Excels the ſinner's gold.

2 The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er deſigns to pay;
The juſt is merciful, and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.

3 His alms with liberal hand he gives
To all the ſons of need;
His memory to long ages lives,
And bleſſed is his ſeed.

4 His lips abhor to ſpeak profane,
To ſlander or defraud;
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learn'd of God.

5 The law and goſpel of the Lord
Deep in his heart abide;
Led by the Spirit and the word,
His feet ſhall never ſlide.

6 When ſinners fall, the righteous ſtand,
Preſerv'd from every ſnare;
They ſhall poſſeſs the promis'd land,
And dwell forever there.

WATTS.

PSALM XXXVII. Third Part. *C. M.* ✻ or ♭

The way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

MY God, the ſteps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will;
Though they ſhould fall, they riſe again,
Thy hand ſupports them ſtill.

2 The Lord delights to ſee their ways,
Their virtue he approves;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

3 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of bleſſings long to come.

4 The haughty ſinner have I ſeen,
Not fearing man nor God;
Like princely laurel fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad:

5 And lo, he vaniſh'd from the ground,
Deſtroy'd by hands unſeen;
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found,
Where all that pride had been.

6 But mark the man of righteouſneſs,
His ſeveral ſteps attend;
True pleaſure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

WATTS.

PSALM XXXVIII. ver. 9, 10. *C. M.* ♭

Conſolation in Death.

MY ſoul, the awful hour will come,
Apace it haſtens on,
To bear this body to the tomb,
And thee to ſcenes unkown.

2 My heart, long labouring with its woes,
Shall pant and ſink away;
And you, my eyelids, ſoon ſhall cloſe
On the laſt glimmering ray.

3 Whence, in that hour, ſhall I receive
A cordial for my pain?
When, if the richeſt were my friends,
Thoſe *friends would* weep in vain!

4 *Great King of nature* and of grace,
To thee my ſpirit flies;

And opens all its deep diſtreſs
Before thy pitying eyes.

5 All my deſires to thee are known,
And every ſecret fear;
The meaning of each broken groan
Is notic'd by thine ear.

6 O place me by that mighty power
Which to ſuch love belongs,
Where darkneſs veils the eyes no more,
And groans are chang'd to ſongs.

DODDRIDGE.

PSALM XXXIX. *Common Metre.* b

Man's Mortality.

TEACH me the meaſure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;
I would ſurvey life's narrow ſpace,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A ſpan is all that we can boaſt,
How ſhort the fleeting time?
Man is but vanity and duſt,
In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like ſhadows o'er the plain;
They rage and ſtrive, deſire and love,
But all their noiſe is vain.

4 Some walk in honour's gaudy ſhow,
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And ſtrait are ſeen no more.

5 What ſhould I wiſh or wait for then
From creatures, earth and duſt?
They make our expectations vain,
And diſappoint our truſt.

6 This fruitleſs ſearch no more be mine,
Such hopes I now recal;
My earthly proſpects I reſign,
And make my God my all.

WATTS.

PSALM XL. Firſt Part. *C. M.* ♭

Deliverance from great Diſtreſs.

I WAITED patient for the Lord,
He bow'd to hear my cry;
He ſaw me reſting on his word,
And brought ſalvation nigh.

2 Sunk in the depths of ſore diſtreſs,
And all my ſtruggles vain;
When human help ſeem'd daily leſs,
He rais'd me up again.

3 Firm on a rock he made me ſtand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praiſe the wonders of his hand,
In a new, thankful ſong.

4 I'll ſpread his works of grace abroad,
The ſaints with joy ſhall hear;
And ſinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

5 What mercies fill my wondering view!
How many and how great!
Life is too ſhort, and words too few,
Their numbers to repeat.

6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
With hope I'll never part;
For God *beholds my* heavy woe,
And bears me on his heart.

WATTS.

PSALM XL. Sec. Part. *C. M.* ※

The Divine Miſſion and Sacrifice of Chriſt.

THUS ſaith the Lord, "Your work is vain,
"Give your burnt offerings o'er;
"In dying goats and bullocks ſlain
"My ſoul delights no more."

2 Then ſpake the Saviour, "Lo, I'm here,
"My God, to do thy will;
"Whate'er thy ſacred books declare,
"Thy ſervant ſhall fulfil."

3 And ſee, the bleſt Redeemer comes,
Th' eternal ſon appears;
And at th' appointed time aſſumes
The body God prepares!

4 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,
And much his truth he ſhow'd;
And preach'd the way of righteouſneſs,
Where great aſſemblies ſtood.

5. His Father's honour touch'd his heart,
He pitied ſinners' cries;
And, to fulfil a Saviour's part,
Was made a ſacrifice.

6 No blood of beaſts on altars ſhed
Could cleanſe from guilt within;
But the one ſacrifice he made,
Atones for all our ſin.

7 Then was the great ſalvation ſpread,
And Satan's kingdom ſhook;
Thus by the woman's promis'd ſeed,
The ſerpent's head was broke.

WATTS.

PSALM XLI. *Long Metre.* 𝄋

Charity rewarded.

BLEST is the man whoſe tender care
Relieves the poor in their diſtreſs;
Whoſe pity wipes the widow's tear,
Whoſe hand ſupports the fatherleſs.

2. His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do;
He, in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has pity too.

3 His ſoul ſhall live ſecure on earth,
With ſecret bleſſings on his head;
When drought, and peſtilence, and dearth
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or if he languiſh on his couch,
God will pronounce his ſins forgiven;
Will ſave him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing ſoul to heaven.

WATTS.

PSALM XLII. *Common Metre.* 𝄋 or 𝄌

The Pleaſure of Public Worſhip.

AS pants the hart for cooling ſtreams,
When heated in the chaſe;
So longs my ſoul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreſhing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirſty ſoul doth pine,
O when ſhall I behold thy face,
Thou majeſty divine?

3 I *ſigh whene'er my muſing* thoughts
Thoſe happy days preſent,
When I with my religious friends,
Thy temple did frequent.

4 When I advanced with ſongs of praiſe,
My ſolemn vows to pay;
Amidſt the joyful ſacred throng,
Which kept the feſtal day.

5 Why reſtleſs, why caſt down, my ſoul?
Truſt God, and he'll employ
His aid for thee, and change thy ſighs
To hymns of ſacred joy.

6 Why, reſtleſs, why caſt down, my ſoul?
Hope ſtill, and thou ſhalt ſing
The praiſe of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal ſpring.

TATE.

PSALM XLIII. *Long Metre.* ♯ or ♭

Complaint and Hope.

GOD of our ſtrength, to thee we cry,
O let us not forgotten lie;
Oppreſs'd with ſorrows and with care,
To thy protection we repair.

2 O let thy light attend our way,
Thy truth afford its ſteady ray;
To Zion's hill direct our feet,
To worſhip at thy ſacred ſeat.

3 Thy praiſe, O God, ſhall tune the lyre,
Thy love our joyful ſong inſpire;
To thee, our cordial thanks be paid,
Our ſure defence, our conſtant aid.

4 Why then dejected and diſtreſt?
And whence the grief that fills our breaſt?
In God we'll hope, and to him raiſe
A monument of endleſs praiſe.

Altered from MERRICK

PSALM XLIV. *Common Metre.* ✻ or ♭

In time of War

O LORD, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days perform'd,
And in more ancient years.

2 'Twas not their courage nor their ſword,
To them ſalvation gave;
'Twas not their number, nor their ſtrength
That did their country ſave.

3 But thy right hand, thy powerful arm,
Whoſe ſuccour they implor'd.
Thy providence protected them,
Who thy great name ador'd.

4 As thee, their God, our fathers own'd,
So thou art ſtill our King;
O therefore, as thou didſt to them,
To us deliverance bring.

5 We will not truſt our ſword nor bow,
When we in war engage;
But thee, who canſt ſubdue our foe,
And calm their haughty rage.

6 To thee, the glory we'll aſcribe,
From whom ſalvation came;
In God our ſhield we will rejoice,
And ever bleſs thy name.

TATE, varied.

PSALM XLV. Firſt Part. *L. M.* ✻

The Glory of Chriſt and the Power of his Goſpel.

NOW be *my heart* inſpir'd to ſing
The glories of my Saviour King;
My tongue ſhall all his worth proclaim,
And ſpeak the honours of his name.

2 O'er all the ſons of human race
He ſhines with a ſuperiour grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And bleſſings all his ſtate compoſe.

3 Dreſs thee in arms, moſt mighty Lord,
Gird on thy ſharp victorious ſword;
In majeſty and glory ride,
With truth and meekneſs at thy ſide.

4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce thy foes of ſtubborn heart;
Or words of mercy, kind and ſweet,
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

5 Thy throne, O God,* forever ſtands,
Grace is the ſceptre of thy hands;
Thy laws and works are juſt and right;
Juſtice and grace are thy delight.

6 Thy Father, God, hath richly ſhed
His oil of gladneſs on thy head;
And with his ſacred ſpirit bleſt
His firſt born Son above the reſt.

* See Hebrews, i. 8. WATTS.

PSALM XLV. Second Part. *L. M.* ✻

Chriſt and his Church.

THE King of Saints, how fair his face!
Adorn'd with majeſty and grace!
He comes with bleſſings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand our eyes behold
The church, array'd in pureſt gold;
The world admires her heavenly dreſs,
Her robes of joy and righteouſneſs.

3 *He forms* her graces like his own,
He calls and ſeats her near his throne;

Then let thy wandering heart forget
The idols of thy native ſtate.

4 So ſhall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the object of his choice;
Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,
He is thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour, when thou ſhalt riſe
To his fair palace in the ſkies;
And all thy ſons, a numerous train,
Each like a prince in glory reign.

6 Let endleſs honours crown his head,
Let every age his praiſes ſpread;
Whilſt we with cheerful ſongs approve
The condeſcenſions of his love.

WATTS.

PSALM XLVI. *Long Metre.* ※

Praiſe for National Peace.

GREAT Ruler of the earth and ſkies,
A word of thy almighty breath
Can ſink the world, or bid it riſe;
Thy ſmile is life, thy frown is death.

2 When angry nations ruſh to arms,
And rage, and noiſe and tumult reign,
When war reſounds its dire alarms,
And ſlaughter ſpreads the crimſon plain;

3 Thy ſovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their courſe, and bounds their power;
Thy word the angry nations own,
And noiſe and war are heard no more.

4 Then *peace returns with* balmy wings,
Reviving commerce ſpreads her ſails,

The fields are green, and plenty ſings
Reſponſive o'er the hills and vales.

5 Thou good and wiſe and righteous Lor
All move ſubſervient to thy will;
Both peace and war await thy word,
And thy ſublime decrees fulfil.

6 To thee we pay our grateful ſongs,
Thy kind protection ſtill implore;
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongu
Confeſs thy goodneſs, and adore.

Mrs. STE

PSALM XLVI. *Six Line L. M.* ※ c

War and Peace.

GOD is our refuge in diſtreſs,
A preſent help when dangers preſs;
In him undaunted we'll confide;
Tho' earth were from her centre toſt,
And mountains in the ocean loſt,
Diſſolv'd by every riſing tide.

2 A gentle ſtream with gladneſs ſtill
The city of our God ſhall fill,
The ſacred ſeat of God moſt high:
God dwells in Zion, whoſe fair towers
Shall mock th' aſſaults of earthly power
Whilſt his almighty aid is nigh.

3 In tumults, when the heathen rag'd,
And kingdoms war againſt us wag'd,
He thunder'd and diſpers'd their pow
The Lord of hoſts conducts our arms,
Our tower of refuge in alarms,
Our fathers' guardian God, and o

4 Come, ſee the wonders he has wrought
On earth what deſolations brought,
How he has calm'd the jarring world;
He broke the warlike ſpear and bow,
With them the thundering chariot too
Into devouring flames were hurl'd.

5 Submit to God's almighty ſway,
For him the nations ſhall obey,
And earth her ſovereign Lord confeſs;
The God of hoſts conducts our arms,
Our tower of refuge in alarms,
As to our fathers in diſtreſs.

TATE.

PSALM XLVII. *Common Metre.* ✻

Univerſal Praiſe.

O FOR a ſhout of ſacred joy
To God the ſovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph ſing.

2 Whilſt angels ſhout their lofty praiſe,
Let mortals learn their ſtrains;
Let all the earth their voices raiſe,
O'er all the earth he reigns.

3 Rehearſe his praiſe with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the ſong;
Nor mock him with a ſolemn ſound
Upon a thoughtleſs tongue.

4 In Iſrael ſtood his ancient throne,
He lov'd that choſen race!
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taſte his grace.

WATTS.

PSALM XLVIII. *Short Metre.*

Goſpel Worſhip and Order.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praiſe be great;
He makes the church his bleſt abode,
His moſt delightful ſeat.

2 Far as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praiſe;
Thy ſaints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their ſongs of honour raiſe.

3 Let ſtrangers walk around
The city where we dwell;
Compaſs and view the holy ground,
And mark the building well;

4 The order of thy houſe,
The worſhip of thy court,
The cheerful ſongs, the ſolemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wiſe!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.

6 The God we worſhip now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God whilſt here below,
Our God above the ſky.

WA

PSALM XLIX. *Common Metre.*

The Vanity of Riches.

WHY doth the man of riches grow
So inſolence and pride,
To ſee his wealth and honours flow
With every riſing tide?

Not all his treaſures can procure
His ſoul a ſhort reprieve;
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.

The worth of life can ne'er be told,
Its ranſom is too high;
Juſtice cannot be brib'd with gold,
That man may never die.

He ſees the brutiſh and the wiſe,
The timorous and the brave,
Quit their poſſeſſions, cloſe their eyes,
And haſten to the grave.

Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,
"My houſe ſhall ever ſtand;
"And, that my name may long abide,
"I'll give it to my land."

Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are loſt,
How ſoon his memory dies!
His name is written in the duſt
In which his body lies.

WATTS.

PSALM L. Firſt Part. *Com. Metre.*

The laſt Judgment.

THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh;
The nations near the riſing ſun,
And near the weſtern ſky.

No more ſhall bold blaſphemers ſay,
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"
No more abuſe his long delay,
To *impudence and ſin.*

Thron'd on a cloud, our God ſhall come,
Bright flames prepare his way;

Thunder and darkneſs, fire and ſtorm
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heaven from above, his call ſhall hear,
Attending angels come;
And earth and hell ſhall know and fear
His juſtice and their doom.

5 "But gather all my ſaints, (he cries)
"Who made their peace with God,
"Through the Redeemer's ſacrifice,
"And ſeal'd it with his blood.

6 "Their faith and works, brought forth to light,
"Shall make the world confeſs
"My ſentence of reward is right,
"And heaven adore my grace."

WATTS.

PSALM L. Sec. Part. *Long Metre.* b

Hypocriſy expoſed.

THE Lord, the Judge, his churches warns,
Let hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their hopes in rites and forms,
But make not faith nor love their care.

2 They dare rehearſe his ſacred name,
With lips of falſehood and deceit;
A friend or brother they defame,
And ſoothe and flatter thoſe they hate.

3 They watch to do their neighbour wrong,
Yet dare to ſeek their Maker's face;
They take his cov'nant on their tongue,
But break his laws, abuſe his grace.

4 *To heaven* they lift their hands unclean,
Defil'd with luſt, and ſtain'd with blood;
By night they practiſe every ſin,

whilſt his judgments long delay,
r grow ſecure and ſin no more ;
y think he ſleeps as well as they,
put far off the dreadful hour.

readful hour ! when God draws near,
d ſets their crimes before their eyes ;
eir guilt and puniſhment appear,
id no deliverer can ariſe. WATTS.

ALM LI. Firſt Part *Long Metre.* b

A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

HEW pity, Lord ; O Lord forgive,
Let a repenting ſinner live ;
are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not the contrite truſt in thee ?

My ſins, though great, do not ſurpaſs
The riches of eternal grace ;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O waſh my ſoul from every ſin,
And make my guilty conſcience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And paſt offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with ſhame my ſins confeſs
Againſt thy law, againſt thy grace ;
And ſhould thy judgment be ſevere,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Yet, ſave a trembling ſinner, Lord,
Whoſe hope, ſtill hovering round thy word,
Seeks *for ſome precious* promiſe there,
Some ſure protection from deſpair.

6 Then ſhall thy love inſpire my tongue,
Salvation ſhall be all my ſong;
And all my powers ſhall join to bleſs
The Lord, my ſtrength and righteouſneſs.

WATTS.

PSALM LI. Second Part. *L. M.* b

The Penitent reſtored.

O THOU, who hear'ſt when ſinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Regard them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Renew me, O my God, within,
And form my ſoul averſe to ſin;
Let thy good ſpirit not depart,
Nor hide thy preſence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Caſt out and baniſh'd from thy ſight;
Thy holy joys, O God, reſtore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the ſacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will not deſpiſe
A contrite heart for ſacrifice.

5 My ſoul lies humbled in the duſt,
And owns thy dreadful ſentence juſt;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And ſave the wretch condemn'd to die.

6 Then will I teach the world thy grace,
Sinners ſhall learn to ſeek thy face;
I'll lead them in the heavenly road,
And they ſhall praiſe a pardoning God.

WATTS.

PSALM LII. united with the 55th. *S. M.* ♭

Devotion and Confidence.

LET ſinners take their courſe,
And chooſe the road to death:
But in the praiſes of my God
I'll ſpend my daily breath.

2 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God,
Whilſt ſinners periſh in ſurpriſe,
Beneath thy angry rod.

3 Becauſe they dwell at eaſe,
And no ſad changes feel,
They neither fear thy holy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

4 But like an olive tree,
Within thy courts I'll ſtand,
And confidently, Lord, rely
On thy protecting hand.

5 With all my heavy cares,
I'll lean upon the Lord;
I'll caſt my burden on his arm,
And reſt upon his word.

6 His arm ſhall well ſuſtain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their ſafety ſtands
No earthly power can move.

WATTS and MERRICK.

PSALM LIII. *Long Metre.* 𝄋 or ♭

Compared with Rom. iii. 10, 11.

The Degeneracy of the World removed by the Goſpel.

BEHOLD the fool, whoſe heart denies
The God who form'd the earth and ſkies!
And, whilſt the path of ſin he treads,
How wide the dire example ſpreads!

2 The eternal Sovereign from on high
Caſt on the ſon's of men his eye,
To ſee if any underſtood,
And fear'd, and lov'd their Maker, God.

3 But all were ſo degenerate grown,
None the true God had fully known!
Both Jew and Gentile long had been
By luſt enſlav'd, and dead in ſin.

4 Both gone from wiſdom's path aſtray,
Purſued the errors of their way,
With diſmal ſuperſtition blind,
And cauſeleſs terrors fill'd their mind.

5 Who, gracious God, to ſinners' eyes
Could bid the wiſh'd ſalvation riſe?
Thy SON did light and truth diſplay,
And turn their darkneſs into day.

6 No fleſh ſhall boaſt of righteouſneſs,
But guilty ſhall themſelves confeſs;
And when they hear thy pardoning voice,
In thy ſalvation ſhall rejoice.

MERRICK, with additions.

PSALM LIV. *Particular Metre.* b

Deliverance from Enemies.

THY name, O God, my heart avows;
Do thou my injur'd cauſe eſpouſe,
And be thy ſtrength my aid;
My fervent cries in mercy hear,
And let them by thy pitying ear
With full regard be weigh'd.

2 For people from thy fear eſtrang'd,
With tyrants fierce, againſt me rang'd,
My fainting ſoul purſue;

But midſt my helpers, heaven's high Lord
Shall ſtand, and, faithful to his word,
Each adverſe power ſubdue.

3 O let my heart, their rage repell'd,
Itſelf a willing offering yield;
To thee its praiſe ſhall flow;
Whilſt to my thought thy mercies riſe,
That gave me with exulting eyes
To ſee my proſtrate foe.

MERRICK

PSALM LV. *Common Metre*

Impatience corrected by Faith.

O WERE I like a feather'd dove!
If innocence had wings,
I'd fly, and make a long remove
From all theſe reſtleſs things.

2 Let me to ſome wild deſert go,
And find a peaceful home;
Where ſtorms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

3 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all,
T' eſcape the rage of hell!
The mighty God, on whom I call,
Can ſave me here as well.

4 By morning light I'll ſeek his face,
At noon repeat my cry;
The night ſhall hear me aſk his grace,
Nor will he long deny.

5 God, my preſerver and my friend,
Can ſhield me when afraid;
Ten *thouſand angels* muſt attend,
If he command their aid.

6 I'll caſt my burdens on the Lord,
He will ſuſtain them all;
My faith ſhall reſt upon his word,
And I ſhall never fall.

WATTS.

PSALM LVI. *Common Metre.* ♭

God's Care of his People.

IN God, moſt holy, juſt and true,
I have repos'd my truſt;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the duſt.

2 God counts the ſorrows of his ſaints,
Their cries affect his ears;
Thou haſt a book for their complaints,
A bottle for their tears.

3 Thy ſolemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou ſhalt receive my praiſe;
I'll ſing, "how faithful is thy word,
"How righteous are thy ways!

4 Thou haſt ſecur'd my ſoul from death;
O ſet thy ſervant free,
That heart, and hand, and life, and breath
May be employ'd for thee.

WATTS.

PSALM LVII. *Long Metre.* ✻

Divine Protection, Grace and Truth.

MY God, in whom are all the ſprings
Of boundleſs love, and grace unknown;
Hide me beneath thy ſpreading wings,
Till the dark cloud be overblown.

2 Up to the heaven's, I raiſe my cry,
The Lord will my deſires perform;
He ſends his angel from the ſky,
And ſaves me from the threat'ning ſtorm.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

4 My heart is fix'd, my ſong ſhall raiſe
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to ſound his praiſe,
My tongue. the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmoſt ſky;
His truth to endleſs years remains,
When lower worlds diſſolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

WATTS.

PSALM LVIII. *Six Line Long Metre.* ♭

The Deſtruction of Tyrants and Oppreſſors.

SHALL tyrants rule by impious laws?
Shall they deſpiſe the righteous cauſe,
When innocence before them ſtands?
Dare they condemn the helpleſs poor,
And let oppreſſors reſt ſecure,
Whilſt gold and greatneſs bribe their hands

2 *Do they forget th' almighty* name,
That God o'er all is Judge ſupreme?
High in the heavens his juſtice reigns,

Yet they invade the rights of God,
And ſend their bold decrees abroad,
To bind the free born ſoul in chains.

3 A poiſon'd arrow is their tongue,
The arrow ſharp, the poiſon ſtrong!
And death attends where'er it wounds
They hear no counſels, cries nor tears;
So the deaf adder ſtops her ears
Againſt the melody of ſounds.

4 Break thou their teeth, Almighty God,
The teeth of lions drench'd in blood,
And cruſh thoſe ſerpents in the duſt;
Thy voice ſhall thunder from the ſky,
Their crowns ſhall fall, their titles die,
Their grandeur and their power be loſt

5 Thus ſhall thy juſtice, mighty Lord,
Freedom and peace to men afford,
And nations ſhall unite and ſay,
"Sure there's a God, that rules on high,
"Who hears th' oppreſſed when they cry,
"And all their ſufferings will repay."

WATTS, altered

PSALM LIX. *Short Metre.* b

For Deliverance from the Savages.

LORD, let our humble cry
Before thy throne aſcend;
Behold us with compaſſion's eye,
And ſtill our lives defend.

2 For foes, a numerous band
Againſt our lives conſpire;
They aim deſtruction thro' the land,
And ſpread the raging fire.

3 Beneath the ſilent ſhade
Their ſecret plots they lay,
Our peaceful towns by night invade,
And waſte the fields by day.

4 And will the God of grace,
Regardleſs of our pain,
Permit ſecure that bloody race,
To riot o'er the ſlain?

5 In vain their ſecret guile
Or open force they prove;
Thine eye can pierce the deepeſt veil,
Thy hand their force remove.

6 Deliver us from death,
Send our invaders home;
Or drive them with thy powerful breath
Thro' diſtant wilds to roam.

7 Then ſhall our grateful voice
Proclaim our guardian God;
In thy ſalvation we'll rejoice,
And ſound thy praiſe abroad.

BARLOW, altered

PSALM LX. *Common Metre.*

Humiliation for Diſappointment in War.

LORD, haſt thou caſt the nation off?
Muſt we forever mourn?
Wilt thou conſume us in thy wrath?
Shall mercy ne'er return?

2 The terror of one frown of thine
Melts all our ſtrength away:
Like men ſubdued by power of wine,
We tremble in diſmay.

3 Our country ſhakes beneath thy ſtroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand;
O hear the people thou haſt broke,
And ſave the ſinking land

4 Lift up thy banner in the field,
For thoſe who fear thy name;
Defend thy people with thy ſhield,
And put our foes to ſhame.

5 Go with our armies to the fight,
And be their guardian God;
In vain confederate powers unite
Againſt thy lifted rod.

6 Our troops ſhall gain a wide renown
By thine aſſiſting hand;
For God ſhall tread the mighty down,
And make the feeble ſtand.

WATTS.

PSALM LXI. *Long Metre.* ✻

Safety in God.

WHEN overwhelm'd with pain and grief,
Helpleſs, and far from all relief,
My heart within me ſinks and dies,
To God I lift my waiting eyes.

2 High on the rock my footſteps rear,
There let me ſtand unmov'd, and hear
The ſtorms, which now around me beat,
Roll harmleſs underneath my feet.

3 Thee, Lord, I ſeek, whene'er my foes
On miſchief bent, my path encloſe;
Thou art, in every dangerous hour,
My ſtedfaſt hope, my ſtrongeſt tower.

4 *Remote* from fear within thy ſhrine,
Thou, Lord, my dwelling ſhalt aſſign

y wings ſhall wrap me in their ſhade,
: thou haſt heard me when I pray'd.

ſe in thy preſence let me ſtand,
nd ſhare the bleſſings of thy han d
y dwelling let thy truth defend,
hy mercy on my ſteps attend.

o ſhall thy love awake my ſong,
My voice the willing note prolong;
Whilſt warm'd with zeal my vows I pay,
And bleſs thee to my lateſt day.

MERRICK, varied.

PSALM LXII. *Long Metre.* b

No truſt in the Creatures, but in God.

MY ſpirit looks to God alone,
My rock and refuge are his throne;
In all my fears, in all my ſtraits,
My ſoul on his ſalvation waits.

2 Truſt him, ye ſaints, in all your ways,
To him your ſuppliant voices raiſe;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all ſufficient aid.

3 Falſe are the men of high degree,
The baſer ſort are vanity;
Laid in the balance, both appear
Light as a breath of empty air.

4 Make not increaſing gold your truſt,
Nor ſet your heart on glittering duſt;
Why will you graſp the fleeting ſmoke,
And not believe what God hath ſpoke?

5 Once hath his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard;
"*All power is his* eternal due,
"*He muſt be fear'd* and truſted too."

6 For ſovereign power reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne;
Thy grace and juſtice, mighty Lord,
Shall well adjudge our laſt reward.

WATTS.

PSALM LXIII. *Common Metre.* ※

For the Lord's Day Morning.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haſte to ſeek thy face,
My thirſty ſpirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims, on the ſcorching ſand,
Beneath a burning ſky,
Long for a cooling ſtream at hand,
And they muſt drink or die.

3 I've ſeen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple ſhine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That viſion ſo divine.

4 Not all the bleſſings of a feaſt
Can pleaſe my ſoul ſo well,
As when thy richer grace I taſte,
And in thy preſence dwell.

5 Not life itſelf, with all its joys,
Can my beſt paſſions move;
Nor raiſe ſo high my cheerful voice
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus till my laſt expiring day,
I'll bleſs my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to ſing.

WAT'

PSALM LXIII. *Long Metre* ※

The Love of God and his Worſhip.

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Thou art my hope, my joy, my reſt;
The glories that compoſe thy name
Stand all engag'd to make me bleſt.

2 Thou great and good, thou juſt and wiſe,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine, by ſacred ties,
Thy ſon thy ſervant bought with blood.

2 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travellers, in thirſty lands,
Long for the cooling water brook.

4 With early feet, I will appear
Among thy ſaints, and ſeek thy face;
Give me to ſee thy glory there,
And taſte the richneſs of thy grace.

5 Not all, by worldly men poſſeſs'd,
Not all the joys our ſenſes know,
Can make me ſo divinely bleſt,
Or raiſe my cheerful paſſions ſo.

6 I'll lift my hands, I'll raiſe my voice,
Whilſt I have breath to pray or praiſe;
This work ſhall make my heart rejoice,
And well employ my future days.

WATTS.

PSALM LXIII. *Short Metre.* ※

Delight in Divine Worſhip.

MY God, *permit* my tongue
With joy to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail,
To taſte thy love divine.

PSALM LXV. First Part. C. M. ✱

Divine Providence in Air, Earth and Sea.

'TIS by thy ſtrength the mountains ſtand,
God of eternal power;
The ſea grows calm at thy command,
And tempeſts ceaſe to roar.

2 Thy morning light and evening ſhade
Succeſſive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harveſt glad,
Thy flowers adorn the ſpring.

3 Seaſons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, air and earth are thine;
When clouds diſtil in fruitful ſhowers,
The Author is divine.

4 Thoſe wandering ciſterns in the ſky,
Borne by the winds around,
Whoſe watery treaſures well ſupply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirſty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with bleſſings ſtill,
Thy goodneſs crowns the year.

WATTS.

PSALM LXV. Second Part. C. M ✱

Fruitful Seaſons.

GOOD is the Lord, the heavenly King,
Who makes the earth his care;
Viſits the paſtures every ſpring,
And bids the graſs appear.

2 *The* clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out, at thy command,
Their watery bleſſings from the ſky,

3 The ſoften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to ſpring;
The vallies rich proviſion yield,
The grateful labourers ſing.

4 The little hills on every ſide
Rejoice at falling ſhowers;
The meadows, dreſs'd in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.

5 The barren clods, refreſh'd with rain,
Promiſe a joyful crop;
The fields, with verdure fill'd, again
Revive the reaper's hope.

6 The various months thy goodneſs crowns,
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks ſpread o'er the downs,
And ſhepherds ſhout thy praiſe.

WATTS.

PSALM LXV. Second Part. *Long Metre.* ※

A New Verſion.

THY praiſe, O God, in Zion waits;
All fleſh ſhall crowd thy ſacred gates,
To offer ſacrifice and prayer,
And pay their willing homage there.

2 What though iniquity prevail,
And feeble fleſh be prone to fail;
Yet, Lord, thy grace thou wilt diſplay,
And purge each hateful ſtain away.

3 Bleſt is the man, approv'd by thee,
And brought thy holy courts to ſee!
Goodneſs, immenſe and unconfin'd,
Shall largely feaſt his longing mind.

4 *Great God, by thy* almighty hand
The everlaſting mountains ſtand:

And every ſtorm and every flood
Obey thy all commanding nod.

5 Thy lightnings, flaſhing through the ſkies,
Fill the wide earth with ſad ſurpriſe;
But, cheer'd by thy enlivening voice,
Riſing and ſetting ſuns rejoice.

6 From thy vaſt inexhauſted ſtores,
The earth is bleſt with kindly ſhowers;
And ſavage wilds and deſerts drear
Confeſs thee Father of the year.

7 The flocks which graze the mountain's brow,
The corn which clothes the plains below,
To every heart new tranſports bring,
And hills and vales rejoice and ſing.

JACOB KIMBALL.

PSALM LXVI. First Part. *C. M.* ✻

Divine Power and Goodneſs.

NOW to the Lord of heaven and earth,
Addreſs a cheerful ſong;
Let gratitude inſpire your mirth,
And joy the notes prolong.

2 Come ſee the wonders of our God,
How glorious are his ways!
In *Moſes'* hand he puts his rod,
The ſea his voice obeys.

3 He made the ebbing channel dry,
Whilſt Iſrael paſs'd the flood;
The tribes beheld, with wondering eye,
A guardian in their God.

4 O bleſs the Lord, and never ceaſe;
Ye ſaints fulfil his praiſe;
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

5 Lord, thou haſt prov'd our ſuffering ſouls,
To make our graces ſhine;
So ſilver bears the burning coals,
The metal to refine.

6 Through watery deeps, and fiery ways,
We march at thy command;
Led to poſſeſs the promis'd place,
By thy unerring hand.

WATTS.

PSALM LXVI Second Part. *C. M.* ※

Praiſe to God for hearing Prayer.

NOW ſhall my ſolemn vows be paid
To that Almighty Power
Who heard the long requeſts I made
In my diſtreſsful hour

2 My lips and cheerful heart, prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come ye who love my God, and hear
The wonders he hath done.

3 If ſin lay cover'd in my heart,
When praiſe employ'd my tongue,
The Lord hath ſhewn me no regard,
Nor I his praiſes ſung.

4 But God, his name be ever bleſt,
Has ſet my ſpirit free;
He ne'er rejected my requeſt,
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

WATTS.

PSALM LXVII. *Short Metre.* ※

Univerſal Praiſe.

TO bleſs thy choſen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cauſe the brightneſs of thy face
On all thy church to ſhine.

2 That ſo thy gracious way
May thro' the world be known;
Whilſt diſtant lands their homage pay,
And thy ſalvation own.

3 Let all the nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let the whole world, O Lord, combine
To praiſe thy glorious name.

4 O let them ſhout and ſing,
In humble pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King
Shalt govern all the earth.

PSALM LXVIII. F. Part. 6 *Line L. M.*

The Juſtice and Compaſſion of God.

LET God ariſe in all his might,
And put his enemies to flight:
As ſmoke that ſought to cloud the ſkie
Before the riſing tempeſt flies,
Or wax that melts before the fire,
So ſhall his fainting foes expire.

2 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong
Praiſe him, ye nations, in your ſong;
He rides and thunders through the ſk
His name, Jehovah, ſounds on high;
Sing to his name, ye ſons of grace,
Ye ſaints, rejoice before his face.

3 The widow and the fatherleſs
Fly to his aid in ſharp diſtreſs;
In him the poor and helpleſs find
A Judge moſt juſt, a Father kind;
He breaks the captive's galling chai
And priſoners ſee the light again.

4 His wondrous name and power rehearſe,
His honours ſhall enrich your verſe;
Proclaim him King, pronounce him bleſt,
He's your defence, your joy, your reſt;
When terrors riſe and nations faint,
God is the ſtrength of every ſaint.

WATTS.

PSALM LXVIII. ver. 17, 18. S. P. *L. M.* ※

Compared with Epheſ. iv. 8, 9, 10.

The Aſcenſion of Chriſt, and the Gift of his Spirit.

LORD, when thou didſt aſcend on high,
Ten thouſand angels fill'd the ſky;
Thoſe heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy ſtate.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
When he proclaim'd his dreadful law,
And ſtruck the choſen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
Which thouſand ſouls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.

4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He ſent his promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

WATTS.

PSALM LXVIII. Third Part. *L. M.* ※

Praiſe for Divine Care and Goodneſs.

WE bleſs the Lord, the juſt, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food;
Who pours his bleſſings from the ſkies,
And loads us with his rich ſupplies.

PSALM LXX. *Common Metre.*

Protection againſt Enemies.

GREAT God, attend my humble call,
Nor hear my cries in vain;
O let thy grace prevent my fall,
And ſtill my hope ſuſtain.

2 When foes inſulting wound my name,
And tempt my ſoul aſtray;
Then let them hide their face with ſhame,
To their own plots a prey.

3 Whilſt all who love thy name rejoice,
And glory in thy word,
In thy ſalvation raiſe their voice,
To magnify the Lord.

4 Be thou my help in time of need,
To thee, O Lord, I pray;
In mercy haſten to my aid,
Nor let thy grace delay.

BARLOW.

PSALM LXXI. Firſt Part. *C. M.*

Old Age, Death, and the Reſurrection.

MY God, my everlaſting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And ſtrengthen'd all my youth.

2 New wonders, Lord, my eyes have ſeen
With each revolving year;
Thou know'ſt the days which yet remain,
I truſt them to thy care.

3 *Wilt thou* forſake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?

› ſhall ſuſtain my ſinking years,
God my ſtrength depart ?

ʌn to the ſilent vale of death
Will be my next remove ;
nay theſe poor remains of breath
Declare thy wondrous love.

:t me thy power and truth proclaim
To the ſurviving age ;
ınd leave a ſavour of thy name
When I ſhall quit the ſtage.

ʒy long experience I have known
Thy ſovereign power to ſave ;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

When I am buried in the duſt,
My fleſh ſhall ſhall be thy care ;
Theſe withering limbs with thee I truſt,
To raiſe them ſtrong and fair.

WATTS.

PSALM LXXI. Sec. Part. *C. M.* ※

Chriſt our Strength and Righteouſneſs.

MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praiſe,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace ?

Thou art my everlaſting truſt,
Thy goodneſs I adore ;
And ſince I knew thy graces firſt,
I ſpeak thy glories more.

My feet *ſhall travel all* the length
Of the celeſtial road,
And march with courage in thy ſtre
To ſee my Father, God.

4 When I am fill'd with ſhame and grief
For ſome remains of ſin,
Thy promiſes ſhall bring relief,
And give me peace within.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My ſoul, redeem'd from ſin and hell,
Shall thy ſalvation ſing.

6 My tongue ſhall all the day proclaim
My Saviour's dying blood;
His death has brought my foes to ſhame,
And made my peace with God.

WATTS, altered.

PSALM LXXII. Firſt Part. *L. M.* ✻

The Kingdom of Chriſt.

GREAT God, whoſe univerſal ſway
All heaven reveres, all worlds obey,
Now make the Saviour's glory known,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 Thy ſceptre well becomes his hands,
Angels ſubmit to his commands;
His juſtice ſhall protect the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With power he vindicates the juſt,
And treads th' oppreſſor in the duſt;
His righteous government ſhall laſt,
Till days, and years, and time be paſt.

4 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The ſhades of overſpreading death,
Revive at his firſt dawning light,
And deſerts bloſſom at the ſight.

7 The ſaints ſhall flouriſh in his days,
Dreſt in the robes of joy and praiſe;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

WATTS, altered.

PSALM LXXII. Sec. Part. *L. M.* ✻

The Kingdom of Chriſt.

JESUS ſhall reign, where'er the ſun
Does his ſucceſſive journies run;
His kingdom ſtretch from ſhore to ſhore,
Till moons ſhall wax and wane no more.

2 Through him ſhall endleſs prayers be made,
And praiſes throng to crown his head;
His name, like ſweet perfume, ſhall riſe
With every daily ſacrifice.

3 From north to ſouth ſhall princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
And barbarous nations, at his word,
Submit and bow, and own their Lord.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love, with grateful ſong;
And infant voices ſhall proclaim
Their early bleſſings on his name.

5 Bleſſings abound where'er he reigns,
The priſoner leaps to loſe his chains;
The weary find eternal reſt,
And all the ſons of want are bleſt.

6 Where he diſplays his healing power,
The ſting of death is known no more;
In him the ſons of Adam boaſt
More bleſſings than their father loſt.

1985.

ry creature rise and bring
ar honours to our King;
s descend with songs again,
earth repeat the long *Amen*.

WATTS, altered.

LM LXXII. Third Part. *L. M.* ✻

Divine Influence compared to Rain.

1 showers on meadows newly mown,
Our God shall send his Spirit down;
ernal Source of grace divine,
hat soul-refreshing drops are thine!

2 nds which beneath a burning sky
ave long been desolate and dry,
'h' effusions of his love shall share,
And sudden life and verdure wear.

3 The dews and rains in all their store,
Watering the pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.

4 As in soft silence, vernal showers
Descend and cheer the fainting flowers;
So in the secrecy of love,
Falls the blest influence from above.

5 That heavenly influence let me find,
In holy silence of the mind;
Whilst every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

6 Nor let these blessings be confin'd
To me, but pour'd on all mankind;
Till all the wastes in verdure rise,
And a new Eden bless our eyes.

RIPPON's Collection.

PSALM LXXIII. *Long Metre.*

Dangerous Proſperity.

LORD, what a thoughtleſs wretch was I,
To mourn and murmur and repine;
To ſee the wicked plac'd on high,
And pride in robes of honour ſhine.

2 To fathom this, my thoughts I bent,
But found the caſe too hard for me;
Till to the houſe of God I went,
Then I their end did plainly ſee.

3 However high advanc'd, they all
On ſlippery places looſely ſtand;
Thence into ruin headlong fall,
Caſt down by thine almighty hand.

4 Their fancied joys, how faſt they flee!
Juſt like a dream, when man awakes;
Their ſongs of ſofteſt harmony
Are but a preface to their plagues.

5 But ſtill thy preſence me ſupplied,
And thy right hand directs my way;
Thy counſels, Lord, ſhall be my guide
To realms of peace and endleſs day.

WATTS and TATE.

PSALM LXXIII. *Common Metre.*

God our Portion.

GOD, my ſupporter and my hope,
My help forever near;
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When ſinking in deſpair.

2 Thy *counſels, Lord,* ſhall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderneſs;
Thy hand conduct me near thy ſeat,
To dwell before thy face.

5 Such honours never come by chance,
Nor do the winds promotion blow ;
But God the Judge doth one advance
'Tis he that lays another low.

6 No vain pretence to royal birth,
Shall raiſe a tyrant to the throne ;
Th' impartial Sovereign of the earth
Will make the rights of men be know

7 His hand will yet uphold the juſt,
And whilſt he tramples on the prou
And lays their glory in the duſt,
Our lips ſhall ſing his praiſe aloud.

Altered from W

PSALM LXXVI. *Common Metre.*

God's guardian care of his People.

IN Judah, God of old was known,
His name in Iſrael great ;
In Salem ſtood his ſacred throne,
And Sion was his ſeat.

2 From Sion went his dreadful word,
And broke the threat'ning bow ;
The ſpear, the arrow, and the ſword,
And cruſh'd th' Aſſyrian foe.

3 What are the earth's wide kingdoms
But mighty hills of prey ?
The hill on which Jehovah dwells,
Is glorious more than they.

4 What power can ſtand before thy fi
When once thy wrath appears ?
When heaven ſhines round with dread
The earth lies ſtill and fears.

When God, by his own ſovereign grace,
Appears to ſave the oppreſs'd:
The wrath of man ſhall work his praiſe,
And he'll reſtrain the reſt.

WATTS.

PSALM LXXVII. *Common Metre.* b

Comfort derived from ancient Providence.

WHEN overwhelm'd with pain and grief,
Beneath thy chaſtening rod;
Depriv'd of comfort and relief,
We look to thee, our God.

2 Wilt thou forever caſt us off?
And will thy wrath prevail?
Haſt thou forgot thy tender love?
And will thy promiſe fail?

3 But faith forbids this hopeleſs thought,
And checks this doubting frame;
We know the works thy hand has wrought,
Thy hand is ſtill the ſame.

4 Long did the ſons of Jacob lie,
In Egypt's yoke oppreſs'd;
Did'ſt thou refuſe to hear their cry,
And give thy people reſt?

5 In thine own way, thy choſen ſheep
Muſt hear thy mighty call;
Muſt venture through the parted deep,
Beſide the liquid wall.

6 Strange was their journey through the ſea,
A *path before unknown!*
Terrors attend their wondrous way,
But mercy leads them on.

7 Though trackleſs waves of ocean hide
Thy footſteps from our ſight,
We'll follow where thy hand ſhall guide,
For thou wilt lead us right.

Altered from WATTS

PSALM LXXVIII. Firſt Part. C. M. ✻

Religious Education of Children.

GIVE ear ye children to my law,
Devout attention lend;
Let the inſtructions of my mouth
Deep in your heart deſcend.

2 My tongue, by inſpiration taught,
Shall parables unfold;
Dark oracles, but underſtood,
And own'd for truths of old:

3 Which we from ſacred regiſters
Of ancient times have known,
And our forefathers' pious care
To us have handed down.

4 Let children learn the mighty deeds
Which God perform'd of old;
Which in our younger years we ſaw,
And which our fathers told.

5 Our lips ſhall tell them to our ſons,
And they again to theirs;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

6 Thus ſhall they learn in God alone
Their hope ſecurely ſtands;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practiſe his commands.

TATE and W

PSALM LXXVIII. Second Part. *C. M.*
Ver. 19, 20. ♯ or ♭

A Table in the Wilderneſs.

PARENT of univerſal good,
We own thy bounteous hand;
Which did ſo rich a table ſpread,
E'en in a deſert land.

2 Struck by thy power, the flinty rocks
In guſhing torrents flow;
The feather'd wanderers of the air,
Thy guiding inſtinct know.

3 From pregnant clouds, at thy command,
Deſcends celeſtial bread;
And by light drops of pearly dew
Are numerous armies fed.

4 Supported thus, thine Iſrael march'd,
The promis'd land to gain;
And ſhall thy children now begin
To ſeek their God in vain?

5 Are all thy ſtores exhauſted now?
Or does thy mercy fail?
That faith ſhould languiſh in our breaſt,
And anxious care prevail?

6 Ye baſe unworthy fears, be gone,
And wide diſperſe in air;
For we deſerve our Father's rod,
When we diſtruſt his care.

DODDRIDGE.

PSALM LXXIX. *Long Metre.* ♭

The Deva*ſ*tation of War,

BEHOLD, O God, how cruel foes
Our peaceful heritage invade;

Their lawleſs tribute they impoſe,
And in the duſt our towns are laid.

2 To rav'nous birds our fleſh they gave,
Slaughter'd on fields with crimſon died;
The cheap indulgence of a grave
Is by inhuman foes denied.

3 How long, O Lord, ſhall we endure?
Wilt thou not hear the captive's cry?
Reſcue, by thine almighty power,
The trembling wretch, condemn'd to die.

4 Remember not our former guilt,
But ſave us by thy boundleſs grace;
Then ſhall our waſtes again be built,
And all our mouths be fill'd with praiſe.

Altered from BARLOW.

PSALM LXXX. *Long Metre.*

The Vineyard of God laid Waſte.

GREAT Shepherd of thine Iſrael,
Who didſt between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, thy choſen ſheep,
Safe thro' the deſert and the deep:

2 Thy church deſerted now appears;
Shine from on high, diſpel our fears;
Turn us to thee, thy love reſtore,
We ſhall be ſav'd, and ſigh no more.

4 Haſt thou not planted with thy hand,
A lovely vine in this our land?
Did not thy power defend it round,
And heavenly dews enrich the ground?

4 *How did* the ſpreading branches ſhoot,
And bleſs thy people with its fruit?
But now, O Lord, look down and ſee
Thy mourning vine, thy lovely tree!

Why is its beauty thus defac'd?
Why are its fences thus laid waſte?
Its fruit expos'd beſide the way,
To each rapacious hand a prey?

Return, O God, thy face incline;
Return, and viſit this thy vine;
Turn us to thee, thy face diſplay,
And grief and fear ſhall fly away.

WATTS and MERRICK.

PSALM LXXXI. *Short Metre.*

Spiritual Bleſſings and Puniſhments.

SING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful noiſe:
God is our ſtrength, our Saviour God,
Let Iſrael hear his voice.

2 "From vile idolatry
"Preſerve my worſhip clean;
"I am the Lord, who ſet thee free
"From ſlavery and ſin.

3 "Stretch thy deſires abroad,
"And I'll ſupply them well;
"But if ye will refuſe your God,
"If Iſrael will rebel,

4 "I'll leave them, ſaith the Lord,
"To their own luſts a prey;
"And let them run the dangerous road,
"'Tis their own choſen way.

5 "Yet, O that all my ſaints
"Would hearken to my voice;
"Soon *would I eaſe their* ſore complaints,
"*And make their hearts* rejoice.

To ſpend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thouſand days of mirth.

2 The ſparrow chooſes where to reſt,
And for her young provides a neſt;
But will my God to ſparrows grant
Thoſe pleaſures which his children want?

3 Might I enjoy the meaneſt place
Within thy houſe, O God of grace;
Not tents of eaſe, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt me to deſert thy door.

4 God is our Sun, he makes our day;
God is our Shield, he guards our way
From all th' aſſaults of hell and ſin,
From foes without, and foes within.

5 All needful grace will God beſtow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright ſouls.

6 Bleſt are the men, whoſe ſtedfaſt mind
To Zion's gate is ſtill inclin'd;
God is their ſtrength, and through the ro
They lean upon their helper, God.

7 Cheerful they walk with growing ſtrengtl
Till all ſhall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worſhip there.

WATTS

PSALM LXXXIV. Firſt Part. C. M.

Delight in divine Ordinances.

MY heart and fleſh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode;
When ſhall I tread thy courts, and ſee
My Saviour and my God?

2 To ſit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a thouſand days employ'd
In ſin's voluptuous joys.

3 Much rather in God's houſe would I
The meaneſt office take,
Than in the wealthy tents of ſin
My ſplendid dwelling make.

4 For God, who is our Sun and Shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he withhold
From them who juſtly live.

5 O God, whom heavenly hoſts obey,
How highly bleſt is he,
Whoſe hope and truſt, ſecurely plac'd,
Are ſtill repos'd on thee!

6 O could I o'er the ſpacious land
And ſea extend my ſway,
For one bleſt hour at thy right hand,
I'd give them both away.

TATE and WATTS.

PSALM LXXXIV. Second Part. *C. M.* ※

Delight in divine Ordinances.

O LORD, how worthy of our love
is that delightful place,
Where we can meet to pray, and hear
Thy word of truth and grace!

2 Our longing ſoul faints with deſire
To tread that bleſt abode;
Our panting heart and fleſh cry out
For thee, the living God.

3 There the great Monarch of the ſkies
His ſaving power diſplays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quick'ning rays.

4 The birds, more happy far than we,
Around thy temple throng;
Securely there they build, and there
Securely hatch their young.

5 Thrice happy they, whoſe choice has thee
Their ſure protection made!
Who love to tread the ſacred ways
Which to thy temple lead.

6 Thus they proceed by various ſteps,
And ſtill approach more near,
Till all on Zion's heavenly mount,
Before their God appear.

WATTS and TATE, with variations.

PSALM LXXXIV. *Hallelujah Metre.* ✻

The Pleaſures of Public Worſhip.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleaſant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode, My heart aſpires,
With warm deſires, To ſee my God.

2 The ſparrow for her young,
With pleaſure ſeeks a neſt,
And wandering ſwallows long
To find their wonted reſt;
With equal zeal, Lord I would wait,
Within thy gate, And with thee dwell.

3 To ſpend one ſacred day
Where God and ſaints abide,

Affords diviner joy,
Than thouſand days beſide;
Where God reſorts, I love it more
To keep the door, Than ſhine in courts.

4 O happy ſouls that pray
Where God appoints to hear;
O happy men that pay
Their conſtant ſervice there!
They praiſe thee ſtill, And happy they,
Who find the way, To Zion's hill.

5 They go from ſtrength to ſtrength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears.
O glorious ſeat! When God our King
Shall thither bring Our willing feet!

WATTS.

PSALM LXXXV. *Common Metre.* b

Prayer for Public Deliverance.

THY favour, gracious Lord, diſplay
Which we have long implor'd;
And for thy wondrous mercy's ſake,
Thy heavenly aid afford.

2 Thine anſwer patiently we'll wait,
For thou, with glad ſucceſs,
If they no more to folly turn,
Thy mourning ſaints ſhalt bleſs.

3 To thoſe who fear thy holy name,
Is thy ſalvation near;
And in its former happy ſtate
Our nation ſhall appear.

4 *For mercy now with truth is join'd,*
And righteouſneſs with peace

Thoſe kind companions, abſent long,
With friendly arms embrace.

5 Truth from the earth, like faireſt flowers,
Shall ſpring and bloom around;
And juſtice, from her heavenly ſeat,
Behold and bleſs the ground.

6 The Lord will on our land beſtow
Whatever thing is good;
The ſoil in plenty ſhall produce
Her fruits to be our food.

7 Before him righteouſneſs ſhall go,
And his juſt path prepare;
Whilſt we his ſacred ſteps purſue
With conſtant zeal and care.

MILTON and TATE.

PSALM LXXXV. *Long Metre.* ※

Salvation by Chriſt.

SALVATION is forever nigh
The ſouls, who fear and truſt the Lord;
And grace, deſcending from on high,
The hope of glory ſhall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Chriſt the Lord came down from heaven;
By his obedience ſo complete,
Juſtice is pleas'd, and peace is given.

3 Now truth and virtue ſhall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bleſs the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4 *His* righteouſneſs is gone before,
To give us free acceſs to God;
Our wandering feet ſhall ſtray no more,
But mark his ſteps, and keep the road.

WAT

LM LXXXVI. *Common Metre.* ✻
(See Hymn LIV.)

The Greatneſs and Goodneſs of God.

MONG the gods there's none like thee,
O Lord, alone divine;
r is their nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their works like thine.

ierefore their great Creator, thee,
All nations ſhall adore;
ieir long miſguided prayers, and praiſe
To thy great name reſtore.

ll ſhall confeſs thee great, and great
The wonders thou haſt done;
ey ſhall confeſs thee God ſupreme,
Confeſs thee God alone.

ot only great, but good thou art,
And ready to forgive;
hy mercy hears the penitent,
And bids the ſinner live.

o my repeated, humble prayer,
O Lord, attentive be;
i trouble, I on thee will call,
For thou wilt anſwer me.

o me, who daily thee invoke,
Thy mercy, Lord, extend;
efreſh thy ſervant's ſoul, whoſe hopes
On thee alone depend.

WATTS and TATE, with Alteration.

LM LXXXVII. *Long Metre.* ✻

The Church the Birth-Place of Saints.

(On opening a new place of worſhip.)
ND *will the great* eternal God
On earth eſtabliſh his abode?

And will he, from his radiant throne,
Avow our temples as his own?

2 We bring the tribute of our praiſe,
And ſing that condeſcending grace
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us, ſinful mortals, near.

5 Our Father's watchful care we bleſs,
Which guards our ſynagogues in peace,
That no tumultuous foes invade,
To fill our worſhippers with dread.

4 Theſe walls, we to thy honour raiſe,
Long may they echo with thy praiſe;
And thou, deſcending, fill the place
With choiceſt tokens of thy grace.

5 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
Whilſt power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

6 And in the great deciſive day,
When God the nations ſhall ſurvey,
May it before the world appear
Thouſands were born to glory here.

DODDRID.

PSALM LXXXVIII. Ver. 10. *L. M.*

Reanimation.

(Adapted to the deſign of *Humane Societi*

FROM thee, great Lord of life and death
Do we receive our vital breath;
And at thy ſovereign call reſign
That vital breath, that gift divine.

2 *Wilt thou* ſhow wonders to the dead?
Wilt thou revive the lifeleſs head?

m the ſilence of the grave,
ou the wretched victim ſave ?
onders, formerly unknown,
ovidence to us hath ſhown ;
le man thou doſt impart
ſtic, life-redeeming art.

ſs thee for the ſkill and power,
eath's appearance to reſtore
es machine of curious frame,
ht again the vital flame.

very life by thee reſtor'd
ecrated to the Lord ;
ous love inſpire each breaſt,
has thy ſaving hand confeſs'd.

they muſt reſign their breath,
ık beneath the ſtroke of death ;
from that death they ſhall revive,
ch with thee in glory live.

LXXXVIII. *Six Line L. M.* b

On the Death of Friends.

D of my ſalvation, hear
nightly groans, my daily prayer,
t ſtill employ my waſting breath ;
l, declining to the grave,
es thy ſovereign power to ſave
n dark deſpair and gloomy death.

rath lies heavy on my ſoul,
aves of ſorrow o'er me roll,
ilſt duſt and ſilence ſpread the gloom ;
ends belov'd, in happier days,
ar companions of my ways,
nd around me to the tomb.

3 As, loſt in lonely grief, I tread
The ſilent manſions of the dead,
Or to ſome throng'd aſſembly go;
Through all alike I rove alone,
Forgotten here, and there unknown;
The change renews my piercing woe.

4 Wilt thou neglect my mournful call?
Or who ſhall profit by my fall,
When life departs and love expires?
Can duſt and darkneſs praiſe the Lord,
Or wake and brighten at his word,
To join the high angelic choirs?

5 My friends are gone, my comforts fled,
The ſad remembrance of the dead
Recals my wandering thoughts to mour
But through each melancholy day,
I call on thee, and ſtill will pray,
Imploring ſtill thy kind return.

BARLOW

PSALM LXXXIX. Firſt Part. *C. M.*

A Bleſſed Goſpel.

BLEST are the ſouls, who hear and know
The goſpel's joyful ſound;
Peace ſhall attend the path they go,
And light their ſteps ſurround.

2 Their joy ſhall bear their ſpirits up,
Thro' their Redeemer's name;
His promiſes exalt their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 *The Lord*, our glory and defence,
Strength and ſalvation gives;
Iſrael, thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

LM LXXXIX. Sec. Part. *C. M.* ♯ or ♭

The Covenant of Grace.

HEAR what the Lord in viſion ſaid,
And made his mercy known:
Sinners, behold your help is laid
"On my beloved Son.

"Behold the man my wiſdom choſe,
"Among your mortal race;
"His head my holy oil o'erflows,
"The ſpirit of my grace.

"High ſhall he reign on David's throne,
"My people's better King;
"My arm ſhall put his rivals down,
"And ſtill new ſubjects bring.

4 "My truth ſhall guard him in his way,
"With mercy by his ſide;
"While in my name, through earth and ſea,
"He ſhall in triumph ride.

5 "Me for his Father and his God,
"He ſhall forever own;
"Call me his Rock, his High Abode,
"And I'll ſupport my Son.

6 "My firſt born Son, array'd in grace,
"At my right hand ſhall ſit;
"Beneath him angels know their place,
"And princes at his feet.

7 "My cov'nant ſtands forever faſt,
"My promiſes are ſtrong;
"Firm as the heaven his throne ſhall laſt,
"His ſeed endure as long." WATTS

3 "Be thou my prophet, thou my prieſt,
"Thy children ſhall be ever bleſt;
"Thou art my choſen king, thy throne
"Shall ſtand eternal, as my own.

4 "There's none of all my ſaints above,
"So much my image or my love;
"Celeſtial powers thy ſubjects are;
"Then what can earth with thee compare?

5 "David, my ſervant, whom I choſe
"To guard my flock, to cruſh my foes,
"And rais'd him to the Jewiſh throne,
"Was but the ſhadow of my Son."

6 Now let the church rejoice and ſing
Jeſus her Saviour and her King;
Angels his heavenly honours ſhow,
And ſaints declare his works below.

WATTS.

PSALM LXXXIX. Sec. Part. *L. M.* ※ or ♭

Divine Sovereignty, and Public Worſhip.

WHAT ſeraph of celeſtial birth
To vie with Iſrael's God ſhall dare?
Or who among the ſons of earth
Can with the mighty God compare?

2 Lord God of armies, who can boaſt
Of ſtrength and power like thine renown'd?
Of ſuch a numerous faithful hoſt
As that which does thy throne ſurround?

3 Thou doſt the raging ſea control,
And change the ſurface of the deep;
Thou mak'ſt the ſleeping billows roll,
Thou mak'ſt the rolling billows ſleep!

4 *In thee, the* ſovereign right remains
Of earth and heaven; thee, Lord alone,

The world, and all that it contains,
Their Maker and Preſerver own.

Happy, thrice happy they, who hear,
The ſacred trumpet's joyful ſound,
And who among thy ſaints appear,
With thy moſt glorious preſence crown'd.

With reverence and religious dread,
Thy ſaints will to thy temple preſs;
Thy fear through all their hearts ſhall ſpread,
Who thy moſt holy name confeſs.

TATE.

PSALM XC. *Common Metre.*

God's Eternity, and Man's Mortality.

BEFORE the hills in order ſtood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame;
From everlaſting, thou art God,
To endleſs years the ſame.

2 Thy word commands our fleſh to duſt,
"Return ye ſons of men;"
All nations roſe from earth at firſt,
And turn to earth again.

3 A thouſand ages in thy ſight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the riſing ſun.

4 Time, like an ever-running ſtream,
Bears all its ſons away;
They fly, forgotten as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

5 'Tis but a few whoſe days amount
To threeſcore years and ten;

And all beyond that ſhort account
Is ſorrow, toil, and pain.

6 Then let us learn the neavenly art,
T' improve the hours we have;
That we may act the wiſer part,
And live beyond the grave.

WATTS.

PSALM XC. *Long Metre.* ♯ or ♭

Divine Protection through every Age.

THOU, Lord, thro' every changing ſcene
Haſt to the ſaints a refuge been;
Thro' every age, eternal God,
Their pleaſing home, their ſafe abode.

2 In thee our fathers ſought their reſt,
And were with thy protection bleſt;
Though in the ſhade of death they lie,
They'll riſe and dwell above the ſky.

3 Behold their ſons, a feeble race!
We come to fill our fathers' place!
Our helpleſs ſtate with pity view,
And let us ſhare their refuge too.

4 Through all the thorny paths we tread,
Ere we are number'd with the dead;
When friends deſert, and foes invade,
Be thou our all ſufficient aid.

5 So when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And we muſt dwell on earth no more,
To thee, great God, may we aſcend,
And find an everlaſting friend

6 To thee our infant race we'll leave,
Them may their fathers' God receive;
That voices, yet unform'd, may raiſe
Succeeding hymns of humble praiſe.

DODDRIDGE

PSALM XC. *Short Metre.* ♭

The Shortneſs of Life.

ORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
r life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That ſcarce deſerves the name!

Alas, the brittle clay,
That built our body firſt!
d every month, and every day
Tis mouldering back to duſt.

Then, if our days muſt fly,
We'll keep their end in ſight;
e'll ſpend them all in wiſdom's way,
And let them ſpeed their flight.

They'll ſooner waft us o'er
This life's tempeſtuous ſea;
en ſhall we reach the peaceful ſhore
Of bleſt eternity.

WATTS.

PSALM XCI. *Common Metre.* ♯ or ♭

Divine Protection, Reſignation and Gratitude.

WHEN I ſurvey life's varied ſcene,
Amidſt the darkeſt hours;
Bright rays of comfort ſhine between,
And thorns are mix'd with flowers.

This thought can all my fears control,
And bid my ſorrows fly;
No harm can ever reach my ſoul,
Beneath my Father's eye.

Whate'er thy ſacred will ordains,
O give me ſtrength to bear;

He pardons his inheritance,
For his own mercy's ſake.

WATTS.

PSALM XCV. *Common Metre.*

Before Prayer.

SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his ſtrength rejoice;
When his ſalvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful throne,
And pſalms of honour ſing;
The great Jehovah reigns alone,
The whole creation's King.

3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures ſeem,
Thoſe gods on high, and gods below,
When once compar'd with him.

4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his ſpacious hand;
He fix'd the ſeas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills muſt ſtand.

5 Come, and with humble ſouls adore,
Come kneel before his face;
O may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace.

6 Now is the time, he bends his ear,
And waits for our requeſt;
Come, leſt he rouſe his wrath, and ſwear
"Ye ſhall not ſee my reſt."

WATTS.

LM XCV. Firſt Part. *L. M.* ※

Public Worſhip.

OME, loud anthems let us ſing,
oud thanks to our Almighty King;
ve our voices high ſhould raiſe
n our ſalvation's Rock we praiſe.

his preſence let us haſte,
ank him for his favours paſt;
im addreſs, in joyful ſongs,
praiſe that to his name belongs.

God, the Lord, enthron'd in ſtate,
th unrivall'd glory great;
ng, ſuperior far to all
m by the title gods, we call.

depths of earth are in his hand,
ſecret wealth at his command;
ſtrength of hills that threat the ſkies,
ected to his empire lies.

rolling ocean's vaſt abyſs
ie ſame ſovereign right is his;
mov'd by that Almighty hand,
ch form'd and fix'd the ſolid land.

us to his courts repair,
bow with adoration there!
n on our knees devoutly all
re the Lord our Maker fall.

TATE.

M XCV. Sec. Part. *L. M.* ※ or ♪

Canaan loſt through Unbelief.

ME, let our ſouls addreſs the Lord,
Whom fram'd our natures by his word;

He is our Shepherd, we the ſheep,
His mercy choſe, his paſtures keep.

2 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counſels of his love obey;
Nor let our harden'd hearts provoke,
Like Iſrael, the avenging ſtroke.

3 Thus ſaith the Lord, "How falſe they prove,
"Forget my power, abuſe my love!
"Since they deſpiſe my reſt, I ſwear
"Their feet ſhall never enter there."

4 Look back, my ſoul, with holy dread,
And view thoſe ancient rebels, dead;
Attend the offer'd grace to-day,
Nor loſe the bleſſing by delay.

5 Seize the kind promiſe while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates;
Believe, and take the promis'd reſt;
Obey, and be forever bleſt.

WATTS.

PSALM XCV. *Short Metre.* ✻

Before a Sermon.

COME, ſound his praiſe abroad,
And hymns of glory ſing;
Jehovah is the ſovereign God,
The univerſal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown,
He gave the ſeas their bound;
The watry worlds are all his own,
And all the ſolid ground.

3 *Come*, worſhip at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provokes his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

But if your ears refuſe
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like ſtubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race,

The Lord, in anger dreſt,
Will lift his hand and ſwear,
"You, who deſpis'd my promis'd reſt,
"Shall have no portion there."

WATTS.

PSALM XCVI. *Six Line L. M.* ✻

Univerſal Praiſe.

ET all the earth their voices raiſe,
To ſing a lofty pſalm of praiſe,
And bleſs the great Jehovah's name;
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations ſhow,
And all his works of grace proclaim.

Great is the Lord, his praiſe be great,
Who ſits on high, enthron'd in ſtate;
To him alone let praiſe be given:
Thoſe gods the heathen world adore,
In vain pretend to ſovereign power,
He only rules who made the heaven.

He fram'd the globe, he ſpread the ſky,
And all the ſhining worlds on high;
He reigns complete in glory there,
His beams are majeſty and light,
His glories, how divinely bright!
His temple, how divinely fair!

1 Let heaven be glad, let earth rejoice,
Let ocean lift its roaring voice,
Proclaiming loud, "Jehovah reigns;"
For joyful fertile vallies ſing,
And ſtreightful groves their tribute bring
To him, whoſe power the world ſuſtains.

2 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth ſhall own his ſovereign power,
And barbarous nations fear his name;
Then ſhall the univerſe confeſs
The beauty of his holineſs,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

Tate & Watts, altered and varied.

PSALM XCVII. *Long Metre.* ✻

Grace and Glory.

THE Lord who reigns exalted high,
O'er all the earth, o'er all the ſky;
Let the whole earth in ſongs rejoice,
And ſeas and ſhores join their voice.

2 Dark clouds and unknown,
Juſtice and judgment ſupport his throne;
Before his face devouring flames
His feet ſurround,
And burn up all the rebel ground.

3 All who confeſs his holy name,
Shall own his works of ſin and ſhame;
Believe his truth, and love all his friends,
While ſcorn and ſhame the ſhares of hell defends.

4 Let mortals fear, and ſaints unknown
Look up, for comforts in darkneſs ſown;
Light ſprings and joys like ſeeds that ſpring and riſe,
And the bright harveſt bleſs our eyes.

Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The ſacred honours of the Lord;
None but the ſouls who taſte his grace
Can triumph in his holineſs.

WATTS.

PSALM XCVIII. *Common Metre.* ✻

Bleſſings of the Meſſiah's Kingdom.

1 TO our Almighty Maker, God,
New honours be addreſs'd;
His great ſalvation ſhines abroad,
And makes the nations bleſs'd.

2 He ſpake the word to Abr'ham firſt,
His truth fulfils his grace;
The Gentiles make his name their truſt,
And learn his righteouſneſs.

3 Joy to the world! The Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature ſing.

4 Joy to the world! her Saviour reigns;
Let men their ſongs employ;
While lands and ſeas, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the ſounding joy.

5 No more let ſin and ſorrow grow,
Nor violence abound;
He comes to make his bleſſings flow,
Wherever man is found.

6 He rules the world with righteouſneſs,
And makes the nations prove
The bleſſings *of his truth* and grace,
The wonders of his love.

WATTS.

PSALM XCIX. *Short Metre.* ✻

A holy God worſhipped with Reverence.

THE GOD, Jehovah, reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
Let ſinners tremble at his throne,
And ſaints be humble there.

2 Exalt the Lord our God,
And worſhip at his feet;
His nature is all holineſs,
And mercy is his ſeat.

3 When Iſrael was his church,
When Aaron was his prieſt,
When Moſes cried, and Samuel pray'd,
He gave his people reſt.

4 Oft he forgave their ſins,
Nor would deſtroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abus'd his grace.

5 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whoſe grace is ſtill the ſame;
Still he's a God of holineſs,
And jealous for his name.

WATTS.

PSALM C. *Long Metre.* ✻

Praiſe to our Creator.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with ſacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he deſtroy.

2 *His* ſovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;

And, when like wandering ſheep we ſtray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our ſouls and all our mortal frame;
What laſting honors ſhall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name!

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful ſongs,
High as the heaven our voices raiſe;
And earth, with her ten thouſand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with ſounding praiſe.

5 Thou Lord art good, thou Lord art kind;
Great is thy grace, thy mercy ſure;
And the whole race of men ſhall find
Thy truth from age to age endure.

6 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vaſt as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth ſhall ſtand,
When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move.

WATTS.

PSALM CI. *Common Metre.* ※ or ♭

A Pſalm for the Maſter of a Family.

OF juſtice and of grace I ſing,
And pay to God my vows;
Thy grace and juſtice, heavenly King,
Teach me to rule my houſe.

2 Now to my tent, O God, repair,
And make thy ſervant wiſe;
I'll ſuffer nothing near me there,
That ſhall offend thine eyes.

3 The man who doth his neighbour wrong,
By falſehood or by force;
The ſcornful eye, the ſlanderous tongue,
I'll drive them from my doors.

4 The pure, the faithful, and the juſt,
My favour ſhall enjoy;
Theſe are the friends that I will truſt,
The ſervants I'll employ.

5 The wretch that deals in ſly deceit,
I'll not endure a night;
The liar's tongue I ever hate,
And baniſh from my ſight.

6 I'll purge my family around,
And make the wicked flee;
So ſhall my houſe be ever found
A dwelling fit for thee.

WA:

PSALM CII. Firſt Part. *C. M.*

Prayer heard, and Zion reſtored.

LET Zion and her ſons rejoice;
Behold the promis'd hour!
Her God hath heard her mourning voice
And will exalt his power.

2 Her duſt and ruins that remain,
Are precious in our eyes;
Thoſe ruins ſhall be built again,
And all that duſt ſhall riſe.

3 The Lord will raiſe Jeruſalem,
And ſtand in glory there;
Nations ſhall bow and own his name,
And worſhip in his fear.

4 He ſits a ſovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying priſoners groan,
And ſees their wants ariſe.

He frees the ſouls condemn'd to death ;
And when his ſaints complain,
It can't be ſaid they ſpent their breath,
Or ſhed their tears in vain.

This ſhall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn, may read,
And learn to truſt the Lord.

WATTS.

PSALM CII. Second Part *C. M.* ✱

The Unchangeableneſs of God.

THOU, Lord, haſt earth's foundations laid,
The heavens, a glorious frame,
By thine Almighty hand were ſpread,
And ſpeak their Maker's name.

Their ſhining glories all ſhall fade,
By thy controlling power,
Chang'd like a veſture when decay'd :
But thou ſhalt ſtill endure.

Thy bright perfections, all divine,
Eternal as thy days ;
Through everlaſting ages ſhine,
With undiminiſhed rays.

Thy ſervant's children, ſtill thy care,
Shall own their fathers' God :
To lateſt times thy favour ſhare,
And ſpread thy praiſe abroad.

MRS. STEELE.

PSALM CII. ver. 24, 27. *L. M.* ♄

Compared with Hebrews, i. 8—12. xiii. 8.

The Mortality of Man, and the Eternity of Chriſt.

'Tis *the Lord, our* Maker's hand
Weakens our ſtrength amidſt the race ;

eath, at his com...
d cut ſhort our days.
Lord, aloud we pray,
ſun go down at noon;
are one eternal day,
thy people die ſo ſoon;
e midſt of death and grief,
ught our ſorrow ſhall aſſuage,
her and our Saviour live,
s the ſame through every age.
he this earth's foundation laid,
en is the building of his hand;
earth grows old, theſe heavens ſhall fade,
all be chang'd at his command.
e ſtarry curtains of the ſky
ke garments ſhall be laid aſide;
ut ſtill thy throne ſtands firm and high,
hy church forever muſt abide.
Before thy face, thy church ſhall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign;
This dying world ſhall they ſurvive,
And the dead ſaints be raiſ'd again.

WATTS.

PSALM CIII. *Long Metre.*

Praiſe to God for his Goodneſs.

BLESS, O my ſoul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join,
In work and worſhip ſo divine.
O my ſoul, the God of grace,
...claim thy higheſt praiſe;

Let not the wonders he hath wrought
Be loſt in ſilence and forgot.

3 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels;
Redeems the ſoul from guilt, and ſaves
Our waſting life from threat'ning graves.

4 Our youth decay'd, his power repairs,
His mercy crowns our growing years;
He ſatisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our ſouls with heavenly food.

5 He ſees th' oppreſſor and th' oppreſt,
And often gives the ſufferers reſt;
But will his juſtice more diſplay
In the laſt, great deciſive day.

6 His power he ſhow'd by Moſes' hands,
And gave to Iſrael his commands;
But made his truth and mercy known
To all the nations by his Son.

WATTS.

PSALM CIII. *Short Metre.* ※

Divine Mercy in the midſt of Judgment.

MY ſoul, repeat his praiſe,
Whoſe mercies are ſo great;
Whoſe anger is ſo ſlow to riſe,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And when his wrath is felt,
His ſtrokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our higheſt thoughts exceed.

4 His grace ſubdues our ſins :
And his forgiving love
Far as the eaſt is from the weſt
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord
To thoſe who fear his name,
Is ſuch as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.

6 Our days are as the graſs,
Or like the morning flower ;
When blaſting winds ſpread o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

7 But thy compaſſion, Lord,
Through ages ſhall endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promiſe ſure.

WATTS.

PSALM CIII. Firſt Part. *Com. Metre.* b

God's tender regard to human Weakneſs.

LORD, we thy wondrous power proclaim,
And make that power our truſt ;
Which rais'd at firſt this curious frame,
From mean and lifeleſs duſt.

2 By duſt ſupported ſtill it ſtands,
Prepar'd in various forms ;
And wrought by thy creating hands,
To nouriſh mortal worms.

3 Awhile theſe frail machines endure ;
The fabric of a day !
Then loſe their animating power ;
And moulder back to clay.

4 Yet frail and feeble as we are,
This thought is our repoſe,

That he who firſt our frame did rear,
Its various weakneſs knows.

5 He views us with a pitying eye,
While ſtruggling with our load;
In pains and dangers he is nigh,
Our Father and our God.

6 Gently ſupported by his love,
We tend to realms of peace;
Where every pain ſhall far remove,
And every frailty ceaſe.

DODDRIDGE.

PSALM CIII. Second Part. *C. M.* ※

Angelic Praiſe.

THOU, Lord, in heav'n haſt plac'd thy throne
Thy kingdom wide extends;
Thy vaſt dominion ſhall be known
To earth's remoteſt ends.

2 Ye angels, who excel in might,
And wait to do his will,
Bleſs him, whoſe work is your delight,
Whoſe pleaſure ye fulfil.

3 Ye ſeraphs, who with joy obey
The orders of your King,
Attend his churches when they pray,
And join the praiſe they ſing.

4 Whilſt all his works his praiſe proclaim,
O let my heart and tongue
Join with the univerſal frame,
In this eternal ſong.

Partly from WATTS.

PSALM CIV. First Part. *L. M.*

Divine Majeſty and Goodneſs in Storm and Rain.

AWAKE, my ſoul, to hymns of praiſe,
To God the ſong of triumph raiſe;
Adorn'd with majeſty divine,
What pomp, what glory, Lord, are thine!

2 Light forms his robe, and round his head
The heavens their ample curtain ſpread;
See on the wind's expanded wings
The chariot of the King of kings!

3 Around him, rang'd in awful ſtate,
Dark ſilent ſtorms attentive wait;
And thunders, ready to fulfil
The mandates of his ſovereign will.

4 From earth's low margin to the ſkies
He bids the duſky vapours riſe;
Then, from his magazines on high,
Commands th' impriſon'd winds to fly.

5 The lightning's pallid ſheet expands,
And ſhowers deſcend on furrow'd lands;
Whilſt down the mountain's channel'd ſide
The torrent rolls in ſwelling pride.

6 Till ſpent its wild impetuous force,
And ſettled in its deſtin'd courſe,
It waters all the fruitful plains,
And life in various forms ſuſtains.

7 Thus clouds, and ſtorms, and fires obey
Thy wiſe and all-controlling ſway;
And whilſt thy terrors round us ſtand,
We ſee a Father's bounteous hand.

MERRICK, with Alteration and Addition.

LM CIV. Second Part. *L. M.* ♭

The Seaman's Prayer.

MIGHTY Ruler of the ſkies,
How various are thy works! how wiſe!
y power throughout all ſpace extends,
ks through all depth, all height tranſcends!

ɔt earth alone beholds her ſhores
ırich'd by thy exhauſtleſs ſtores;
like, throughout their liquid reign,
he ſpreading ſeas thy gifts contain.

ɛeneath, unnumber'd fiſhes ſwarm,
Of different ſize, of various form;
Above, the ſhips incumbent ride,
Borne on the boſom of the tide.

Here, huge leviathan is ſeen
To ſport the mighty waves between;
There, icy mountains float and roll,
Driven from the ſeas beneath the pole.

On high, the concave we behold
In living blue, or ſparkling gold;
Whilſt waving azure fields around
Spread to th' horizon's utmoſt bound.

The winds and waves obey thy will;
The needle owns thy power and ſkill;
And, ſteer'd by thy directing hand,
Our bark ſhall gain the wiſh'd for land.

MERRICK, with Alteration and Addition.

SALM CIV. Third Part. *L. M.* ♯ or ♭

Divine Providence toward Man and Beaſt.

VAS *I are thy works*, Almighty Lord,
All nature reſts upon thy word;

And the whole race of creatures ſtands,
Waiting their portion from thy hands.

2 If thou the vital air deny,
Behold them ſicken, faint, and die;
Duſt to its kindred duſt returns,
And earth her ruin'd offſpring mourns.

3 But thou canſt breathe on duſt again,
And fill the world with beaſts and men;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the waſte of time and death.

4 Thy glory, fearleſs of decline,
Thy glory, Lord, ſhall ever ſhine;
Thy works, the honour of thy might,
Are honour'd with thy own delight.

5 Earth at thy look ſhall trembling ſtand,
Conſcious of ſovereign power at hand;
And, touch'd by thy vindictive ſtroke,
The everlaſting mountains ſmoke.

6 In thee our hopes and wiſhes meet,
And make our contemplations ſweet;
Thy praiſes ſhall our breath employ,
Till we ſhall riſe to endleſs joy.

WATTS and MERRICK.

PSALM CIV. Fourth Part. *L. M.* ✻

The Voice of the Creatures proclaiming God.

THERE is a God, all nature ſpeaks,
Thro' earth, and air, and ſeas, and ſkies;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the firſt beams of morning riſe!

2 *Behold the* ſun ſerenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inſcribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

iffuſing life, his influence ſpreads,
And health and plenty ſmile around;
The fruitful fields and verdant meads
Are with a thouſand bleſſings crown'd.

4 Almighty goodneſs, power divine,
The fields and verdant meads diſplay;
And bleſs the hand which made them ſhine
With various charms, profuſely gay.

5 For man and beaſt, here daily food
In wide extenſive plenty grows;
And there, for drink, the cryſtal flood
In ſtreams, ſweet winding, gently flows.

6 By cooling ſtreams and ſoft'ning ſhowers,
The vegetable race are fed;
And trees, and plants, and herbs, and flowers,
Their Maker's conſtant bounty ſpread.

7 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confeſs the footſteps of our God;
Come, bow before him, and adore.

Mrs. STEELE.

PSALM CIV. *Particular Metre.*

PART I.

BLESS God, O my ſoul,
Rejoice in his name,
And let my glad voice
Thy greatneſs proclaim:
Surpaſſing in honour,
Dominion and might;
Thy throne is the heaven,
Thy robe is the light.

2 The ſky we behold,
A curtain diſplay'd,
The chambers of heaven
On waters are laid.
The clouds are a chariot
Thy glory to bear,
On winds thou art wafted,
Thou rideſt on air.

3 As rapid as fire,
Thy angels on high
Convey thy commands,
Thy miniſters fly.
The earth, on its baſis
Eternal ſuſtain'd,
Is fix'd in the ſtation
Thy wiſdom ordain'd.

4 The world, when at firſt
Of chaos compos'd,
Was void, without form,
In waters enclos'd;
Thy voice, how majeſtic,
In thunder was heard;
The waters ſubſided,
The mountains appear'd.

PART II.

5 Thy providence fix'd
The ſtream and its ſource;
The ſea knows its bounds,
The rivers their courſe.
Convey'd through dark channels,
Springs riſe on the hills,
They burſt in the fountains,
They fall in the rills.

6 The beaſts of the wild
Their foreſt forſake;
The herd quits the field,
To drink of the lake:
On trees crown'd with bloſſoms,
Its margin along,
Birds warbling ſweet muſic,
Praiſe GOD in their ſong.

7 Deſcending on hills,
Clouds plenteouſneſs pour;
All nature revives,
Earth ſmiles in the ſhower:
A garment of verdure
Apparels the plain;
Fruits ſwell in the garden,
Fields wave with their grain.

9 With moiſture refreſh'd,
The vine yields its fruit,
'Tis balm to our hearts,
To health a recruit.
With pleaſure we gather
The richneſs of oil;
'Tis ſtrength to our body,
Support to our toil.

PART III.

9 The trees full of ſap,
With joy rear their head,
The cedars their boughs
O'er Lebanon ſpread.
Secure in the covert
The bird flies for reſt;
She ſings on the branches,
She broods on the neſt.

10 The pine yields a home
The ſtork to ſecure:
The goat on the crag
Defies the purſuer.
Even creatures too feeble
Themſelves to defend,
On caves and concealment
For ſafety depend.

11 The moon, by thy law,
Increaſes and wanes:
The ſun keeps the courſe
Thy wiſdom ordains.
By night the fierce lion
Roams wide for his prey,
But flies to his cavern
When morn brings the day.

12 Then man with the ſun
His labour renews,
Till evening arrives,
That labour purſues.
Such, Lord, is the wiſdom
Thy works all proclaim;
Let earth, crown'd with riches,
Rejoice in thy name!

PART IV.

13 Nor here only, Lord,
Thy might we adore,
The ſea owns thy hand,
Thy wiſdom and power;
Their tribes without number,
Thy creatures, reſort;
Leviathans gambol,
And whales take their ſport.

14 Their ſhips ſpread their ſails,
The ſurface to ſweep;
Their fiſh nimbly glide,
Conceal'd in the deep:
They all know their ſeaſon,
As ſeaſons ariſe;
And tribes, which thy bounty
Has made, it ſupplies.

15 Thy will and thy word
Endue them with breath,
Conſum'd by thy blaſt,
They ſhrink into death;
Reſtor'd at thy pleaſure,
New beings appear,
To people the waters,
The earth and the air.

16 Rejoice then, O Lord,
In glory ſecure;
The works thou haſt made
Through ages endure:
Yet, aw'd by thy preſence,
When thou draweſt near,
Smoke burſts from the mountains,
Earth trembles with fear.

17 Thus, Lord, let me ſing,
Thy glory to raiſe;
Delightful the ſtrain,
When tun'd to thy praiſe.
The vile have their ſufferings,
The juſt their reward:
Bleſs God, O my ſpirit!
O praiſe ye the Lord!

VINCENT.

Let all his ſaints, with one accord,
Exalt their voice to praiſe the Lord.

TATE and WATTS, united.

PSALM CVI. *Short Metre.* ✻ or ♭

Iſrael puniſhed and pardoned: Or, the Love of G unchangeable.

GOD of eternal love!
How fickle are our ways!
And yet, how oft did Iſrael prove
The riches of thy grace!

2 They ſaw his wonders wrought,
And then his praiſe they ſung;
But ſoon his works of power forgot,
And murmur'd with their tongue.

3 Now they believe his word,
While rocks with water flow;
Now with their luſts provoke the Lord,
And dare the vengeful blow.

4 Yet, when they mourn'd their faults,
He hearken'd to their groans;
Brought his own cov'nant to his thoughts,
And call'd them ſtill his ſons.

5 Their names were in his book;
He ſav'd them from their foes:
Oft he chaſtis'd, but ne'er forſook
The people whom he choſe.

6 Let Iſrael bleſs the Lord,
Who lov'd their ancient race;
And chriſtians join the ſolemn word
Amen, to all the praiſe.

WAT

PSALM CVII. First Part. *L. M.* ♭

Israel led through the Wilderneſs to the Land of Promiſe.

GIVE thanks to God; he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is Love;
His mercy ages paſt have known,
And ages long to come ſhall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record;
Iſrael, the nation whom he choſe,
And reſcued from their mighty foes.

3 In their diſtreſs, to God they cried;
God was their Saviour and their guide;
He led their march far wandering round;
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.

4 So when our firſt releaſe we gain,
From ſin's hard yoke and Satan's chain,
We have this deſert world to trace,
A tireſome and a dangerous place.

5 God feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footſteps, leſt we ſtray;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

6 Then let us all with joy record
The truth and goodneſs of the Lord;
How great his works, how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praiſe!

WATTS.

PSALM CVII. Second Part. *L. M.* ♭

Correction for Sin, and relief to Priſoners.

FROM age to age exalt his name,
God and his grace are ſtill the ſame;

His fills the hungry ſouls with food,
And feeds them with ſubſtantial good.

2 But if their hearts rebel and riſe
Againſt the God who rules the ſkies;
If they reject his heavenly word,
And ſlight the counſels of the Lord;

2 He'll bring their ſpirits to the ground,
And no deliverance ſhall be found;
Laden with grief, they waſte their breath
In darkneſs and the ſhades of death.

4 Then to the Lord they raiſe their cries;
He makes the dawning light ariſe,
And ſcatters all that diſmal ſhade,
Which hung ſo heavy o'er their head.

5 He cuts the iron bars in two,
And lets the joyful priſoner through;
Takes off the load of pain and grief,
And gives the laboring ſoul relief.

6 O may the ſons of men record
The wondrous goodneſs of the Lord;
How great his works! How kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praiſe!

WATTS.

PSALM CVII. Third Part. *C. M.*

Intemperance chaſtiſed and reformed.

BENEATH God's terrors doom'd to groan
Behold th' intemperate band
The fruits of folly reap, and own
The juſtice of his hand

2 *From food eſtrang'd their languid ſoul*
The needful meal foregoes;

Life feels its current faintly roll,
And haſtens to its cloſe

Diſtreſs'd, to God they make their prayer,
And nature, joyous, ſees
His word her ruin'd ſtrength repair,
Her fierceſt tortures eaſe.

O then that all would bleſs his name,
Who thus his mercy prove;
And ſtill from age to age proclaim
The wonders of his love.

That men of various tongues would ſing,
His acts in frequent lays;
And yield to heaven's eternal King
The ſacrifice of praiſe.

MERRICK.

PSALM CVII. Fourth Part. *L. M.*

Dangers and Deliverance by Sea.

THEY who in ſhips with courage bold,
O'er ſwelling waves their trade purſue;
The Lord's amazing works behold,
And in the deep his wonders view.

2 Soon as his dread command is paſt,
The lowering ſtorm begins to riſe;
It ſweeps the ſea with rapid haſte,
And makes the ſwelling billows riſe.

3 The laboring ſhips borne up to heaven,
Upon the lofty waves appear;
Then down the deep abyſs are driven,
Whilſt every ſoul diſſolves with fear.

4 They reel and ſtagger to and fro,
Like men with fumes of wine oppreſs'd;
Nor does the ſkilful ſeaman know
Which way to ſteer, what courſe is beſt.

5 Then, to the Lord's indulgent ear,
Their ſupplication they addreſs;
He kindly condeſcends to hear,
And frees them from their deep diſtreſs.

6 He bids the ſtorm its fury ceaſe,
And lays the billows calm and ſtill;
Then ſummon's forth the gentle breeze,
The ſeamen's wiſhes to fulfil.

7 O then, that all the earth, with me,
Would God for all his goodneſs praiſe;
And for the mighty works which he
Throughout the wondering world diſplays.

TATE. varied.

PSALM CVII. Fifth Part. *L. M.* ✻ or

Colonies planted and puniſhed

WHERE nothing dwelt but beaſts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they,
God bids th' oppreſs'd and poor repair,
And builds them towns and cities there.

2 They ſow the fields, and trees they plant,
Whoſe yearly fruit ſupplies their want;
Their race grows up from fruitful ſtocks,
Their wealth increaſes with their flocks.

3 Thus they are bleſt; but if they ſin,
He lets the ſavage nations in;
A hoſtile race invades their lands,
Their princes die by barbarous hands.

4 Their captive ſons, expos'd to ſcorn,
Wander unpitied and forlorn:
The country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
And deſolation ſpreads the field.

5 Yet if the humbled people mourns,
Again his dreadful hand he turns;
Again he makes their cities thrive,
And bids the dying churches live.

6 The righteous with a joyful ſenſe,
Admire the works of Providence;
And wiſe obſervers ſtill ſhall find
The Lord is holy, juſt, and kind.

- WATTS.

PSALM CVIII. *Common Metre.* ※

A general Song of Praiſe.

O GOD, my grateful ſoul aſpires
To magnify thy name;
My tongue, with cheerful ſongs of praiſe,
Shall celebrate thy fame.

2 Awake my heart, and thou, my voice,
Thy willing tribute pay;
And let a hymn of ſacred joy
Salute the opening day

3 To all the liſtening world around
Thy goodneſs I will ſing;
Whilſt every grateful tongue ſhall join
To praiſe th' eternal King.

4 Becauſe thy mercy's boundleſs height
The higheſt heaven tranſcends;
And far beyond the ſpreading earth
Thy faithfulneſs extends:

5 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the ſtarry frame;
And let the world with one conſent,
Confeſs thy glorious name.

TATE, altered.

PSALM CIX. *Common Metre.* ※

Love to Enemies from the Example of Chriſt.

O GOD, we celebrate thy praiſe,
Thy mercy is our ſong;
Though ſinners ſpeak againſt thy grace
With a blaſpheming tongue.

2 When in the form of ..rtal man
Thy Son on earth was found;
With cruel ſlanders, falſe and vain,
They compaſs'd him around.

3 Their miſeries his compaſſion mov'd,
Their peace he ſtill purſued;
They render'd hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

4 Their malice rag'd without a cauſe;
Yet with his dying breath
He pray'd for murderers on his croſs,
And bleſs'd his foes in death.

5 Let not this bright example ſhine
In vain before our eyes;
May we like him to peace incline,
And love our enemies.

6 Thus ſhall we too thine image bear,
And thus our ſonſhip prove;
For good and bad thy bounty ſhare,
Thou God of boundleſs love

WATTS, varied.

PSALM CX. *Long Metre.* ※ or ♭

The Prieſthood and Kingdom of Chriſt.

THUS the eternal Father ſpake,
To Chriſt his Son, "Aſcend and ſit
At my right hand, till I ſhall make
Thy foes ſubmiſſive at thy feet.

"From Zion thine ensign wore proceed;
Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
Shall make the hearts of sinners bleed,
And bow their wills to thy command.

3 "O blessed power! O glorious day!
A splendid victory shall ensue!
And converts who thy grace obey
Exceed the drops of morning dew!"

4 God hath pronouuc'd a firm decree,
Nor will repent the thing he swore;
"Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
When Aaron's sons shall serve no more.

5 "Melchizedek, the wondrous priest,
Whose generation was unknown,
The king of righteousness and peace,
Was a fair type of Christ my Son."

6 Through all the earth his reign shall spread,
And fierce opposers frown in vain;
For God shall raise his humble head,
And his exalted throne maintain.

WATTS, varied.

PSALM CXI. *Long Metre.*

The Divine Perfections.

PRAISE ye the Lord; to speak his praise,
My soul her utmost powers shall raise,
With private friends, and in the throng
Of those who to his house belong.

2 His works, for greatness though renown'd,
His wondrous works are always found,
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious search delight.

3 His works are all of matchleſs fame,
And univerſal glory claim;
His truth confirm'd through ages paſt,
Shall to eternal ages laſt.

2 By precept, he has us enjoin'd
To keep his wondrous works in mind,
And to poſterity record,
How good and gracious is the Lord.

3 Juſt are the dealings of his hands,
Immutable are his commands;
By truth and equity ſuſtain'd,
And for eternal rules ordain'd.

6 Who wiſdom's ſacred prize would win,
Muſt with the fear of God begin;
Immortal praiſe and heavenly ſkill
Have they who know and do his will.

TATE.

PSALM CXII. *Long Metre.* ✠ or ♭

The Character and Happineſs of the liberal Man.

THAT man is bleſs'd, who ſtands in awe
Of God, and loves his ſacred law;
His name on earth ſhall be renown'd,
And with increaſing honour crown'd.

2 His hoſpitable houſe ſhall be
To friends and ſtrangers always free;
His virtue, ſafe from all decay,
Shall bleſſings to his heirs convey.

3 The man that's fill'd with virtue's light
Shines brighteſt in affliction's night;
Compaſſion dwells within his mind,
His juſtice flows to all mankind.

His liberal favours he extends,
To ſome he gives, to others lends;
And what his charity impairs,
He ſaves by prudence in affairs.

Though dangers threaten him around,
Unmov'd ſhall he maintain his ground.
The ſweet remembrance of the juſt
Shall flouriſh when he ſleeps in duſt.

His hands, whilſt they his alms beſtow'd,
His glory's future harveſt ſow'd;
Whence he ſhall reap a ſure reward,
And dwell forever with the Lord.

TATE, varied.

PSALM CXIII. *Long Metre.* ✻

Divine Greatneſs and Condeſcenſion.

YE ſervants of th' Almighty King,
In every age his praiſes ſing,
Where'er the circling ſun diſplays
His riſing beams or ſetting rays.

2 Above the earth, beyond the ſky,
Stands his high throne of majeſty;
Not time nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vaſt dominion bounds.

3 What impious mortal raſhly dare,
What angel, with our God compare?
His glories, how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light?

He bows his glorious head to view
What the bright hoſts of angels do;
And *condeſcends* yet more to know
The *mean affairs* of men below.

5 From duſt and cottages obſcure,
His grace exalts the humble poor;
Gives them the honour of his ſons,
And makes them meet for heavenly throne.

WATTS.

PSALM CXIV. *Long Metre.* ♯ or ♭

Miracles attending Iſrael's Journey.

WHEN Iſrael, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their King, and Judah was his throne.

2 Acroſs the deep their journey lay,
The deep divides to make them way;
Jordan beheld their march, and fled
With backward current to his head.

3 The mountains ſhook like trembling ſheep,
Like lambs, the ſmaller hills did leap;
Not Sinai on its baſe could ſtand,
Conſcious of ſovereign power at hand.

4 What power could make the ſea divide?
Or Jordan backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

5 Let every mountain, every flood
Retire, and know th' approaching God;
The King of Iſrael! ſee him here!
Tremble thou earth, adore and fear.

6 He thunders and all nature mourns;
The rock to flowing water turns;
From ſtones, ſpring fountains at his word,
And earth and ſeas confeſs the Lord.

WATTS.

PSALM CXV. *Long Metre.* ✻ or ♭

Idolatry reproved.

T to ourſelves, who are but duſt ;
ſor to ourſelves is glory due ;
[redacted]me, thou only juſt,
[redacted]cious, wiſe and true !

dreadful majeſty proclaim,
et the heathen's haughty tongue
t us, and, to raiſe our ſhame,
"where's the God you've ſerv'd ſo long ?"

God we ſerve, maintains his throne
e the clouds, beyond the ſkies ;
ugh all the earth his will is done,
nows our groans, and hears our cries.

he vain idols they adore
enſeleſs ſhapes of ſtone or wood ;
eſt a maſs of glittering ore,
ver ſaint, or golden god.

rael, make the Lord thy hope,
help, thy refuge, and thy reſt ;
Lord ſhall build thy ruins up,
l bleſs the people and the prieſt.

dead no more can ſpeak thy praiſe,
y dwell in ſilence, in the grave ;
, whilſt we live, we'll ſing thy grace,
l tell the world thy power to ſave.

WATTS.

PSALM CXVI. *Common Metre.* ✻

Praiſe for Deliverance from Diſtreſs.

WHAT ſhall I render to my God,
For all his kindneſs ſhown ?

My feet shall visit thine abode.
My songs address thy throne.
Among the saints who fill thy house,
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows,
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Here, in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

WATTS.

PSALM CXVII. *Short Metre.*

Praise to God from all Nations.

THY name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,
Thy truth forever stands.

2 Far be thine honours spread,
Long may thy praise endure;
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

PSALM CXVIII. v. 18, 19 1ſt. P. *C. M.* ※

Recovery from Sickneſs.

OVEREIGN of life, I own thy hand
In every chaſt'ning ſtroke;
And whilſt I ſmart beneath thy rod,
Thy preſence I invoke.

To thee, in my diſtreſs, I cried,
Thy mercy lent an ear;
Thy powerful word my life prolong'd,
And brought ſalvation near.

Unfold, ye gates of righteouſneſs,
That, with the pious throng,
may record my ſolemn vows.
And tune my grateful ſong.

Praiſe to the Lord, whoſe gentle hand
Renews our laboring breath;
Praiſe to the Lord, who makes his ſaints
Triumphant in their death.

My God, in that appointed hour,
The heavenly world diſplay;
Where ſin and death ſhall have no place,
And tears be wip'd away.

There, whilſt the nations of the bleſs'd
With rapture ſing around;
My anthems to deliv'ring grace
In loftier ſtrains ſhall ſound.

DODDRIDGE, with Variation.

PSALM CXVIII. Sec. Part. *C. M.* ※

For the Lord's Day.

THIS *is the day the* Lord hath made,
He call the hours his own;

And we the courſe of all our life
By thy direction guide!

6 Then with aſſurance ſhould we walk
From all confuſion free,
Convinc'd, with joy, that all our ways
With thy commands agree.

TATE.

PSALM CXIX. Sec. Part. *C. M.* ♭

The Danger attending Youth.

INDULGENT God, with pitying eye
The ſons of men ſurvey;
And ſee how youthful ſinners ſport
In a deſtructive way.

2 In pleaſure's flowery path they tread,
On future years preſume;
Although ten thouſand ſnares are ſpread,
To ſnatch them to the tomb

3 Reduce, O Lord, their wandering mind,
Amus'd with airy dreams;
That heavenly wiſdom may diſpel
Their viſionary ſchemes.

4 With holy caution may they walk,
And make thy word their guide;
Till each, the danger ſafely paſt,
On Zion's hill abide.

DODDRIDGE, with Variation.

PSALM CXIX. Third Part. *C. M.* ♭

Repentance and Obedience.

THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart prepares t' obey thy word,
And ſuffers no delay.

I chooſe the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Can make me ſo rejoice.

3 The teſtimonies of thy grace
I ſet before my eyes;
Thence I derive my daily ſtrength,
And there my comfort lies.

4 If e'er I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And truſt thy pardoning grace.

5 If thou incline this wandering heart
Thy precepts to fulfil;
Then, till my mortal life ſhall end,
I ſhall perform thy will.

WATTS.

PSALM CXIX. 4th P. *Common Metre.* ※ or ♭

Inſtruction from Scripture.

THY word is like a heavenly light,
Which guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It ſpreads ſuch light abroad.
The meaneſt ſouls inſtruction find,
And raiſe their thoughts to God.

3 The ſtarry heavens thy rule obey,
The earth preſerves her place;
In nature's volume night and day,
Thy power and ſkill we trace.

4 But in thy law and goſpel, Lord,
Are leſſons more divine;
Not earth ſtands firmer than thy word,
Nor ſtars ſo nobly ſhine.

5 Thy word is everlaſting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book ſhall guide our youth,
And well ſupport our age.

WATTS.

PSALM CXIX. 5th Part. *L. M.*

Godly Sorrow for the Sins of Men.

ARISE, my tender thoughts, ariſe;
Let torrents drown my weeping eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguiſh feel
Thoſe evils which thou canſt not heal.

2 See human beings ſunk in ſhame;
See ſcandals pour'd on Jeſus' name;
See God inſulted through his Son,
The world abus'd, the ſoul undone.

3 My heart with reverence hears thy word;
And trembles at thy threat'nings, Lord;
I know the wretched, dreadful end
To which their careleſs ſteps deſcend.

4 My God, the mournful ſcene I view,
With horror and with pity too;
O could my ſympathy reclaim
The wretches from deſtructive flame!

5 But feeble my compaſſion proves,
It can but weep, where moſt it loves;
Thy own all-loving grace employ,
And turn theſe drops of grief to joy.

DODDRIDGE.

PSALM CXIX 6th Part. *C. M.* ※ or ♭

Delight in the Word of God.

1 HOW I love thy holy law,
'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day,
To meditate thy word;
My ſoul with longing melts away,
To hear thy goſpel, Lord.

3 When midnight darkneſs veils the ſkies,
I call thy words to mind;
My thoughts in warm devotion riſe,
And God's acceptance find.

4 How doth thy word my heart engage;
How well employ my tongue!
It cheers my tireſome pilgrimage,
And yields a heavenly ſong!

5 Am I a ſtranger, or at home,
'Tis my continual feaſt:
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taſte.

6 No treaſures ſo enrich the mind,
Nor ſhall thy word be ſold
For loads of ſilver well refin'd,
Nor heaps of ſhining gold.

7 When nature ſinks and ſpirits droop,
Thy promiſes of grace.
Are pillars to ſupport my hope,
And elevate my praiſe.

WATTS.

PSALM CXIX. 7th Part. *C. M.* ✻ or ♭

The Variety and Comfort of the Divine Word.

LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
Thy ſtatutes all are juſt;
They make my nobleſt powers rejoice,
And mortify my luſt.

2 Thy precepts often I ſurvey,
And keep thy laws in ſight,
Through all the buſineſs of the day,
To form my actions right.

3 And when my ſpirit takes her fill
From fountains ſo divine,
Not mighty men that ſhare the ſpoil,
Have joy compar'd to mine.

4 I read the hiſtories of thy love,
And keep thy grace in ſight;
With pleaſure through thy promiſes I rove
With ever new delight.

5 'Tis like a land of wealth unknown,
Where living ſprings ariſe;
Seeds of immortal bliſs are ſown,
And hidden glory lies.

6 The beſt relief that mourners have;
It makes our ſorrows bleſt;
Our faireſt hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal reſt.

WATTS.

PSALM CXIX. 8th Part, *C. M.* ✻ or ♭

The Perfection of Scripture.

LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great God, if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look!

Not the moſt perfect rules they gave,
Could ſhow one ſin forgiven;
Nor lead a ſtep beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heaven.

I've ſeen an end of what we call
Perfection, here below;
How ſhort the powers of nature fall,
And can no farther go

But thy commands, O righteous Lord,
Pervade the heart within;
Thy perfect law, exceeding broad,
Detects the ſecret ſin.

In vain we boaſt perfection here,
While ſin defiles our frame,
And ſinks our virtues down ſo far,
The ſcarce deſerve the name.

Our faith, and love, and every grace
Fall far beneath thy word;
But perfect truth and righteouſneſs
Dwell only with the Lord.

WATTS, varied.

PSALM CXIX. 9th Part. C. M. ✻ or b

Deſire of Divine Knowledge.

THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
How great thy works appear!
Open my eyes to read thy word,
And ſee thy wonders there.

My fleſh, by thy creating hands,
Is form'd with care and ſkill;
O make me learn thy juſt commands,
That I may them fulfil.

Since I'm a ſtranger here below,
Be thou my conſtant guide;

Direct the way my feet ſhall go,
Nor let me turn aſide

4 If thou to me thy ſtatutes ſhew,
And heavenly truth impart;
Thy work forever I'll purſue,
Thy law ſhall rule my heart.

5 From thoſe vain objects turn my ſight,
Which this falſe world diſplays;
But give me heavenly power and light,
To tread thy righteous ways.

TATE and WATTS.

PSALM CXIX. 10th Part. C. M. b

Breathing after Holineſs.

O THAT the Lord would guide my way
To keep his ſtatutes ſtill;
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will.

2 Send thy good Spirit, Lord, to write
Thy law upon my heart,
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes,
Let no corrupt deſign,
Nor covetous deſires ariſe
Within this ſoul of mine.

4 Order my footſteps by thy word,
And make my heart ſincere;
Let ſin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conſcience clear.

5 My ſoul hath gone too far aſtray,
My feet too often ſlide;
O bring me back to virtue's way,
And be thy truth my guide.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands
Offend againſt my God.

WATTS.

PSALM CXIX. 11th Part. *Common Metre.* þ

Holy Reſolutions.

O THAT thy ſtatutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quickening power,
And daily comfort find.

2 Thy word ſhall dwell upon my heart,
To keep me pure within;
And be an everlaſting guard
From every riſing ſin.

3 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my ſweet employ;
My ſoul ſhall ne'er forget thy word;
Thy word is all my joy.

4 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart diſcharge
From ſin's deceit, and folly's bands,
And ſet my feet at large.

5 My lips with courage ſhall declare
Thy ſtatutes and thy name;
I'll ſpeak thy word, though tyrants hear,
Nor yield to ſinful ſhame.

6 Depart from me ye wicked race,
Whoſe hands and hearts are ill;
I love my God, I love his ways,
And muſt obey his will.

WATTS

PSALM CXX 12th Part *C. M.* ♭

The Benefit of Afflictions

CONSIDER all my ſorrows, Lord,
And my deliverance ſend;
My ſoul for thy ſalvation waits,
When will my troubles end!

2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Affliction makes me learn the law,
And love and fear my God.

3 This is the comfort I enjoy,
When new diſtreſs begins;
I read thy word, I run thy ways,
And hate my former ſins.

4 Had not thy word been my delight,
When earthly joys were fled,
My ſoul, oppreſs'd with ſorrow's weight,
Had ſunk among the dead.

5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may ſeem ſevere;
In all the ſufferings I endure,
Thy grace and love appear.

6 Before I knew thy chaſtening rod,
My feet were apt to ſtray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

WATTS.

PSALM CXIX 13th Part. *C. M.* ♭

Prayer for quickening grace.

MY ſoul was cleaving to the duſt,
Lord, give me life divine;

From vain deſires, and every luſt,
Turn off theſe eyes of mine.

I need the influence of thy grace,
To ſpeed me in my way;
Leſt I ſhould loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet aſtray.

When ſore afflictions preſs me down,
I need thy quickening powers;
Thy word that I have reſted on
Shall help my heavieſt hours.

Are not thy mercies ſovereign ſtill?
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal,
To run the heavenly road?

Does not my heart thy precepts love?
And long to ſee thy face?
And yet how ſlow my ſpirits move,
Without enlivening grace!

Then ſhall I love thy goſpel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quickening power,
To draw me near the Lord.

WATTS.

PSALM CXIX. 14th Part. *L. M.*

Afflictions ſanctified.

FATHER, I bleſs thy gentle hand;
How kind was thy chaſtiſing rod!
That forc'd my conſcience to a ſtand,
And brought my wandering ſoul to God!

Fooliſh and vain I went aſtray,
Ere I had felt thy ſcourges, Lord;

I left my guide, and loſt my way;
But now I love and keep thy word.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to riſe and ſwell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's ſtroke,
That may learn his ſtatutes well.

4 Thy law that iſſues from thy mouth,
Shall raiſe my cheerful paſſions more
Than all the treaſures of the ſouth,
Or weſtern hills of golden ore.

5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy Spirit form'd my ſoul within;
Teach me to love thy holy name,
And guard me ſafe from every ſin.

6 Then thoſe who love and fear the Lord,
In my ſalvation ſhall rejoice;
For I have truſted in thy word,
And make thy grace my only choice.

WATTS.

PSALM CXX. *Common Metre.* b

Complaint againſt Enemies.

THOU God of love, thou ever bleſt,
Pity my ſuffering ſtate;
When wilt thou ſet my ſoul at reſt
From men who love deceit?

2 Ah, woe is me, to have my ſeat
Among the ſons of ſtrife;
Perpetual inſult doom'd to meet,
From men of reſtleſs life.

3 *O might* I fly to change my place,
I'd rather chooſe to roam
In ſome wide, loneſome wilderneſs,
To find a ſilent home.

Peace is the bleſſing that I ſeek,
And friendly terms prepare;
But when to them of peace I ſpeak,
They all for war declare.

New paſſions ſtill their ſouls engage,
And keep their malice ſtrong;
What ſhall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou provoking tongue!

Should deadly arrows ſtrike thee through,
Strict juſtice would approve;
But I had rather ſpare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

WATTS and MERRICK.

PSALM CXXI. *Common Metre.* ✻ or ♭

Divine Preſervation.

FROM Zion's hill, my help deſcends;
To God I lift mine eyes;
My ſtrength alone on him depends,
Who built the earth and ſkies.

He, ever watchful, ever nigh,
Forbids my feet to ſlide;
No ſleep nor ſlumber ſeals the eye
Of Iſrael's faithful Guide.

He will ſuſtain my feeble powers
With his almighty arm;
And watch my moſt unguarded hours
Againſt all fatal harm.

Then let my ſoul ſecurely reſt,
My guardian is the Lord;
His power which makes my ſlumbers bleſt,
Protection will afford.

5 Nor ſcorching ſun, nor ſickly moon,
Will he permit to ſmite;
He ſhields my head from burning noon
From noxious damps by night.

6 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
God will my life defend;
Conduct me free from every ſnare,
Safe to my journey's end.

TATE, WATTS and MERRI

PSALM CXXI. *Hallelujah Metre.*

Divine Preſervation.

TO God I lift mine eyes,
From whom is all my aid:
The God who built the ſkies,
And earth's foundation laid.
God is the tower
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In every hour.

2 My feet ſhall never ſlide,
And fall in fatal ſnares;
Since God, my heavenly guide,
Will diſſipate my fears.
Thoſe wakeful eyes
Which never ſleep,
Shall Iſrael keep,
When dangers riſe.

3 No burning heat by day,
Nor blaſt of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with there.

Thou art my light
And thou my ſhade,
To guard my head,
By day or night.

4 Haſt thou not promis'd, Lord,
To ſave my ſoul from death?
And I can truſt thy word,
To keep my mortal breath.
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

WATTS.

PSALM CXXII. *Common Metre.* ✻

For the Lord's day Morning.

BEHOLD the riſing dawn appear,
Which calls our willing feet
To tread thy courts, O God, and here
Our ſolemn praiſe repeat.

2 Fair Zion's gates are our delight;
Within her walls we ſtand;
And all her happy ſons unite
In friendſhip's ſacred band.

3 We love the place where Zion's Lord
Is pleas'd to ſhew his face;
Here he proclaims his holy word,
And here accepts our praiſe.

4 With reverend awe and godly fear,
We bow before thy throne;
For thou the fervent prayer wilt hear,
Through thy beloved Son.

5 Peace be within this hallow'd place,
And joy a conſtant gueſt;
With holy gifts, and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants bleſt.

6 Our ſouls ſhall pray for Zion ſtill,
While life or breath remains;
For here our friends and brethren dwell,
And here our Saviour reigns.

WATTS and MERRICK, united and vari

PSALM CXXII. *Particular Metre.*

The Pleaſure of Public Worſhip.

HOW does my heart rejoice
To hear the public voice,
"Come, let us ſeek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We'll haſte to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place!
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of ſtrength encloſe thee roun
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praiſe, and hear
The ſacred goſpel's joyful ſound;

3 Here David's holy Son
Has plac'd his royal throne,
He ſits for grace and judgment here;
He bids the ſaints be glad;
He makes the wicked ſad;
And humble ſouls rejoice with fear.

4 *May peace* attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bleſs the ſoul of every gueſt;

The man who ſeeks thy peace,
And wiſhes thine increaſe,
A thouſand bleſſings on him reſt!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this ſacred houſe,"
For here my friends and brethren dwell;
And ſince my glorious God
Makes thee his bleſt abode,
My ſoul ſhall ever love thee well.

WATTS.

PSALM CXXIII. *Common Metre.* ♭

Pleading with Submiſſion

O THOU, whoſe grace and juſtice reign,
Enthron'd above the ſky,
To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
To thee we lift our eye.

2 As ſervants watch their maſter's hand,
And dread the ſtern rebuke;
Or maids before their miſtreſs ſtand,
And wait the peaceful look:

3 So for our ſins we juſtly feel
Thy righteous hand, O God;
Yet wait the gracious moment ſtill,
Till thou remove thy rod.

4 Thoſe who in eaſe and pleaſure live,
Our daily groans deride;
And thy delays of mercy give
Freſh courage to their pride.

5 Our foes inſult us; but our hope
In thy compaſſion lies;
This thought ſhall bear our ſpirits up,
That God will not deſpiſe.

WATTS.

PSALM CXXVII. *Common Metre.* ※ or ✱

Succeſs and Proſperity from God.

IF God to build the houſe deny,
The builders work in vain;
Cities without his watchful eye
An uſeleſs guard maintain.

2 In vain we riſe before the day,
And late to reſt repair;
Allow no reſpite to our toil,
And eat the bread of care.

3 But if we truſt our Father's love,
And in his ways delight,
He'll give us needful food by day,
And quiet ſleep by night.

4 Then children, relatives, and friends
Shall real bleſſings prove;
And all the earthly joys he ſends
Be crown'd with heavenly love.

TATE and WATTS, with Addition.

PSALM CXXVIII. *Long Metre.* ✱

Family Duties and Bleſſings.

BLEST is the man who fears the Lord,
And walks by his unerring word;
Comfort and peace his days attend,
And God will ever prove his friend.

2 To him who condeſcends to dwell
With ſaints in their obſcureſt cell,
Be our domeſtic altars rais'd,
And daily let his name be prais'd.

3 *To him* may each aſſembled houſe
Preſent their night and morning vows;

Their ſervants and their riſing race
Be taught his precepts and his grace.

4 Then ſhall the charms of wedded love
Still more delightful bleſſings prove;
And parents' hearts ſhall overflow
With joys that parents only know.

5 When nature droops, our aged eyes
Shall ſee our children's children riſe;
Till pleas'd and thankful we remove,
And join the family above.

DODDRIDGE and MERRICK, united and varied.

PSALM CXXIX. *Long Metre.* ♯ or ♭

(A new verſion.)

The Counſels of Enemies diſappointed.

HOW often have our reſtleſs foes
Their arts employed to vex our land!
But God did kindly interpoſe;
His power hath made our feet to ſtand.

2 By ſubtle wiles as dark as night,
Their malice lay awhile conceal'd;
But ſoon the miſchief ſprang to light,
And all their projects ſtood reveal'd.

3 With pride and power and lifted hand,
They dealt their vengeful blows around;
Our backs were like the furrow'd land,
When ploughmen break the ſtubborn ground.

4 But ſecret arts and open force
Have never mov'd our ſteadfaſt feet;
His juſtice ſtill maintains its courſe,
And he will all their plots defeat.

5 *Like wither'd graſs* their hopes ſhall fade,
Nor God nor man their counſels bleſs;

No friendly hand ſhall lend them aid,
No tongue ſhall wiſh them good ſucceſs.

PSALM CXXX. *Common Metre.*

Repentance and Pardon.

LORD, ſhouldſt thou call us to thy bar,
Should thine impartial hand
Avenge our ſins againſt thy law,
What mortal fleſh could ſtand!

2 But ſovereign mercy dwells with thee;
Hope dawns amidſt our fears;
Divine forgiveneſs, large and free,
Shall wipe our flowing tears.

3 On thee alone our ſouls would wait,
And in thy word would ſtay;
Thy promiſes can light create,
And turn our night to day.

4 Juſt as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning ſkies,
Watch the firſt beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes:

5 So wait our ſouls to ſee thy grace,
And more intent than they,
Meet the firſt openings of thy face,
And find a brighter day.

6 Let contrite ſinners on the Lord,
With humble hope, recline;
Juſtice and mercy, in his word,
Harmoniouſly combine.

7 Unnumber'd though our ſins appear,
And fill our hearts with pain;
Thy boundleſs love diſpels our fear,
And cleanſes every ſtain.

WATTS and STE

M CXXX. *Long Metre.*

Pardoning Grace.

deep diſtreſs and troubled thoughts,
thee, my God, I raiſe my cry;
ſeverely mark our faults,
fleſh could ſtand before thine eye!

ou haſt ſet thy throne of grace
o diſpenſe thy pardons there;
inners may approach thy face,
ope and love, as well as fear.

benighted pilgrims wait,
ong and with for breaking day,
its my ſoul before thy gate;
will my God his face diſplay?

uſt is fix'd upon thy word,
hall I truſt thy word in vain;
ourning ſouls addreſs the Lord,
ind relief from all their pain.

is his love, and large his grace,
gh the redemption of his Son;
ns our feet from ſinful ways,
pardons what our hands have done.

WATTS.

M CXXXI. *Common Metre.*

Humility and Contentment.

re ambition in my heart?
rch, gracious God, and ſee;
o I act a haughty part?
rd, I appeal to thee.

from the confines of my heart
diſcontent and pride;

Nor let me, in erroneous paths,
With thoughtleſs ſinners glide.

3 Whate'er thine all diſcerning eye
Sees for thy creature fit,
I'll bleſs the good, and to the ill
Contentedly ſubmit.

4 With humble pleaſure let me view
The proſperous and the great;
Malignant envy let me fly,
And odious ſelf-conceit.

5 Let not deſpair nor fell revenge
Be to my boſom known;
O give me tears for others' woe,
And patience for my own.

6 Feed me with neceſſary food,
I aſk not wealth or fame;
But give me eyes to view thy works,
And ſenſe to praiſe thy name.

7 May my ſtill days obſcurely paſs,
Without remorſe or care;
And let me for the parting hour
Inceſſantly prepare.

B. WILLIAMS's, Collec

PSALM CXXXII. C. M.

The Jewiſh and Chriſtian Churches compar

THE Lord in Zion plac'd his name,
His ark was ſettled there;
To Zion the whole nation came
To worſhip thrice a year.

2 Thither from Canaan's utmoſt ends
The favour'd tribes reſort;
And God his ſure protection lends,
While they approach his court.

3 But we have no ſuch lengths to go,
Nor ſuch a tedious road;
Where'er thy ſaints aſſemble now
There is a houſe of God.

4 Ariſe, O King of grace, ariſe,
And enter to thy reſt;
Lo, thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and bleſt.

5 Enter, with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no ſuch grace afford.

6 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praiſe be ſpread;
Bleſs the proviſions of thy houſe,
And fill thy poor with bread.

WATTS, varied.

PSALM CXXXIII. *Short Metre.*

Brotherly Love.

BLEST are the ſons of peace.
Whoſe hearts and hopes are one;
Whoſe kind deſigns to ſerve and pleaſe
Through all their actions run!

2 Bleſt is the pious houſe,
Where zeal and friendſhip meet;
Their ſongs of praiſe, their mingled vows
Make their communion ſweet.

3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The ſaints are bleſt above;
Where peace like morning dew diſtils,
And all the air is love.

WATTS.

PSALM CXXXIV. *Long Metre.*

Daily and nightly devotion.

YE ſervants of th' eternal King,
Your grateful hymns in triumph ſin
Ye who attend his courts by day,
And in the night your homage pay.

Behold the ſun, obedient ſtill
To execute his Maker's will!
The ſilver moon and planets roll
In ſilence round the glowing pole.

As they diſpenſe their ſteady rays,
Like them be conſtant in his praiſe;
Like them harmoniouſly join
To celebrate the hand divine.

And may that God whoſe power has m
His earth, and heaven's wide arch diſp
From ſacred Sion bid you prove
The bleſſings of his boundleſs love.

Partly from MYER

PSALM CXXXV. *C. M.* ※

Praiſe to the true and living God.

AWAKE, ye ſaints, to praiſe your Ki
Your noble paſſions raiſe;
The glorious theme, while you ſing,
Demanding with the praiſe.

Great is the Lord, and works of might
His mighty hand declare;
But all his ſaints are near his ſight,
And dear a parent's care.

Heaven, earth and ſea confeſs his hand
He ſpeaks the vapours riſe;

Lightning and ſtorm, at his command,
Sweep through the vaulted ſkies.
All power that kings or gods have claim'd,
Is found with him alone;
But heathen gods ſhould ne'er be nam'd
Where our Jehovah's known.
Which of the ſtocks or ſtones they truſt
Can give them ſhowers of rain:
In vain they pray to glittering duſt,
And worſhip gold in vain.
But ye who know the living God,
Serve him with holy fear;
He makes his church his bleſt abode,
And claims your homage here.

WATTS, varied.

PSALM CXXXVI. *Long Metre.* ✻

Creation, Providence and Grace.

GIVE to our God immortal praiſe;
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies never ſhall decay,
Though lords and kings ſhall paſs away.

He built the earth, he ſpread the ſky,
And fix'd the ſtarry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

He gives the ſun his cheering light,
He *bids the moon* direct the night;

His mercies never ſhall decay,
Though ſuns and moons ſhall paſs away.

5 He ſent his Son with power to ſave
From ſin and darkneſs and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

6 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly ſeat:
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When this vain world ſhall be no more.

WATTS.

PSALM CXXXVI. *Hallelujah Metre.* ✱

TO God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praiſe afford,
As good as he is great.
For God does prove
Our conſtant friend;
His boundleſs love
Shall never end.

2 To him, whoſe wondrous power,
All other gods obey;
Whom earthly kings adore,
This grateful homage pay.
For God will prove
Our conſtant friend;
His boundleſs love
Shall never end.

3 By his Almighty hand
Stupendous works are wrought;
The heavens by his command
Were to perfection brought.
This God will prove
Our conſtant friend;

His boundleſs love
Shall never end.

4 Through heaven he doth diſplay
The radiant orbs of light;
The ſun to rule by day,
The moon and ſtars by night.
This God will prove
Our conſtant friend;
His boundleſs love
Shall never end.

5 He ſpread the ocean round
About the ſpacious land;
And made the ſolid ground
Above the waters ſtand.
This God will prove
Our conſtant friend;
His boundleſs love
Shall never end.

6 He doth the food ſupply,
On which all creatures live;
To God, who reigns on high,
Eternal praiſes give.
This God will prove
Our conſtant friend;
His boundleſs love
Shall never end.

TATE.

PSALM CXXXVI. *All Sevens Metre.* ✻

The Perfections and Providence of God.

IF [your voice, and thankful ſing
Praiſes to your heavenly King:
For his bleſſings far extend,
And his mercy knows no end.

2 Be the Lord your only theme;
Who of gods is God ſupreme;
He to whom all lords beſide
Bow the knee, their faces hide.

3 Who aſſerts his juſt command,
By the wonders of his hand;
He whoſe wiſdom thron'd on high,
Built the manſions of the ſky.

4 He, who bade the watry deep
In appointed bounds to keep,
And the ſtars that gild the pole
Through unmeaſur'd ether roll.

5 Thee, O ſun, whoſe powerful ray
Rules the empire of the day;
You, O moon and ſtars, whoſe light
Cheers the darkneſs of the night.

6 He with food ſuſtains, O earth,
All which claim from thee their birth;
For his bleſſings wide extend,
And his mercy knows no end.

MERI

PSALM CXXXVII. *Common Metr*

(A new verſion.)

Captivity.

FAR from our friends and country de
In hoſtile lands we moan;
No tender hand to wipe the tear
Which flows with every groan!

2 Our foes inſulting mock our grief,
And ſport with our complaints;
No mercy prompts to give relief,
Though languid miſery faints.

roſpective ſcenes employ'd,
: think on former days;
ı peaceful Sabbaths we enjoy'd,
d all our work was praiſe.

ow, of liberty depriv'd,
ſolitude confin'd,
n we ſeek the word of life,
feed the ſtarving mind.

ıee, O Lord, we lift our eye,
thee our cauſe commend;
hear'ſt the mourning pris'ner's ſigh;
ou art the ſufferer's friend.

eek no vengeance on our foes,
t put our truſt in thee;
thy mercy interpoſe,
ıd ſet thy captives free.

M CXXXVIII. *Common Metre.* ✻

A Song of Praiſe.

thee, my God, my heart ſhall bring
he lively grateful ſong;
ding crowds ſhall hear me ſing,
ith rapture on my tongue.

ſt the glories of thy name,
y truth exalted ſhines;
thful God, thy words proclaim
everlaſting lines.

ternal God looks kindly down
ı pious humble ſouls;
om afar his piercing frown
e *ſons of pride* controls.

Lord, wilt all my hopes fulfil;
hee the work belongs;

Let endleſs mercy guide me ſtill,
And tune my grateful ſongs.

Mrs. S

PSALM CXXXVIII. *Long Metre.*

Reſtoring and preſerving Mercy.

WITH all my powers of heart and
I'll praiſe my Maker in my ſong
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the ſkies.

2 I'll ſing thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll ſing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy power and glory ſhow,

3 The God of heaven maintains his ſtat
Frowns on the impious, proud and gr
But from his throne deſcends to ſee
The ſons of humble poverty.

4 Amidſt a thouſand ſnares I ſtand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting ſoul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

5 Grace will complete what grace begin
To ſave from ſorrows or from ſins;
The work which wiſdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forſakes.

W

PSALM CXXXVIII. v. 3, 5. *S. M*

Spiritual Strength and Joy.

MY ſoul, review the time,
In which my God I ſought;
I cried aloud for aid divine,
And aid divine he brought.

rough all my fainting heart
is ſecret vigour ſpread;
ne his ſtrength he did impart,
nd rais'd my drooping head.

ren will I raiſe my voice,
nd form a cheerful ſong;
a all the ſaints I will rejoice,
'ho to his courts belong.

'ith them, the path I'll trace,
'hich leads to his abode;
join to ſing redeeming grace,
long the joyful road.

ere, flowers of paradiſe
a rich profuſion ſpring;
re, Zion's lofty towers ariſe,
he ſeat of Zion's King.

'ithin thoſe ſacred walls,
ſhall be ever bleſt;
ollow where my Father calls,
nd ſeek his heavenly reſt.

Altered from DODDRIDGE.

M CXXXIX. Firſt Part. *C. M.* ※ or

The univerſal Preſence of God.

ll my vaſt concerns with thee,
vain my ſoul would try
hun thy preſence, Lord, or flee
he notice of thine eye.

all-ſurrounding ſight ſurveys
ly riſing and my reſt;
public walks, my private ways,
nd *ſecrets of* my breaſt.

houghts lie open to the Lord,
ore they're form'd within;

And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the ſenſe I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beſet on every ſide.

5 So let thy grace ſurround me ſtill,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my ſoul from every ill,
Secur'd by ſovereign love.

WATTS.

PSALM CXXXIX. 2d Part. *C. M.*

The all-ſeeing Eye of God.

LORD, where ſhall guilty ſouls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful ire;
In heaven thy glorious throne.

2 Should I ſuppreſs my vital breath,
T' eſcape the wrath divine;
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave reſign.

3 If, wing'd with beams of morning-light,
I fly beyond the weſt,
Thy hand, which muſt ſupport my flight,
Would ſoon betray my reſt.

4 If o'er my ſins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Thoſe flaming eyes which guard thy law
Would turn the ſhades to light.

5 *The* beams of noon, the midnight hour
Are both alike to thee;

O may I ne'er diſtruſt that power
From which I cannot flee.

WATTS.

PSALM CXXXIX. 3d. Part. *C. M.* ♯ or ♭

God the Author of our Being.

1 GOD of my life, whoſe bounteous care
First gave me power to move;
How ſhall my grateful heart declare
The wonders of thy love?

2 Thee will I honour, for I ſtand
The product of thy ſkill;
The wonders of thy forming hand
My admiration fill.

3 Whilſt void of thought and ſenſe, I lay,
Duſt of my parent earth;
Thy breath inform'd the ſleeping clay,
And call'd me into birth.

4 From thee, before my breath begun,
My limbs their faſhion took;
And in continuance, every one
Was written in thy book.

5 Thine eye beheld in perfect view,
The yet unfiniſh'd plan;
Th' imperfect lines thy pencil drew,
And form'd the future man.

6 O may this animated frame,
This work of matchleſs ſkill,
Be all devoted to thy name,
And love to do thy will.

B. WILLIAMS's Collection, varied.

PSALM CXXXIX. 4th Part *C. M.*

Praiſe for temporal and ſpiritual Mercies.

ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
King, guardian of my days;
My heart thy mercies would record,
In grateful ſongs of praiſe.

2 In life's firſt dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care;
Before I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe my infant prayer.

3 When reaſon with my ſtature grew,
How faint her brighteſt ray!
How little of my God I knew!
How apt from thee to ſtray!

4 When life hung trembling on a breath,
'Twas thine almighty love
That ſav'd me from impending death,
And bade my fears remove.

5 How many bleſſings round me ſhone,
Where'er I turn'd my eye!
How many paſt almoſt unknown,
Or unregarded, by!

6 Each rolling year new favours brought
From thy exhauſtleſs ſtore;
But ah! in vain my labouring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

7 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakneſs dies;
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raiſe me to the ſkies.

8 Then ſhall my joyful powers unite
In more exalted lays,
And join the happy ſons of light,
In everlaſting praiſe.

Mrs. STEELE.

PSALM CXXXIX. *Long Metre.* ♯ or ♭

The Formation of Body and Soul.

THOU God, by whoſe command I live,
The tribute of my praiſe receive?
To thee, O Lord, my life I owe,
And all my joys from thee do flow.

2 Not many ſuns have form'd the year,
And roll'd their courſes round the ſphere,
Since thou my ſhapeleſs duſt ſurvey'd,
In undiſtinguiſhed matter laid.

3 Thy plaſtic hand my clay refin'd,
Its particles in order join'd;
And, to complete the wondrous whole,
Did ſtamp thine image on my ſoul.

4 A ſoul, ſuſceptible of joy,
Which length of time cannot deſtroy;
Though nature claims my vital breath,
It bids defiance ſtill to death.

5 To realms of bliſs that ſoul will ſoar,
When earth and ſkies ſhall be no more;
And there, in more exalted lays,
Shall ſing my great Creator's praiſe.

Mrs. CARTER. varied.

PSALM CXXXIX. 5th Part. *C. M.* ♯ or ♭

To the Searcher of Hearts.

LORD, *ſhould I* count thy mercies o'er,
How vaſt the numbers riſe!

Beyond the ſands that ſpread the ſhore,
Or ſtars that gild the ſkies.

2 Whene'er I cloſe my eyes to ſleep,
Theſe thoughts ſhall ſoothe my reſt;
And when I wake, they ſtill ſhall keep
Their place within my breaſt.

3 Before thine all pervading eyes
I would my ſoul diſplay;
I ſcorn to uſe the leaſt diſguiſe,
But aſk thy ſtrict ſurvey.

4 Does my fond heart ſome favorite ſin
Within itſelf conceal!
O may a beam of light divine
The hidden guilt reveal.

5 If in the paths of dark deceit
My ſoul hath gone aſtray,
O turn and guide my wandering feet
In thy celeſtial way.

Partly from DODDRIDGE.

PSALM CXL. *Long Metre.* b

Deliverance from Enemies.

GREAT God, our haughty foes repel;
Their rage by power ſuperior quell;
Save us from their vindictive tongue,
And guard us from the hand of wrong.

2 The tongue, by wiſdom unſubdued,
From bliſs its owner ſhall exclude;
Deſtruction follows faſt behind
The feet to wickedneſs inclin'd.

3 Our heart has known thee, Lord, prepar'd
The helpleſs and the poor to guard;

To ſave them from oppreſſion's jaws,
And vindicate the injur'd cauſe.

4 The foul ſubjected to thy fear,
With gratitude thy voice ſhall hear;
Shall bow their wills to thy command,
And in thy ſight accepted ſtand.

MERRICK.

PSALM CXLI. *Long Metre* ♯ or ♭

Watchfulneſs and brotherly Reproof.

LORD, when I call make haſte to hear,
And to my voice incline thine ear;
So ſhall my prayer like incenſe riſe,
My lifted hands like ſacrifice.

2 O ſet upon my lips a guard,
And let my tongue be doubly barr'd;
Let not my heart to vice incline,
Nor let my hand in miſchief join.

3 If e'er from wiſdom's path I ſtray,
And walk in ſin's deluſive way,
Let virtue's friends, ſeverely kind,
Reprove the errors of my mind.

4 Their faithful words like ointment ſhed,
Shall never bruiſe, but heal my head;
And when I find them preſs'd with grief,
I'll pray to heaven for their relief.

WATTS, MERRICK, and DENHAM.

PSALM CXLII. *Long Metre.* ♭

Deliverance from Trouble and Sorrow.

TO thee, great God, I will diſcloſe,
In ſad recital, all my woes;
Becauſe thine eyes, with ſteady view,
Through ſorrow's gloom my ſteps purſue.

2 On every ſide I caſt mine eye,
But found no friend or helper nigh;
No lenient tongue my grief to cheer,
No eye to drop the ſocial tear.

3 Then, mighty God, to thee I cried,
In whom I can my hopes confide;
Be thou my refuge while I live,
And when I die, my ſoul receive.

4 Do thou my priſon doors unbar,
So ſhall my tongue thy love declare;
And righteous men with me ſhall join
To celebrate thy power divine.

WATTS and MERRICK, varied.

PSALM CXLIII. *Long Metre.*

Complaint and Hope.

HEAR, O my God, with pity hear,
My humble, ſupplicating moan:
In mercy anſwer all my prayer,
And make thy truth and goodneſs known.

2 O let thy mercy ſtill be nigh;
Should awful juſtice frown ſevere,
Before the terror of thine eye,
What trembling mortal can appear!

3 I call to mind the former days;
Thine ancient works declare thy name,
Thy truth, thy goodneſs and thy grace;
And theſe, O Lord, are ſtill the ſame.

4 To thee I lift my ſuppliant hands,
To thee my longing ſoul aſpires;
As cheering ſhowers to thirſty lands,
Thy grace can fill theſe ſtrong deſires.

5 Speak to my heart; the gloomy night
Shall vaniſh, and bright morning brea

In thee I truſt, my guide, my light,
Teach me the path my feet ſhould take.
Teach me to do thy ſacred will;
Thou art my God, my hope, my ſtay;
Let thy good Spirit lead me ſtill,
And point the ſafe, the upright way.

MRS. STEELE.

PSALM CXLIV. *Long Metre.* ♯ or ♭

Divine Protection, Peace and Plenty.

DESCEND from heaven, Almighty Lord,
And earth ſhall tremble at thy word;
The ſmoking hills, with conſcious fear,
Shall own their ſovereign Maker near.

2 Whilſt thy keen pointed lightnings fly
Like flaming arrows through the ſky,
Our foes diſpers'd ſhall riſe no more,
Nor dare the terrors of thy power.

3 O let thy potent arm control
Theſe threat'ning waves that round us roll;
Theſe ſons of vanity that riſe,
With fraudful hands and impious lies.

Then ſhall our ſons, beneath thy care,
Grow up like plants erect and fair;
Our daughters ſhall like pillars riſe,
Where ſplendid buildings charm the eyes.

Then plenty ſhall our ſtores increaſe,
Plenty, the lovely child of peace;
The flock its fleecy wealth ſhall yield,
And pour its thouſands o'er the field.

The well fed ox ſhall then afford
His *cheerful labours* to his lord;
No *more ſhall ſons* of plunder reign,
Nor *ſons of miſery* complain.

7 O happy people! favour'd ſtate!
Whom ſuch peculiar bleſſings wait;
Happy who on the Lord depend,
Their help, their guardian, and their friend.

Mrs. Steele.

PSALM CXLV. First Part. C. M.

The Divine Perfections and Providence.

1 THEE, will I bleſs, my God and King,
Thy endleſs praiſe proclaim;
This tribute daily will I bring,
And ever bleſs thy name.

2 Thou, Lord, art infinitely great,
And highly to be prais'd;
Thy majeſty with boundleſs height,
Above our knowledge rais'd.

3 Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame
To future time extends;
From age to age thy glorious name
Succeſſively deſcends.

4 The fathers to the liſtening youth
Shall teach thy wondrous ways;
Ages to come proclaim thy truth,
And nations ſound thy praiſe.

5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known!
Thine arm of power, thy heavenly ſtate,
With public ſplendour ſhown.

6 The world is govern'd by thy hands,
Thy ſaints are rul'd by love;
And thine eternal kingdom ſtands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

Tate and

PSALM CXLV Sec. Part. *C. M.* ※

Divine Goodneſs.

GREAT is the Lord! our ſouls adore!
We wonder while we praiſe;
Thy power, what creature can explore,
Or equal honours raiſe?

Thy name ſhall dwell upon my tongue,
While ſuns ſhall ſet and riſe;
And tune my everlaſting ſong
In realms beyond the ſkies.

Thy praiſe ſhall be my conſtant theme,
The wonders of thy power;
I'll ſpeak the honours of thy name,
And bid the world adore.

But ſweetly flowing ſtrains ſhall tell
The riches of thy grace;
And ſongs of grateful joy reveal
Thy ſpotleſs righteouſneſs.

How large thy tender mercies are!
How wide thy grace extends!
On thy beneficence and care
The univerſe depends.

To thee, O Lord, for daily meat
Thy creatures lift their eyes;
On thee, their common Father, wait;
From thee receive ſupplies.

Thy ſovereign bounty freely gives
From thine exhauſtleſs ſtore;
And univerſal nature lives
On thy ſuſtaining power.

Holy *and juſt in all its* ways,
Is Providence divine;

In all thy works, immortal rays
Of power and goodneſs ſhine.

Mrs. S.

PSALM CXLV. Third Part. C. M

Divine Compaſſion and Power.

1 GREAT God, while nature ſpeaks thy
With all her numerous tongues,
Thy ſaints ſhall tune diviner lays,
And love inſpire their ſongs.

2 Thy power and goodneſs they ſhall ſin
The glories of thy reign;
Thy wondrous deeds, Almighty King,
Shall fill the raptur'd ſtrain.

3 Thy kingdom, Lord, forever ſtands,
While earthly thrones decay;
And time ſubmits to thy commands,
While ages roll away.

4 He that invokes the God of grace,
Shall find him ever near;
To all who humbly ſeek his face
He lends a pitying ear.

5 He knows the pain his ſervants feel;
He hears his children cry;
And their beſt wiſhes to fulfil,
His grace is ever nigh.

6 His mercy never ſhall remove
From men of heart ſincere;
He ſaves the ſouls whoſe humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

7 His praiſe, a moſt delightful theme,
Shall fill my heart and tongue;
Let all creation bleſs his name
In one eternal ſong.

TATE and

PSALM CXLVI. *Long Metre.* ✻

No Truſt in Man, but in God.

HE praiſes of my God and King,
While I have life and breath to ſing,
all fill my heart and tune my tongue,
ll heaven improve the bliſsful ſong.

) more in princes will I truſt!
ain man, thou art but air and duſt!
ith all thy pride, and all thy power,
e helpleſs creature of an hour!
e breathes, he thinks, but ſoon his doſe!
) more the potent or the wiſe;
ne ſcheme his morning thoughts begun
loſt before the ſetting ſun.

appy the man whoſe hopes divine
n nature's guardian God recline;
Tho can with ſacred tranſport ſay,
his God is mine, my help, my ſtay.

leaven, earth and ſea declare his name,
le built, he fill'd their ſpacious frame;
nd o'er creation's faireſt lines
lis ſteadfaſt truth unchanging ſhines.

lis juſtice looks on thoſe who mourn
eneath the proud oppreſſor's ſcorn;
he hungry poor his hand ſuſtains,
nd breaks the wretched captive's chains.

f weary ſtrangers friendleſs roam,
livine protection is their home;
he Lord relieves the widow's care,
nd dries the helpleſs orphan's tear.

he Lord ſhall reign forever King,
nd age to age his glory ſing;
y God, O happy Zion, reigns,
ound his praiſe in lofty ſtrains.

Mrs. STERLE.

PSALM CXLVI. *Six Line L. M*

Praiſe for Divine Goodneſs.

I'LL praiſe my Maker with my breath
And when my voice is loſt in death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler pow
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While life, and thought, and being laſ
Or immortality endures.

2 Why ſhould I make a man my truſt?
Princes muſt die and turn to duſt;
Vain is the help of fleſh and blood;
Their breath departs, their pomp and p
And thoughts all vaniſh in an hour,
Nor can they make their promiſe go

3 Happy the man whoſe hopes rely
On Iſrael's God, who made the ſky,
And earth and ſeas, with all their
His truth forever ſtands ſecure;
He ſaves th' oppreſs'd, he feeds the poo
And none ſhall find his promiſe vain

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind
The Lord ſupports the ſinking mind;
He ſends the laboring conſcience pe
He helps the ſtranger in diſtreſs,
The widow and the fatherleſs,
And grants the priſ'ner ſweet relea

5 He loves his ſaints, he knows them w
His love their joyful lips ſhall tell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Let every tongue, let every age
In this delightful work engage;
Praiſe him in everlaſting ſtrains.

I praiſe him whilſt he lends me breath,
nd when my voice is loſt in death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler powers:
y days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
hile life and thought and being laſt,
Or immortality endures.

WATTS.

ALM CXLVII. *Common Metre.*

The changing Seaſons.

WITH ſongs and honours ſounding loud,
Addreſs the Lord on high;
ver the heavens he ſpreads his cloud,
And waters veil the ſky.

He ſends his ſhowers of bleſſing down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the wood the mountains crown,
And graſs in vallies grow.

He gives the grazing ox his meat;
He hears the raven's cry;
But man who taſtes his fineſt wheat,
Should raiſe his honours high.

His ſteady counſels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the ſun cut ſhort his race,
And wintry days appear.

His hoary froſt, his fleecy ſnow
Deſcend and clothe the ground;
The liquid ſtreams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

When, from his dreadful ſtores on high,
He pours the rattling hail,
he man who dares his God defy,
ſhall find his courage fail.

7 He ſends his ſun to melt the ſnow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer winds to blow,
And bids the Spring return.

8 The changing wind, the flying cloud
Obey his ſovereign word;
With ſongs and honours ſounding loud,
Praiſe ye th' Almighty Lord.

WA

PSALM CXLVII. 1ſt. Part. *L. M.*

The Beauties of Nature.

SING to the Lord, let praiſe inſpire
The grateful voice, the tuneful lyre;
In ſtrains of joy proclaim abroad
The endleſs glories of our God.

2 He counts the hoſts of ſtarry flames;
He knows their natures and their names
Great is our God! his wondrous powe
And boundleſs wiſdom we adore.

3 He veils the ſky with treaſur'd ſhowers,
On earth, the plenteous bleſſing pours;
The meadows ſmile in lively green,
And fairer blooms the flowery ſcene.

4 His bounteous hand, great ſpring of go
Provides the brute creation food;
He feeds the ravens when they cry,
All nature lives beneath his eye.

5 In nature, what can him delight,
Moſt lovely in its Maker's ſight?
Not active ſtrength his favour moves;
Nor comely form he beſt approves,

But to the Lord is ever dear,
The heart where he implants his fear;
The ſouls who on his grace rely
Are ever lovely in his eye.

Mrs. STEELE.

PSALM CXLVII. Sec. Part. L. M. ✻

The Seaſons of the Year.

PRAISE ye the Lord! O bliſsful theme,
To ſing the honours of his name!
'Tis pleaſure, 'tis divine delight,
And praiſe is lovely in his ſight.

2 He ſpeaks, and, ſwiftly from the ſkies
To earth, the ſovereign mandate flies;
Obſervant nature hears the word,
And bows, obedient to her Lord.

3 Now thick deſcending flakes of ſnow
O'er earth a fleecy mantle throw;
Now glittering froſt o'er all the plains
Extends its univerſal chains.

4 At his fierce ſtorms of icy hail,
The ſhivering powers of nature fail;
Before his cold, what life can ſtand,
Unſhelter'd by his guardian hand?

5 He ſpeaks, the ſnow and ice obey,
And nature's fetters melt away;
Now vernal gales ſoft riſing blow,
And liquid waters gently flow.

6 Sing to the Lord, let praiſe inſpire
The grateful voice, the tuneful lyre;
In ſtrains of joy proclaim abroad
The endleſs glories of our God.

Mrs. STEELE.

PSALM CXLVIII. 1st. P. *Common M*

Univerſal Praiſe.

PRAISE ye the Lord, immortal choi
Who fill the realms above ;
Praiſe him who form'd you of his fir
And feeds you with his love.

2 Shine to his praiſe, ye cryſtal ſkies,
The floor of his abode ;
Or veil the luſtre of your eyes
Before a brighter God.

3 Thou central globe of golden light,
Whoſe beams create our days ;
Join with the ſilver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.

4 Bluſh and refund the honours paid
To your inferior names ;
Tell the blind world your orbs are fe
By his exhauſtleſs flames.

5 Winds, ye ſhall bear his name aloud,
Through the etherial blue !
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.

6 Thunder and hail, and fire and ſtorm
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your awful forms,
And ſpeak his potent hand.

W

PSALM CXLVIII. 2d Part. *C. M*

SHOUT to the Lord, ye ſurging ſeas
In your eternal roar ;
Let wave to wave reſound his praiſe,
And ſhore reply to ſhore.

2 While fiſhes, ſporting on the flood,
In ſcaly ſilver ſhine;
Proclaim their mighty Maker, God,
Amidſt the foaming brine.

3 But gentler things ſhall tune his name
To ſofter notes than theſe;
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the ſtream,
Or whiſpering through the trees.

4 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him who makes you grow:
Sweet cluſters bend the fruitful vines,
On every thankful bough.

5 Let the ſhrill birds his honour raiſe,
And climb the morning ſky;
Whilſt grov'ling beaſts attempt his praiſe
In hoarſer harmony.

6 Thus while the meaner creatures ſing,
Ye mortals take the ſound;
Echo the glories of your King
Through all the nations round.

WATTS.

PSALM CXLVIII. 1ſt. Part. *L. M.* ✻

FAIREST of all the lights above,
Thou ſun, whoſe beams adorn the ſpheres,
And with unwearied ſwiftneſs move,
To form the circles of our years:

2 Praiſe the Creator of the ſkies,
Who dreſs'd thine orb in golden rays;
Or may the ſun forget to riſe,
If he forget his Maker's praiſe.

3 *Thou reigning* beauty of the night,
Fair queen of ſilence, ſilver moon,

Whose gentle beams and borrow'd light
Are fainter rivals of the noon:

4 Arise, and to that sovereign Power
Waxing and waning homours pay,
Who bade thee rule the dusky hours,
And half supply the want of day.

5 Ye glittering stars that gild the skies,
When darkness has its curtain drawn,
And keep your watch with wakeful eyes
When business, cares and day are gone!

6 Proclaim the glories of your Lord,
Dispersed through all the heavenly street
Whose boundless treasures can afford
So rich a pavement for his feet.

7 O God of glory, God of love,
Thou art our sun that makes our days;
With all thy shining works above
We would unite to sing thy praise.

WATTS.

PSALM CXLVIII. 2d. Part. *L. M.*

AWAKE, ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare;
While the soft whisper of his name
Fills every gentle breeze of air.

3 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree
To join their praise with blazing fire;
Let the firm earth and rolling sea
In this eternal song conspire.

3 Ye flowery plains, proclaim his skill;
Vallies, lie low before his eye;
And let his praise, from every hill,
Rise, tuneful, to the neighbouring sky.

Ye ſtubborn oaks, and ſtately pines,
And your high branches, and adore;
Praiſe him, ye beaſts, in different ſtrains;
The lamb ſhall bleat, the lion roar.

Birds, ye ſhall make his praiſe your theme,
Nature *demands* a ſong from you;
While the dumb fiſh that cut the ſtream
Leap up and mean his praiſes too.

Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
When Nature all around you ſings?
O for a ſhout from old and young,
From humble ſwains and lofty kings!

Wide as his vaſt dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder ſhout his praiſe,
And ſound it lofty as his throne.

Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word!
O may it dwell on every tongue!
But thoſe who beſt have known the Lord,
Are bound to raiſe the nobleſt ſong.

WATTS.

PSALM CXLVIII. *Short Metre.*

1 LET every creature join
To praiſe th' eternal God;
Ye heavenly hoſt, the ſong begin,
And ſound his name abroad.

2 Thou ſun, with golden beams,
And moon, with paler rays,
Ye ſtarry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praiſe.

3 *He built thoſe* worlds above,
And fix'd their wondrous frame;

By his command, they ſtand or move,
And ever ſpeak his name.

4 Ye vapours, when ye riſe,
Or fall in ſhowers, or ſnow,
Ye thunders, murm'ring round the ſkies,
His power and glory ſhow.

5 Wind, hail, and flaſhing fire,
Agree to praiſe the Lord,
When ye in dreadful ſtorms conſpire
To execute his word.

6 By all his works above,
His honours be expreſs'd;
But they who taſte his ſaving love,
Should ſing his praiſes beſt.

WAT

PSALM CXLVIII. 1ſt P. *Hallelujah. Meter*

Univerſal Praiſe.

YE boundleſs realms of joy!
Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praiſe your ſong employ,
Above the ſtarry frame.
Ye holy throng Of angels bright,
In worlds of light, Begin the ſong.

2 Thou ſun, with dazzling rays,
Thou moon that rules the night;
Shine to your Maker's praiſe,
With ſtars of feebler light.
His praiſe declare, Ye heavens al
And clouds that move In liquid air.

3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praiſe his holy name;
By whoſe almighty word,
They all from nothing came.

And all ſhall laſt, From changes free!
His firm decree Stands ever faſt.

4 He mov'd their mighty wheels,
In unknown ages paſt;
And each his word fulfils,
While time and nature laſt.
In different ways, His works proclaim
His wondrous name, And ſpeak his praiſe.

5 United zeal be ſhown,
His wondrous fame to raiſe,
Whoſe glorious name alone
Deſerves our endleſs praiſe.
Earth's utmoſt ends His power obey;
His glorious ſway The ſky tranſcends.

6 Virgins and youths engage,
To ſound his praiſe divine;
While infancy and age
Their feebler voices join.
Wide as he reigns, His name be ſung,
By every tongue, In endleſs ſtrains.

7 Let all the nations fear
The God who rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taſte his love.
While earth and ſky Attempt his praiſe,
His ſaints ſhall raiſe His honours high.

TATE and WATTS united.

PSALM CXLVIII. 2d. *Hallelujah Metre.* ✻

Praiſe from all the Creatures.

FIRST PART.

TO your Creator, God,
Your great Preſerver, raiſe,
Ye creatures of his hand.
Your higheſt notes of praiſe.

Let every voice Proclaim his po
His name adore, And loud rejoice

2 Let all creation join,
To pay the tribute due;
Ye heavenly hosts, begin,
And we shall learn of you.
Let nature raise, From every tong
A general song Of grateful prai

3 Thou source of light and heat,
Bright ruler of the day,
Dispensing blessings round,
With all diffusive rays:
From morn to night, With every
Record his name, Who gave th

4 Thou moon in radiance mild,
With all thy starry train,
Which rise in shining hosts,
To gild th' etherial plain:
With countless rays, Declare his
Prolong the theme, Reflect his

5 Ye clouds, or fraught with showe
Or ting'd with various dies,
That pour your blessings down,
Or charm our gazing eyes:
His goodness speak, His praise dec
As through the air You shine or b

6 Ye winds, that shake the world,
With tempests on your wing,
Or breathe in gentle gales,
To wait the smiling spring;
[illegible] aloud, As you fulfil
[illegible] sovereign will, The powerfu

SECOND PART.

Ye rivers, as ye flow,
Convey your Maker's name,
Where'er you winding rove
On every silver stream.
Your cooling flood, His hand ordains,
To bless the plains; Great spring of good!

Ye numerous bleating flocks,
Far spreading o'er the plain,
With gentle artless voice,
Assist the humble strain.
To give you food, He bids the field
Its verdure yield, Extensive good.

Ye herds of nobler size,
Who graze in meads below;
Resound your Maker's praise,
In each responsive low.
Your wait his hand; The herbage grows,
The riv'let flows At his command.

Ye feather'd warblers, come,
And bring your sweetest lays;
And tune the sprightly song
To your Creator's praise.
His work you are, He tun'd your voice,
And you rejoice, Beneath his care.

THIRD PART.

Ye trees, which form the shade,
Or bend the loaded bough
With fruits of sweetest taste,
Your Maker's bounty show.
From him you rose, Your vernal fruits
And autumn fruits His hand bestows.

PSALM CXLIX. *Particular Mets*
Thankſgiving.

O PRAISE ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice;
His praiſe in the great
Aſſembly to ſing.
In their great Creator
Let all men rejoice,
And heirs of ſalvation
Be glad in their King.

2 Let them his great name
Devoutly adore;
In loud ſwelling ſtrains
His praiſes expreſs,
Who graciouſly opens
His bountiful ſtore,
Their wants to relieve, and
His children to bleſs.

3 With glory adorn'd,
His people ſhall ſing
To God, who defence
And plenty ſupplies:
Their loud acclamations
To him their great King,
Through earth ſhall be ſounded,
And reach to the ſkies.

4 Ye angels above,
His glories who've ſung,
In loftieſt notes,
Now publiſh his praiſe:
We mortals delighted,
Would borrow your tongue;
Would join in your numbers,
And chant to your lays.

ALM CL. *Long Metre.* ✻

Praiſe.

ıISE ye the Lord, let praiſe employ,
his own courts, your ſongs of joy;
ſpacious firmament around
echo back the joyful ſound.

unt his works in ſtrains divine,
'ondrous works, how bright they ſhine!
: him for all his mighty deeds,
ſe greatneſs all your praiſe exceeds.

ıe the trumpet's piercing ſound,
ıread your ſacred pleaſure round;
e ſofter muſic tunes the lute,
warbling harp, the breathing flute.

irgin train with joy advance,
raiſe him in the graceful dance;
ıe each voice, and ſtrike each ſtring,
to the ſolemn organ ſing.

he loud cymbal ſound on high,
)fter, deeper notes reply;
ıonious, let the concert riſe,
bear the rapture to the ſkies.

ll whom life and breath inſpire
ıd and join the bliſsful choir;
:hiefly ye who know his word,
e, and love, and praiſe the Lord!

MRS. STEELE.

END OF THE PSALMS.

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COME, let our ſouls addreſs the Lord
Come, O ye ſaints, your voices raiſe
Come ſound his praiſe abroad
Conſider all my ſorrows, Lord

DAVID rejoic'd in God his ſtrength
Deep in our hearts let us record
Deſcend from heaven, almighty Lord

EARLY my God, without delay
FAIREST of all the lights above
Far from our friends and country dear
Father, I bleſs thy gentle hand
Father, I ſing thy wondrous grace
Firm was my health my day was bright
Fools in their hearts believe and ſay
Forever ſhall my ſong record
For thee, O God, our conſtant praiſe
From age to age exalt his name
From deep diſtreſs and troubled thoughts
From thee, great Lord of life and death
From Zion's hill my help deſcends

GIVE ear, ye children, to my law
Give thanks to God, he reigns above
Give thanks to God, invoke his name
Give to the Lord, ye ſons of fame
Give to our God immortal praiſe
God in the great aſſembly ſtands
God is our refuge in diſtreſs
God is the Lord, the heavenly King
God, my ſupporter and my hope

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In Judah God of old was known
Is there ambition in my heart
I ſet the Lord before my face
It is the Lord our Maker's hand
Judge me, O God, and prove my ways
I waited patient for the Lord
LET all the earth their voices raiſe
Let all the heathen writers join
Let all the various tribes of men
Let every creature join
Let God ariſe in all his might
Let heathens to their idols haſte
Let ſinners take their courſe
Let Zion and her ſons rejoice
Lift your voice and thankful ſing
Lord, haſt thou caſt the nation off
Lord, I have made thy word my choice
Lord, in the morning thou ſhalt hear
Lord in thy great, thy glorious name
Lord, let our humble cry
Lord of the worlds above
Lord, ſhould I count thy mercies o'er
Lord, ſhould'ſt thou call us to thy bar
Lord, thou haſt ſeen my ſoul ſincere
Lord, what a feeble piece
Lord, what a thoughtleſs wretch was I
Lord, what was man when made at firſt
Lord, we thy wondrous praiſe proclaim
Lord, when I call make haſte to hear
Lord, when thou didſt aſcend on high
Lord, where ſhall guilty ſouls retire
Lord, who's the happy man that may
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HYMN II. *Common Metre.*

The Reſurrection of Chriſt.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unſeals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increaſing day.

2 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hoſannas ſung;
Let gladneſs dwell in every heart,
And praiſe on every tongue.

3 Ten thouſand differing lips ſhall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which ſcatters bleſſings from its wing
To nations yet unborn.

4 Jeſus the friend of human kind,
With ſtrong compaſſion mov'd,
Came from the boſom of his God,
To ſave the ſoul he lov'd.

5 The powers of darkneſs leagu'd in vain
To bind his ſoul in death;
He ſhook their kingdom when he fell,
With his expiring breath.

6 Not long the bands of death could keep
The hope of Judah's line;
Corruption never could take hold
On one ſo much divine.

7 Exalted high at God's right hand,
And Lord of all below;
Through him is pardoning love diſpenſed,
And endleſs bleſſings flow.

8 Now to our Saviour and our King,
Glad homage let us give;
And be prepar'd like him to die,
That with him we may live.

Mrs. BARBAULD

HYMN III. *Long Metre.*

Holy Reſolution.

AH, wretched ſouls, who ſtrive in vain!
Slaves to the world, and ſlaves to ſin!
A nobler toil may I ſuſtain,
A nobler ſatisfaction win.

I would reſolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to ſerve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whoſe ſervice is a rich reward.

O be his ſervice all my joy,
Around let my exam ple ſhine;
Till others love the bleſs'd employ,
And join in labours ſo divine.

Be this the purpoſe of my ſoul,
My ſolemn, my determin'd choice,
To yield to his ſupreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wander from thy ſacred ways;
Great God, accept my ſoul's deſire,
And give me ſtrength to live thy praiſe.

Mrs STEELE.

HYMN IV. *Common Metre.*

Watchfulneſs and Prayer.

ALAS, what hourly dangers riſe!
What ſnares beſet my way!
To heaven then let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak reſiſtance, ah how vain!
How ſtrong my foes and fears!

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid,
Help me to watch, and pray, and ſtrive
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increaſe my faith, increaſe my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting ſpirit up,
Or ſoon my ſtrength will fail.

5 When ſtrong temptations fright my he
Or lure my feet aſide;
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.

6 Still keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And never let me go aſtray,
From happineſs and thee.

Mrs. Ste

HYMN V. *Long Metre.*

The Syro Phenician Woman, Mat. xv. 26, 27.

ALL-conquering faith! how high it r
When heaven itſelf might ſeem t'op
All gracious Lord! who didſt appear
Moſt merciful when moſt ſevere!

2 Thus, at thy feet, our ſouls would fall,
And loudly thus for mercy call;
"Thou Son of David, pity ſhow,
"And ſave us from th' infernal foe."

3 Though viler than the brutes we be,
Our longing eyes would wait on thee,
Who doſt to dogs ſuch grace afford,
To taſte the crumbs beneath thy board.

4 But thou the humble ſoul wilt raiſe,
And all its ſorrow turn to praiſe;

Each ſelf abaſing broken heart,
Shall with thy children ſhare a part.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN VI. *Short Metre.* ✻

Chriſt the Branch of David, and the Morning Star.

ALL hail, myſterious King!
Hail, David's ancient root!
Thou righteous branch, which thence did ſpring,
To give the nations fruit.

Our weary ſouls ſhall reſt
Beneath thy grateful ſhade;
And thirſting lips the ſweets ſhall taſte,
By thy bleſt fruit convey'd.

Fair morning ſtar, ariſe!
With living glories bright;
And pour on theſe awakening eyes
A flood of ſacred light.

The horrid gloom is fled,
Pierc'd by thy heavenly ray;
Shine, and our wandering footſteps lead
To everlaſting day.

DODDRIDGE, altered.

HYMN VII. *Common Metre.* ✻

A Pillar in the heavenly Temple.

ALL hail, victorious Saviour, hail!
I bow to thy command,
And own that David's royal key
Well fits thy ſovereign hand.

Open the treaſures of thy love,
And ſhed thy gifts abroad;
Unveil to my rejoicing eyes
The temple of my God.

3 There as a pillar let me ſtand,
On an eternal baſe;
Uprear'd by thy almighty hand,
And poliſh'd by thy grace.

4 There, deep engraven let me bear
The title of my God;
And mark the New Jeruſalem,
As my ſecure abode.

5 In laſting characters inſcribe
Thy own beloved name;
That endleſs ages there may read
The great Immanuel's claim.

DODDRID.

HYMN VIII. *Long Metre.* ✻ or ♭

Uncharitable Judgment.

ALL-knowing God, 'tis thine to know
The ſprings whence wrong opinions flow;
To judge from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we ſin.

2 Who among men, high Lord of all,
Thy ſervants to his bar may call?
Decide of hereſy, and ſhake
A brother o'er the flaming lake?

3 Who, with another's eye, can read?
Or worſhip by another's creed?
Revering thy command alone,
We humbly ſeek and uſe our own.

4 If wrong, forgive; accept, if right,
Whilſt faithful we obey our light;
And cenſuring none, are zealous ſtill
To follow, as to learn, thy will.

5 When ſhall our happy eyes behold
Thy people faſhion'd in thy mould?

harity our lineage prove,
d from thee, O God of love?

SCOTT.

HYMN IX. *Long Metre.*

A Vision of the Lamb.

mortal vanities, be gone;
r tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears;
l, before th' eternal throne,
on of the Lamb appears!

his fleecy robe adorns,
d with the bloody death he bore;
are his eyes, and ſeven his horns,
ak his wiſdom and his power.

e receives a ſealed book
him that ſits upon the throne!
my Lord, prevails to look
rk decrees and things unknown.

e aſſembling ſaints around
orſhipping before the Lamb;
n new ſongs of goſpel ſound,
ſs their honours to his name.

oices join the heavenly ſtrain,
ith tranſporting pleaſure ſing,
y the Lamb that once was ſlain,
our Saviour and our King.

haſt redeem'd our ſouls from hell
thine ineſtimable blood;
vretches who did once rebel,
ow made ſervants of their God.

y forever is the Lord,
lied for treaſons not his own,
ry tongue to be ador'd,
gn upon his Father's throne.

WATTS.

HYMN X. *Common Metre.*

The Marriage of the Lamb.

ALL ye, who faithful ſervants are
Of our Almighty King,
Both high and low, and ſmall and gr
His praiſe devoutly ſing.

2 Let us rejoice and render thanks
To his moſt holy name;
Rejoice, rejoice, for now is come
The marriage of the Lamb.

3 His bride herſelf has ready made,
How pure and white her dreſs!
This is the ſaint's integrity,
And ſpotleſs holineſs:

4 How happy then is every one,
Who to the marriage feaſt
And holy ſupper of the Lamb
Is call'd, a welcome gueſt.

HYMN XI. *Particular Metre.*

Submiſſion to the Divine Will.

ALMIGHTY King of heaven ab
Eternal ſource of truth and lov
And Lord of all below,
With reverence and religious fear,
Permit thy ſuppliants to draw near,
And at thy feet to bow.

2 Thy ſovereign *fiat* form'd us firſt;
Thy breath can blow us back to duſt,
Frail, ſinful, mortal clay;
'Tis thine undoubted right to give
Thoſe earthly bleſſings we receive,
And thine to take away.

All things are under thy control,
Eternal Wiſdom rules the whole,
Educing good from ill;
Submiſſive therefore we reſign,
Our wills are ſwallow'd up in thine,
In thy moſt holy will.

In heaven above, thy will is done.
Here, angels wait around thy throne,
Thy counſels to obey;
Adoring at thy feet they fall,
Confeſs thee ſovereign Lord of all,
And own thy powerful ſway.

Lord, may we join the heavenly throng,
May mortals learn th' angelic ſong,
Who dwell beneath the ſun;
May every tongue thy praiſe proclaim,
This be the univerſal theme,
"Jehovah's will be done"

HYMN XII. *Short Metre.* ♯ or ♭

Humble Praiſe.

ALMIGHTY Maker, God,
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad,
Throughout creation's frame.

Nature in every dreſs
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thouſand ways t' expreſs
Thy goodneſs and thy praiſe.

In native white and red,
The roſe and lily ſtand;
And free from pride their beauties ſpread,
To ſhow thy ſkilful hand.

The lark mounts up on high
With unambitious ſong,

the toil, endure the pain,
ofted by thy word.

nts in all this glorious war,
l conquer though they die;
ieid the triumph from afar,
d ſeize it with their eye.

n that illuſtrious day ſhall riſe,
nd all thy armies ſhine
obes of victory through the ſkies,
he glory ſhall be thine.

WATTS.

YMN XIV. *Long Metre.* ♯ or ♭

Chriſt our Example.

ND is the goſpel peace and love?
Such let our converſation be;
ſerpent blended with the dove,
dom and meek ſimplicity.

ene'er the angry paſſions riſe,
tempt our thoughts or tongues to ſtrife;
eſus let us lift our eyes,
ht pattern of the Chriſtian life.

ow benevolent and kind!
r mild, how ready to forgive!
his the temper of our mind,
theſe the rules by which we live.

lo his heavenly Father's will,
his employment and delight;
nility and holy zeal
ne through his face divinely bright.

ending good where'er he came,
labours of his life were love;
if we bear the Saviour's name,
example let us move.

5 But, ah, how blind, how weak we are!
How frail, how apt to turn aſide!
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
We aſk thy ſpirit for our guide.
7 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be;
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
O Saviour, daily more like thee.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN XV. *Short Metre.* ♯ or ♭

Triumph over Death.

AND muſt this mortal body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And muſt theſe active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?
2 Corruption, earth and worms
Shall but refine this fleſh,
Till my triumphant ſpirit comes
To put it on afreſh.
3 Chriſt, my Redeemer lives,
And often from the ſkies,
Looks down and watches all my duſt,
Till he ſhall bid it riſe.
4 Array'd in glorious grace,
Shall theſe vile bodies ſhine,
And every ſhape, and every face
Look heavenly and divine.
5 Theſe lively hopes we owe
To Jeſus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And ſing his power above.
6 O Lord, accept the praiſe
Of theſe our humble ſongs,
Till tunes of nobler ſound we raiſe,
With our immortal tongues.

WA

HYMN XVI. *C. M.* ※ or ♭

For the New Year.

AND now, my ſoul, another year
Of my ſhort life is paſt;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my laſt.

2 Much of my dubious life is done,
Nor will return again;
And ſwift my paſſing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

3 Awake, my ſoul, with utmoſt care,
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes? how ſure? how fair?
And what thy chief concern?

4 With the new year, which now begins,
Begin thy race for heaven?
Repent of all thy former ſins,
Reform, and be forgiven.

5 Devoutly yield thyſelf to God,
To him thyſelf commend;
With zeal purſue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

Liverpool Collection.

HYMN XVII. *All Sevens Metre.* ※

The Reſurrection and Aſcenſion of Chriſt.

ANGELS, roll the ſtone away,
Death, give up thy mighty prey;
See! he riſes from the tomb,
Shining in immortal bloom.

2 'Tis the Saviour! angels, raiſe
Your triumphant ſong of praiſe;
Let the heavens' remoteſt bound
Hear the joy inſpiring ſound.

3 Now, ye ſaints, lift up your eyes,
Now to glory ſee him riſe;
Mark his progreſs through the ſky,
To the radiant world on high.

4 Heaven diſplays her cryſtal gate;
Enter in thy royal ſtate;
King of glory, mount thy throne,
'Tis thy Father's and thy own.

5 Praiſe him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Strike with awe your golden lyres;
Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous ſong,
Let the ſtrains be loud and ſtrong.

6 To the liſtening nations tell,
Sin o'erthrown, and vanquiſh'd hell.
Where is death's once dreaded king!
Where, O monſter, is thy ſting!

SCOTT.

HYMN XVIII. *Long Metre.* 𝄋 or 𝄌

The Sabbath.

ANOTHER ſix days' work is done!
Another Sabbath is begun!
Return, my ſoul, enjoy thy reſt,
Improve the day that God has bleſs'd.

2 Come, praiſe the Lord, whoſe love aſſigns
So ſweet a reſt to weary minds;
Provides an antepaſt of heaven,
And gives this day the food of ſeven.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may riſe
As grateful incenſe to the ſkies;
And draw from heaven that ſweet repoſe
Which none but he who feels it knows.

4 This heavenly calm, within the breaſt,
Is the dear pledge of glorious reſt,
Which for the church of God remains
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In various ſcenes both old and new;
With praiſe we think on mercies paſt,
With hope we future pleaſures taſte.

6 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleaſures paſs away;
The Sabbath thus we love to ſpend,
In hope of one which ne'er ſhall end.

STENNET.

HYMN XIX. *Six Line L. M.* ♯ or ♭

God's Name proclaimed to Moſes.

ATTEND, my ſoul, the voice divine,
And mark what beaming glories ſhine
Around thy condeſcending God:
To us, he in his word proclaims
His awful, his endearing names;
Attend, and ſound them all abroad.

1 "Jehovah, I, the ſovereign Lord,
"The mighty God by heaven ador'd,
"Down to the earth my footſteps bend;
"My heart the tendereſt pity knows,
"Goodneſs full ſtreaming wide o'erflows,
"And grace and truth ſhall never end.

3 "My patience long can crimes endure,
"My pard'ning love is ever ſure,
"When penitential ſorrow mourns:
"To millions, through unnumber'd years,
"New hope and new delight it bears,
"Yet wrath againſt the ſinner burns."

4 Make haſte, my ſoul, the viſion meet,
All proſtrate at Jehovah's feet,
And drink the tuneful accents in.
Speak on, my Lord, repeat the voice,
Diffuſe theſe heart-expanding joys,
Till heaven complete the rapturous ſcene

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN XX. *Common Metre.* ✻

The new Creation.

ATTEND, whilſt God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories ſhew;
"Behold I ſit upon my throne,
"Creating all things new!

2 "Old things are wholly paſs'd away,
"And the firſt Adam dies;
"My hands a new foundation lay!
"See the new world ariſe!

3 "I'll be a Sun of righteouſneſs
"To the new heavens I make;
"None but the new born heirs of gra
"My glories ſhall partake."

4 Mighty Redeemer, ſet me free
From my old ſtate of ſin;
O make my ſoul alive to thee,
Create new powers within.

5 Renew my eyes, and form my ears,
And mould my heart afreſh;
Give me new paſſions, joys and fears,
And turn the ſtone to fleſh.

6 Far from the regions of the dead,
From ſin and earth and hell;
In the new world which grace hath r
I would forever dwell.

W

HYMN XXI. *Long Metre.* ✻

Glory in the Croſs.

AT thy command, our bleſſed Lord
Here we attend thy dying feaſt:
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy b
And thy own fleſh feeds every gu

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And truſts for life in one that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce its ſhame,
And fling its ſcandals on the cauſe;
We come to boaſt our Saviour's name,
And make our triumph in his croſs.

4 With joy, we tell the ſcoffing age,
He that was dead hath left his tomb;
He lives above their utmoſt rage,
And we are waiting till he come. WATTS.

HYMN XXII. *Common Metre.* ※

The Incarnation of the Word.

AWAKE, awake the ſacred ſong,
To our incarnate Lord!
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore th' Eternal Word.

2 That glorious Word, that ſovereign Power
By whom the worlds were made,
O happy morn! illuſtrious hour!
Was once in fleſh arrayed.

3 Then ſhone Almighty power and love,
In all their glorious forms;
When Jeſus left the world above,
To dwell with ſinful worms.

4 To dwell with miſery below,
The Saviour left the ſkies;
And ſunk to poverty and woe,
That wretched man might riſe.

5 Adoring angels tun'd their ſongs
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture then let mortal tongues
Their grateful homage pay.

6 What glory, Lord, to thee is due!
With wonder we adore;
But could we ſing as angels do,
We'd love and praiſe thee more.

Mrs. Stee

HYMN XXIII. *Long Metre.*

Temptation without and within.

AWAKE, my ſoul, lift up thine eye
See how thy foes againſt the riſe,
In long array, a numerous hoſt;
Awake, my ſoul, or thou art loſt.

2 See how rebellious paſſions rage,
And fierce deſires and luſts engage;
See pleaſure's ſilken banners ſpread,
And willing ſouls are captive led,

3 I tread upon enchanted ground,
Perils and ſnares beſet me round;
O let me then guard every part,
But moſt, the traitor in my heart.

4 O teach thy ſervant how to wield,
Bleſt Saviour, thy immortal ſhield;
Put on thy armour from above,
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

5 The terror and the charm repel,
The ſmiles of earth, the frowns of hell
The tempter once thou didſt ſubdue,
O make me more than conqueror too.

Mrs. Barb

HYMN XXIV. *Hallelujah Metre.*

The Lord's Day Morning.

AWAKE, our drowſy ſouls!
Shake off each ſlothful band;
The wonders of this day
Our nobleſt ſongs demand.

Auſpicious morn! Thy bliſsful rays
Bright ſeraphs hail, In ſong of praiſe!

2 At thy approaching dawn
Reluctant death reſign'd
The glorious Prince of life,
In the dark vault confin'd.
Th' angelic hoſt Around him bends,
And, midſt their ſhouts, The Lord aſcends

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hoſanna rings;
Whilſt earth, in humbler ſtrains,
Thy praiſe reſponſive ſings.
Worthy art thou, Who once was ſlain,
Thro' endleſs years To live and reign.

Gird on, great King, thy ſword,
Aſcend thy conquering car,
Whilſt juſtice, truth and love
Maintain the glorious war.
Victorious thou Thy foes ſhalt tread,
And ſin and death In triumph lead.

Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing th' unerring dart,
With ſalutary pangs
To each rebellious heart:
Then dying ſouls For life ſhall ſue,
Numerous as drops Of morning dew.

RIPPON'S Collection.

HYMN XXV. *Long Metre.* ✻

The Chriſtian Race

AWAKE, our ſouls; away, our fears;
Let every trembling thought be gone.
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, tis a ſtraight and thorny road,
And mortal ſpirits tire and faint;
If they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the ſtrength of every ſaint.

3 The mighty God, whoſe powerful hand
Has matchleſs works of wonder done;
And ſhall endure, whilſt endleſs years
Their everlaſting circles run.

4 From him, the overflowing ſpring,
Our ſouls ſhall drink a rich ſupply;
Whilſt thoſe who truſt their native ſtreng
Shall melt away, and droop and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our ſouls ſhall fly,
Nor tire amidſt the heavenly road. WATT

HYMN XXVI. *Long Metre.* ✻ or

Benefit of Ordinances.

AWAY from every mortal care,
Away from earth, our ſouls retreat;
We leave this worthleſs world afar,
And wait and worſhip near thy ſeat.

2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace,
We bow before thee and adore;
We view the glories of thy face,
And learn the wonders of thy power.

3 Whilſt here our various wants we mourn
United prayers aſcend on high;
And faith expects a ſure return
Of bleſſings in variety.

4 If Satan rage, and ſin grow ſtrong,
Here we receive ſome cheering word;
We gird the goſpel armour on,
To fight the battles of the Lord.

5 Here when our ſpirit faints and dies,
And conſcience ſmarts with inward ſtings;
The Sun of righteouſneſs ſhall riſe,
With healing beams beneath his wings.

6 Here would our raviſh'd ſouls abide;
Or if from hence we muſt depart,
Let neither life nor death divide
Our God and Saviour from our heart.

Altered from WATTS.

HYMN XXVII. *Long Metre.* ※

The Word made Fleſh.

1 BEFORE the heavens were ſpread abroad,
From everlaſting was the Word;
With God he was, the Word was God,
And by th' angelic hoſt ador'd.

2 By his great power were all things made
By him ſupported, all things ſtand;
He is the whole creation's Head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 Ere ſin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the hoſt of morning ſtars!
Thy generation who can tell?
Or count the number of thy years?

4 But lo, he leaves theſe heavenly forms,
The Word deſcends and dwells in clay;
That he may converſe hold with worms,
Dreſt in ſuch feeble fleſh as they.

5 Mortals with joy behold his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son!
How full of truth, how full of grace,
When thro' his eyes the Godhead ſhone.

6 *Arch-angels leave* their high abode,
To learn new myſteries here, and tell
The love of our deſcending God,
The glories of Emmanuel. WATTS.

HYMN XXVIII. *Common Metre.* ✻

Faith in the Promiſe of Salvation.

BEGIN, my tongue, ſome heavenly theme
And ſpeak ſome lofty thing;
The mighty works, or mighty name
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulneſs,
Or ſound his power abroad;
Sing the bleſt promiſe of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim ſalvation from the Lord,
To ſinful, dying men;
His hand has writ the ſacred word,
With an unerring pen.

4 Engrav'd as in eternal braſs,
The gracious promiſe ſhines;
Nor ſhall the hand of time eraſe
Thoſe everlaſting lines.

5 Then why theſe doubts and ſad complaints
If Chriſt and we are one,
The word extends to all the ſaints,
Who humbly love the Son.

6 By faith in this our ſouls have liv'd,
And part of heaven poſſeſs'd;
We'll praiſe him then for grace receiv'd,
And truſt him for the reſt.

WATTS.

HYMN XXIX. *Particular Metre.* ✻

The Reſurrection and Glory of Chriſt

BEHOLD! the bright morning appears
And Jeſus revives from the grave!
His riſing removes all our fears,
And proves him almighty to ſave.

How ſtrong were his tears and his cries !
The worth of his blood how divine !
How perfect his great ſacrifice,
Who roſe though he ſuffer'd for ſin !

2 The man who was crowned with thorns,
The man who on Calvary died,
The man who bore ſcourging and ſcorn,
Whom ſinners agreed to deride ;
Now bleſſed forever is made,
And life has rewarded his pain ;
Now glory has crowned his head ;
This is the true Lamb that was ſlain !

3 Believing we ſhare in his joy,
By faith we partake of his reſt ;
With him we can cheerfully die,
For with him we hope to be bleſt.
'Tis Jeſus, the firſt and the laſt,
Whoſe Spirit ſhall guide us ſafe home ;
We'll praiſe him for all that is paſt,
And truſt him for all that's to come !

HART.

HYMN XXX. *Common Metre.* ※

Praiſe to the Lamb of God.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidſt the Father's throne !
Prepare new honours for his name !
And ſongs before unknown.

2 Let elders worſhip at his feet,
The church adore around ;
With vials full of odours ſweet,
With harps of ſweeter ſound.

3 *Thoſe are the* offer'd prayers of ſaints,
And theſe the hymns they raiſe ;
Jeſus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praiſe.

4 Now, to the Lamb that once was ſlai[illegible]
Be endleſs bleſſings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
Forever on thy head.

5 Thou haſt redeem'd our ſouls with b[illegible]
Haſt ſet the priſoners free;
Haſt made us kings and prieſts to Go[illegible],
And we ſhall reign with thee.

6 The world of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy power;
Then ſhorten theſe delaying days,
And bring the promis'd hour. Wa[illegible]

HYMN XXXI. *Short Metre.*

The Nativity of Chriſt.

BEHOLD the grace appears!
The promiſe is fulfill'd!
Mary, the wondrous virgin, bears,
And Jeſus is the child!

2 To bring the glorious news,
A heavenly form appears;
He tells the ſhepherds of their joys,
And baniſhes their fears.

3 "Go, humble ſwains, ſaid he,
"To David's city fly;
"The promis'd Infant born to day
"Doth in a manger lie.

4 "With looks and hearts ſerene,
"Go viſit Chriſt your King."
And ſtrait a flaming choir was ſeen,
The ſhepherds heard them ſing,

5 "Glory to God on high!
"And heavenly peace on earth!
"[illegible] to men, to angels joy,
[illegible]

ip ſo divine,
ints employ their tongues ;
: celeſtial hoſt we join,
ɔud repeat their ſongs.

to God on high !
heavenly peace on earth !
will to men, to angels joy,
ur Redeemer's birth."

WATTS.

XXII. *Common Metre.* b

The Ignorance of Man.

D the new born infant griev'd,
hunger, thirſt and pain !
o have its wants reliev'd,
nows not to complain.

ldhood yet I muſt confeſs,
long in years mature ;
ring whence I feel diſtreſs,
vhere to ſeek its cure.

f good ! to thee I turn ;
ver watchful eye
an all my wants diſcern,
and alone ſupply.

r fear within me dwell,
ɔve my footſteps guide '
e ſhall vainer loves expel,
fear, all fears beſide.

:e, by error's force ſubdued,
ft miſguided will
rous ſhuns the latent good,
graſps the ſpecious ill ;

y *wiſh*, but to my want,
ɔu *thy gifts* apply ;
what good thou knoweſt, grant,
ll, *tho'* aſk'd, deny.

HYMN XXXIII. *Long Metre.*

A grave and decent Deportment.

BEHOLD the ſons and heirs of God,
So dearly brought with Jeſus' blood!
Are they not born to heavenly joys?
And ſhall they ſtoop to earthly toys?

2 Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?
Were ſpirits of celeſtial kind
Made for a jeſt, for ſport, for play,
To wear out time and waſte the day?

3 Doth vain diſcourſe or empty mirth
Well ſuit the honours of their birth?
Shall they be fond of gay attire,
Which children love, which fools admire?

4 What if we wear the richeſt veſt?
Peacocks and flies are better dreſt;
This fleſh, with all its gaudy forms,
Muſt drop to duſt and feed the worms.

5 Lord, raiſe our hearts and paſſions higher,
Touch our vain ſouls with ſacred fire;
Then, with a heaven-directed eye,
We'll paſs theſe glittering trifles by.

6 We'll look on all the toys below,
With ſuch diſdain as angels do;
And wait the call that bids us riſe
To manſions promis'd in the ſkies.

WATTS.

HYMN XXXIV. *Common Metre.* ♯ or ♭

The repenting Prodigal.

BEHOLD the wretch whoſe luſt and wine
Had waſted his eſtate!
He begs a ſhare among the ſwine,
To taſte the huſks they eat.

2 "I die with hunger here, he cries,
"I ſtarve in foreign lands;

-y Father's houſe has large ſupplies,
' And bounteous are his hands.

ll go, and, with a mournful tongue,
' Fall down before his face ;
'ather, I've done thy juſtice wrong,
' Nor can deſerve thy grace."

ſaid, and haſten'd to his home,
To ſeek his father's love ;
e Father ſaw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

ran and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiſs'd his ſon ;
: rebel's heart with ſorrow brake,
'or follies he had done.

ake off his clothes of ſhame and ſin,"
' The Father gives command ;
)reſs him in garments white and clean,
' With rings adorn his hand.

day of feaſting I ordain,
' Let mirth and joy abound ;
My ſon was dead, and lives again,
:' Was loſt, but now is found."

WATTS.

HYMN XXXV. *Short Metre.* ※

Adoption.

) EHOLD. what wondrous grace
) The Father hath beſtow'd
1 ſinners of a mortal race,
To call them ſons of God !

s no ſurpriſing thing,
That we ſhould be unknown ;
e Jewiſh world knew not their King,
'od's *everlaſting* Son.

doth it yet appear
'w *great* we ſhall be made ;

But when we ſee our Saviour here,
We ſhall be like our Head.

4 A hope ſo much divine
May trials well endure;
May cleanſe our ſouls from ſenſe and ſin,
As Chriſt the Lord is pure.

5 If in our Father's love
We ſhare a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To reſt upon our heart.

6 We would no longer lie
Like ſlaves beneath the throne!
Our faith ſhall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own,

HYMN XXXVI. *Long Metre.*

The better Part.

BESET with ſnares and fill'd with
In life's uncertain path we tread
Saviour divine, diffuſe thy light,
To guide our doubtful footſteps right.

2 Engage our roving treacherous heart,
To chooſe the wiſe, the better part;
To ſcorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that never fade away.

3 Then let the fierceſt ſtorms ariſe,
Let tempeſts mingle earth and ſkies;
No fatal ſhipwreck ſhall we fear,
But all our treaſure with us bear.

4 If then our Saviour ſtill be nigh,
Cheerful we live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find a thouſand worlds in thee.

HYMN XXXVII. *Long Metre.* ✠

The Beatitudes.

LEST are the humble ſouls that ſee
Their emptineſs and poverty;
aſures of grace to them are given,
l crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

t are the men of broken heart,
o mourn for ſin with inward ſmart;
blood of Chriſt divinely flows,
ealing balm for all their woes.

t are the meek, who ſtand afar
m rage and paſſion, noiſe and war;
l will ſecure their happy ſtate,
l plead their cauſe againſt the great.

t are the ſouls that thirſt for grace,
nger and long for righteouſneſs;
y ſhall be well ſupplied and fed,
h living ſtreams and living bread.

t are the men whoſe bowels move,
l melt with ſympathy and love;
m Chriſt the Lord they ſhall obtain
: ſympathy and love again.

t are the pure, whoſe hearts are clean
m the defiling power of ſin;
h endleſs pleaſure they ſhall ſee
God of ſpotleſs purity.

t are the men of peaceful life,
o quench the coals of growing ſtrife;
y ſhall be call'd the heirs of bliſs,
ſons of God, the God of peace.

t are the ſufferers, who partake
ain and ſhame for Jeſus' ſake;
ſouls ſhall triumph in the Lord,
and joy are their reward.

HYMN XXXVIII. *Common Metre.*

The Hope of the Reſurrection.

BLEST be the everlaſting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majeſty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the ſky,
He gave our ſouls a lively hope
That they ſhould never die.

3 What, though his uncontroll'd decree
Command our fleſh to duſt?
Yet as the Lord our Saviour roſe,
So all his followers muſt.

4 There's an inheritance divine,
Reſerv'd againſt that day:
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away.

5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the ſalvation come;
We walk by faith as ſtrangers here,
Till Chriſt ſhall call us home.

HYMN XXXIX *Common Metre.*

Benevolence rewarded.

BLEST is the man whoſe tender heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the ſupplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain.

2 Whoſe breaſt expands with generous warmth
A ſtranger's woe to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 He ſpreads his kind ſupporting arms
To every child of grief;

is ſecret bounty largely flows,
And brings unaſk'd relief.

O gentle offices of love
His feet are never ſlow;
e views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in his foe.

ace, from the boſom of his God,
Peace ſhall to him be given;
is ſoul ſhall reſt ſecure on earth,
And find its native heaven.

) him protection ſhall be ſhown;
And mercy, from above,
ſcend on thoſe, who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love.

Mrs. BARBAULD.

HYMN XL. *Particular Metre.*

The Goſpel Jubilee.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly ſolemn ſound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remoteſt bound,
ne year of jubilee is come,
eturn, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

Exalt the Son of God!
The ſin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption, by his blood
Through every land proclaim.
ne year of jubilee is come,
eturn, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

Ye who have ſold for nought
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jeſus' love.
year of jubilee is come,
urn, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

HYMN XLIII. *Long Metre.* ♯ or ♭

The Preſence of God mortifying us to the World.

COME, bleſſed Lord, deſcend and dwell
By faith and love within our breaſt;
Then ſhall we know, and taſte and feel
Such joys as cannot be expreſs'd.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward ſtrength,
Make our enlarged ſouls poſſeſs,
And learn the height, and breadth and length
Of thy unmeaſurable grace.

3 Could we but pierce the veil, and ſee
The glories of th' eternal ſkies;
What little things theſe worlds would be;
How deſpicable in our eyes!

4 Great All in All, eternal King!
Could we but view thy glorious face,
Then all our powers ſhould join to ſing
Thy boundleſs wiſdom and thy grace.

5 Now to the God, whoſe power in heaven
And earth has works of wonder done,
Be everlaſting honours given,
By all the church, thro' Chriſt his Son.

WATTS.

HYMN XLIV. *Common Metre.* ♮

Praiſe to God and the Lamb.

COME, let us join our cheerful ſong,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thouſand thouſands are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was ſlain for us."

.s is worthy to receive
.onour and power divine ;
. bleſſings, more than we can give,
e, Lord, forever thine.

all that dwell above the ſky,
.nd air, and earth, and ſeas,
ſpire to lift thy glories high,
.nd ſpeak thine endleſs praiſe.

: whole creation join in one,
'o bleſs the ſacred name
him who ſits upon the throne,
.nd to adore the Lamb. WATTS.

'MN XLV. *Common Metre.* ✻

The Joys of Heaven.

)ME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inſpire each lifeleſs tongue ;
d let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our ſong.

rrow and pain and every care,
And diſcord there ſhall ceaſe ;
.d perfect joy and love ſincere
Adorn the realms of peace.

he ſoul, from ſin forever free,
Shall mourn its power no more ;
it, cloth'd in ſpotleſs purity,
Redeeming love adore.

.ere, on a throne, how dazzling bright
Th' exalted Saviour ſhines ;
.d beams ineffable delight
On all the heavenly minds.

.ere *ſhall the followers* of the Lamb
'oin *in immortal* ſongs ;
l endleſs *honours* to his name
mploy their tuneful tongues.

6 Lord, tune our hearts to praiſe and lov
Our feeble notes inſpire,
Till, in thy bliſsful courts above,
We join th' angelic choir.

Mrs. S

HYMN XLVI. *Long Metre.*

Weary Souls invited to reſt.

COME, weary ſouls, with ſin diſtre
Come, and accept the promis'd r
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And caſt your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppreſs'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come and ſpread your woes to Go
Divine compaſſion, mighty love,
With all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundleſs ocean flows,
To cleanſe your guilt and heal your w
Pardon and life and endleſs peace,
How rich the gift, how free the grace

4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bleſs the kind inviting voice.

5 Great Saviour, let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove
May that ſweet influence in our brea
Prepare us for thy heavenly reſt.

Mrs. S

HYMN XLVII. *Short Metre.*

Heaven'y Joys on Earth.

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a ſong with ſweet accord,
And thus ſurround the throne.

t thoſe refuſe to ſing,
Who never knew our God ;
t children of the heavenly King
May ſpeak their joys abroad.
is heavenly king is our's,
Our Father and our Love ;
will ſend down his heavenly powers,
To raiſe our ſouls above.
ere we ſhall ſee his face,
And never, never ſin ;
ere from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endleſs pleaſures in.
s, and before we riſe
To that immortal ſtate,
e thought of ſuch amazing bliſs
Should conſtant joys create.
en let our ſongs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
e're marching thro' Emmanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

WATTS.

YMN XLVIII. *Common Metre.* ✻

Chriſt the King of Saints.

OME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known ;
e Sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

old your King, your Saviour, crown'd
With glories all divine ;
d tell the wondering nations round,
low bright theſe glories ſhine.

ite power and boundleſs love
him unite their rays ;

You that his heavenly influence prove,
Can you forbear his praiſe ?

4 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wiſh like them to ſing.

5 And ſhall we long and wiſh in vain ;
Lord, teach our ſongs to riſe ;
Thy love can animate the ſtrain,
And bid it reach the ſkies.

6 O happy period ! glorious day !
When heaven and earth ſhall raiſe,
With all their powers, the raptur'd lay—
To celebrate thy praiſe. Mrs. S

HYMN XLIX. *Common Metre.*

The happy End of the Chriſtian Courſe.

DEATH may diſſolve my body now
And bear my ſpirit home ;
Why do my minutes move ſo ſlow,
Nor my ſalvation come ;

2 With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord ;
Finiſh'd my courſe, and kept the faith
And wait the ſure reward.

3 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade ;
The righteous Judge at that great day
Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone ;
But all who hope and long to ſee
Th' appearance of his Son.

5 Jeſus, the Lord, ſhall guard me ſafe
From every ill deſign ;

to his heavenly kingdom keep
his feeble ſoul of mine.
l is my everlaſting aid,
ty portion and my friend;
him be higheſt glory paid,
Through ages without end.

Altered from WATTS.

HYMN L. *Long Metre.*

Chriſt the Phyſician of the Soul.

EEP are the wounds which ſin has made;
Where ſhall the ſinner find a cure!
vain, alas, is nature's aid,
ne work exceeds her utmoſt power,
n, like a raging fever, reigns
ith fatal ſtrength in every part;
he dire contagion fills the veins,
nd ſpreads its poiſon to the heart.
ut can no ſovereign balm be found?
nd is no kind phyſician nigh,
o eaſe the pain and heal the wound,
re life and hope forever fly?
es, there's a great Phyſician near;
ook up, my fainting ſoul, and live!
ee, in his heavenly ſmiles appear
uch help as nature cannot give!
ee, in the Saviour's dying blood,
ife, health and bliſs abundant flow!
Tis only that dear ſacred flood
an eaſe thy pain and heal thy woe.
in throws in vain its pointed dart,
or here a ſovereign cure is found;
cordial for the fainting heart,
balm for every painful wound.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN LI. *Long Metre.* ✻ or ♭

The ſight of Chriſt in Heaven.

DESCEND, ye hoſts of angels bright,
And bear us on your guardian wings,
Through regions of celeſtial light,
Above the reach of earthly things;

2 Beyond this curtain of the ſky,
Up where eternal ages roll!
Where ſolid pleaſures never die,
And fruits immortal feaſt the ſoul.

3 O for a beatific ſight
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There ſits our Saviour crown'd with light,
Cloth'd with a body like our own.

4 Adoring ſaints around him ſtand,
And heavenly powers before him fall;
The God ſhines gracious through the man,
And ſheds bright glories on them all.

5 What joys unſpeakable they feel;
Whilſt to their golden harps they ſing!
And echo from each heavenly hill,
The glorious triumphs of their King.

6 O may the happy day draw nigh,
When we ſhall riſe to realms above,
To join the muſic of the ſky,
And celebrate redeeming love.

WATTS, altered.

HYMN LII. *Common Metre.* ✻ or ♭

Ardent Love to Chriſt.

DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and ſee;
And turn each worthleſs idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Is not thy name melodious ſtill
To my enraptur'd ear?
Doth not my pulſe with pleaſure beat,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

3 Haſt thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would diſdain to feed?
Haſt thou a foe, before whoſe face
I fear thy cauſe to plead?

4 Would not my ardent ſpirit vie
With angels round thy throne,
To execute thy ſacred will,
And make thy glory known?

5 Would not my heart pour out its blood,
In honour of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?

6 Thou know'ſt I love thee, O my Lord;
But how I long to ſoar
Above the ſphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more! DODDRIDGE.

HYMN LIII. *Long Metre.* ♯ or ♭

Chriſtian Privileges and Obligations.

DOST thou my worthleſs name record,
Free of thy holy city, Lord?
Am I, a ſinner, call'd to ſhare
The precious privileges there?

2 Art thou my King, my Father ſtyl'd?
And I thy ſervant and thy child?
Whilſt many of the human race
Are aliens from thy Zion's grace?

3 Lo, *wretched millions* draw their breath
In lands of ignorance and death!
But I enjoy my ſhare of time
Within thy goſpel's favour'd clime.

4 Shall I receive this grace in vain;
Shall I my great vocation ſtain?
Away, ye works in darkneſs wrought!
Away, each ſenſual, wanton thought!

5 My ſoul, I charge thee to excel
In thinking right and acting well;
Deep let thy ſearching powers engage,
Unbiaſs'd in the ſacred page.

6 Heighten the force of good deſire;
To deeds of ſhining worth aſpire;
More firm in fortitude, deſpiſe
The world's ſeducing vanities.

7 Strong and more ſtrong, thy paſſions rule
Advancing ſtill in virtue's ſchool;
Contending ſtill, with noble ſtrife,
To imitate thy Saviour's life.

HYMN LIV. *Long Metre.*

The only living and true God.

(Pſalm 86.)

ETERNAL God, almighty Cauſe
Of earth and ſea and worlds unknow
All things are ſubject to thy laws,
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious being ſingly ſtands;
Of all within itſelf poſſeſt;
Controll'd by none are thy commands;
Thou from thyſelf alone art bleſt.

3 To thee alone ourſelves we owe,
To thee alone our homage pay;
All other gods we diſavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their ſway.

4 In thee, O Lord, our hope ſhall reſt,
Fountain of peace and joy and love!

Thy favour only makes us bleſt ;
Without thee, all would nothing prove.

5 Worſhip to thee alone belongs,
Worſhip to thee alone we give ;
Thine be our hearts, and thine our ſongs,
And to thy glory we would live.

6 Spread thy great name through heathen lands,
Their idol deities dethrone ;
Subdue the world to thy commands,
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

BROWN.

HYMN LV. *Common Metre.*

The Conſolations of Age.

ETERNAL God, enthron'd on high !
Whom angel hoſts adore ;
Who yet to ſuppliant duſt art nigh,
Thy preſence I implore.

2 O guide me down the ſteep of age,
And keep my paſſions cool ;
Teach me to ſcan the ſacred page,
And practiſe every rule.

3 My flying years time urges on,
My ſtrength mult ſoon decay ;
My friends, my youth's companions gone,
Can I expect to ſtay ?

4 Can I exemption plead, when death
Projects his awful dart ?
Can med'cines then prolong my breath,
Or cordials ſhield my heart ?

5 But thou canſt cheer my mortal hour
On *thee my* hope depends ;
Support me by Almighty power
While duſt to duſt deſcends.

Joy is our duty, glory, health,
The ſunſhine of the ſoul;
The beſt return that we can make
To him who plans the whole. YOUNG.

Whatever, Lord, of earthly bliſs,
Thy ſovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition riſe:

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The bleſſings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

Let the bleſt hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy preſence through my journey ſhine,
And crown my journey's end.

RIPPON's Collection.

HYMN LVIII. *Long Metre.* ✱

God exalted above all Praiſe.

ETERNAL Power, whoſe high abode,
Becomes the grandeur of the God,
Extending far beyond the bounds
Where ſtars revolve inferior rounds;

The loweſt ſtep beneath thy ſeat
Riſes too high for Gabriel's feet;
In vain the tall arch-angel tries
To reach its height, with wondering eyes.

Thy dazzling glory while he ſings,
He hides his face behind his wings,
And ranks of thrones and powers around,
Fall proſtrate on the heavenly ground.

Lord, what ſhall earth and aſhes do!
We would adore our Maker too;

HYMN LX. *Long Metre.* ✻

The Influences of the Divine Spirit.

ETERNAL Spirit, we confeſs,
And ſing the wonders of thy grace!
Thy power conveys the bleſſings down
From God the Father and his Son.

2 Enlighten'd by thy heavenly ray,
Our ſhades and darkneſs turn to day;
Thy inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy gentle influence works within,
And breaks the chains of reigning ſin;
Doth our imperious luſts ſubdue,
And forms our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conſcience knows thy voice,
It makes the broken heart rejoice;
Thy words allay the ſtormy wind,
And calm the ſurges of the mind.

WATTS.

HYMN LXI. *Common Metre.* ✻

Creating Wiſdom.

ETERNAL Wiſdom! thee we praiſe,
Thee, all thy creatures ſing;
With thy great name, rocks, hills and ſeas
And heaven's high arches ring.

2 Thy hand, how wide it ſpread the ſky!
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a blue of heavenly die,
And ſtarr'd with ſparkling gold.

3 There doſt thou make the globes of light
Their endleſs circles run;
There, the pale planets rule the night,
And day obeys the ſun.

4 The roaring winds ſtand ready there,
Thy orders to obey:
With ſpreading wings they ſweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.

5 The rolling mountains of the deep
Obſerve thy ſtrong command;
Thy breath can raiſe the billows ſteep,
Or ſink them to the ſand.

6 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And ſtrike our feeble ſight,
Through ſkies and ſeas and ſolid ground,
With terror and delight.

7 Infinite ſtrength and equal ſkill
Shine through the worlds abroad;
Our fears with vaſt amazement fill,
And ſpeak the builder, God.

WATTS.

HYMN LXII. *Long Metre.* ✻

Christ exalted a Prince and a Saviour.

EXALTED Prince of life, we own
The royal honours of thy throne;
Thy hand by God's almighty hand,
And ſeraphs bow at thy command.

2 Exalted Saviour we confeſs
The ſovereign triumphs of thy grace;
Where beams of gentle radiance ſhine,
And temper majeſty divine.

3 Wide thy reſiſtleſs ſceptre ſway,
Till all thy enemies obey;
Wide may thy croſs its virtue prove,
And conquer millions by thy love.

4 Mighty to vanquiſh and forgive!
Thine Iſrael ſhall repent and live;

And loud proclaim thy healing breath,
Which gives them life, who wrought thy death.
DODDRIDGE.

HYMN LXIII. *Common Metre.* ♯ or ♭

Walking by Faith.

FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight;
It pierces through the veil of sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.

2 It sets time past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home;
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the world was made
By God's almighty word;
We know the heavens and earth shall fade,
And be again restor'd.

4 Abrah'm obey'd the Lord's command,
From his own country driven;
By faith he sought a promis'd land,
But found his rest in heaven.

5 Thus through life's pilgrimage we stray,
The promise in our eye;
By faith we walk the narrow way,
That leads to joy on high.

Altered from WATTS.

HYMN LXIV. *Long Metre.* ♯ or ♭

Preparation for religious Worship.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
Let my religious hours alone;
From flesh and sense I would be free,
And hold communion, Lord, with thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure deſire,
To ſee thy grace to taſte thy love,
And feel thine influence from above.

3 When I can ſay that God is mine;
When I can ſee thy glories ſhine;
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that men call rich and great.

4 Send comfort down from thy right hand
To cheer me in this barren land!
And in thy temple let me know
The joys that from thy preſence flow.

Altered from WAT

HYMN LXV. *Common Metre.*

The Succeſs of the Goſpel.

FATHER, is not thy promiſe ſure
To thy exalted Son?
That through the nations of the earth
Thy word of life ſhall run!

2 "Aſk and receive the heathen lands
For thine inheritance,
And to the world's remoteſt ends
Thy empire ſhall advance."

3 Haſt thou not ſaid, the blinded Jews
Shall their Redeemer own?
Whilſt Gentiles to his ſtandard crowd,
And bow before his throne?

4 Are not all kingdoms, tribes and tongues
Beneath the arch of heaven,
To the dominion of thy Son,
Without exception, given?

5 From eaſt to weſt, from north to ſouth
Then be his name ador'd,

Let earth with all its millions ſhout
Hoſanna to the Lord.

RIPPON's Collection.

HYMN LXVI. *Common Metre.* ♯ or ♭

The Lord's Prayer.

FATHER of all! Eternal Mind!
Thou great and good alone!
Thy children, form'd and bleſs'd by thee,
Approach thy ſacred throne.

2 Thy name in hallow'd ſtrains be ſung!
We join the ſolemn praiſe;
To thy great name, with heart and tongue,
Our cheerful homage raiſe.

3 Thy righteous, mild and equal reign,
Let every being own;
And in our minds, thy work divine,
Erect thy gracious throne.

4 As angels, round thy ſeat above,
Thy bleſt commands fulfil;
So may thy creatures here below,
Perform thy heavenly will.

5 On thee we day by day depend,
Our daily wants ſupply;
And feed with truth and virtue pure,
Our ſouls which never die.

6 Extend thy grace to every fault,
And let thy love forgive;
Teach us divine forgiveneſs too,
Nor let reſentment live.

7 Where tempting ſnares beſet the way,
Permit us not to tread;
Avert the threat'ning evil near,
From our unguarded head.

8 Thy ſacred name we thus adore,
And bow before thy throne;
For kingdom, power and glory, Lord,
Belong to thee alone.

Liverpool

HYMN LXVII. *Common Metre.*

The Univerſal Prayer

FATHER of all! whoſe cares extend
To earth's remoteſt ſhore;
Through every age let praiſe aſcend,
And every clime adore.

2 Yet not to earth's contracted ſpan,
Thy goodneſs let me bound;
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thouſand worlds are round,

3 To thee whoſe preſence fills all ſpace,
The earth, the air, the ſkies;
One chorus let all beings raiſe,
All nature's incenſe riſe!

4 Father of all! whoſe tender care
Does every want ſupply;
To thee I pour the fervent prayer,
And raiſe the filial eye.

5 What bleſſings thy free bounty gives
Let me not caſt away;
Who gratefully enjoys and lives,
Does the beſt homage pay.

6 Save me alike from fooliſh pride,
Or impious diſcontent;
At aught thy wiſdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodneſs lent.

7 Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the faults I ſee;
That mercy I to others ſhow,
That mercy ſhow to me.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal deſtruction round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to ſtay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

O This day, be bread and peace my lot;
But, all beneath the ſun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not;
Then let thy will be done.

Altered from POPE.

HYMN LXVIII. *Common Metre.* ♯ or ♭

Prudence.

FATHER of light! conduct my feet
Through life's dark, dangerous road;
Let each advancign ſtep ſtill bring
Me nearer to my God.

Let heaven eyed prudence be my guide,
And when I go aſtray,
Recal my feet from folly's path,
To wiſdom's better way.

Teach me in every various ſcene
To keep my end in ſight;
And whilſt I tread life's mazy track,
Let wiſdom guide me right.

That heavenly wiſdom from above
Abundantly impart;
And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
And penetrate my heart.

Till it ſhall lead me to thyſelf,
Fountain of bliſs and love;

And all my darkneſs be diſpers'd,
In endleſs light above. SMART.

HYMN LXIX. *Long Metre.* ✠

Praiſe for Rain and Fruitful Seaſons.

FATHER of light! we ſing thy name
Who made the ſun to rule the day
Wide as he ſpreads his golden flame,
His beams thy power and love diſplay

2 Fountain of good! from thee proceed
The copious ſhowers of genial rain;
Which, o'er the hill and through the mead
Revive the graſs and ſwell the grain.

3 Through the wide world thy bounties ſpread
Yet thouſands of our guilty race,
Though by thy daily goodneſs fed,
Tranſgreſs thy law, abuſe thy grace.

4 Not ſo, ſhall our forgetful hearts
O'er look the tokens of thy care;
Bnt, what thy liberal hand imparts,
Receive in praiſe, and aſk in prayer.

5 So ſhall the ſun more grateful ſhine,
And ſhowers in welcome drops ſhall fall
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, our God, enjoy'd in all.

6 Jeſus! our brighter Sun, ariſe,
In plenteous ſhowers, thy Spirit ſend,
Earth then ſhall grow to Paradiſe;
And in celeſtial Eden end.

DODDRIDGE

HYMN LXX. *Long Metre.* ✠

At the Ordination of a Miniſter.

FATHER of mercies! in thy houſe
We pay our homage and our vows

Whilſt with a grateful heart we ſhare
Theſe pledges of our Saviour's care.

2 The Saviour, when to heaven he roſe,
In ſplendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

3 Hence ſprang th' *Apoſtle's* honour'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
Hence dictates the *prophetic* ſage,
And hence the *evangelic* page.

4 In lower forms to bleſs our eyes,
Paſtors from hence and *Teachers* riſe;
Who, though with feebler rays they ſhine,
Still mark a long extended line.

5 From Chriſt their varied gifts derive,
And, fed by him, their graces live;
Whilſt guarded by his potent hand,
Amidſt the rage of hell they ſtand.

6 So ſhall the bright ſucceſſion run,
Through all the courſes of the ſun;
Whilſt unborn churches, by their care,
Shall riſe and flouriſh large and fair.

7 Jeſus, our Lord, their hearts ſhall know
The ſpring whence all theſe bleſſings flow;
Paſtors and people ſhout his praiſe,
Through the long round of endleſs days.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN LXXI. *Common Metre.* ※

The Excellency and Sufficiency of the Scriptures.

FATHER of mercies! in thy word
What *endleſs* glory ſhines!
Forever be thy name ador'd,
For theſe celeſtial lines.

2 Here may the wretched ſons of want
Exhauſtleſs riches find;
Treaſures beyond what earth can grant,
And laſting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repaſt;
Sublimer fruits than nature knows,
Invite the longing taſte.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlaſting joys
Attend the bliſsful ſound.

5 O may theſe heavenly pages be
Our ſtudy and delight;
And ſtill new beauties may we ſee,
And ſtill increaſing light.

6 Divine inſtructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach us to love thy ſacred word,
And view our Saviour there.

Mrs. STEELE

HYMN LXXII. *Common Metre.* ✻ or ♭

Love to our Neighbour.

FATHER of mercies! ſend thy grace,
All powerful, from above,
To form, in our obedient ſouls,
The image of thy love.

2 O may our ſympathiſing breaſts
That generous pleaſure know;
Kindly to ſhare another's joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 Whene'er the helpleſs ſons of want
In low diſtreſs are laid,

Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And ſwift our hands to aid.

4 So Jeſus look'd on wretched man,
When ſeated in the ſkies;
Amidſt the glories of that world,
He felt compaſſion riſe.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raiſe us from the ground;
And ſhed his rich and precious blood,
A balm for every wound.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN LXXIII. *Long Metre.* ♯ or ♭

Humility.

FOLLY builds high upon the ſand;
But lowly let my baſis be;
Firm as a rock, my hope ſhall ſtand,
Deep founded in humility.

2 Content, when threat'ning ills obtrude,
Sweet meek eyed patience arm my ſoul;
And let a prudent fortitude
Teach me my paſſions to control.

3 My God, I long to know thee ſtill,
To love and fear and truſt thee more;
To live ſubmiſſive to thy will,
And whilſt I feel thy grace, adore.

4 My faith and love, obedient be,
O Saviour, to thy juſt commands!
My ardent ſoul ſtill follows thee,
And truſts her intereſt in thy hands.

5 Let love and mercy all divine,
Juſtice deſcending from the ſkies,
Kindneſs and truth my heart incline
Still to forgive my enemies.

2 Silent and ſlow they glide away;
Steady and ſtrong the current flows;
Till loſt in that unmeaſur'd ſea,
From which its being firſt aroſe.

3 The thoughtleſs ſons of Adam's race
Upon the rapid ſtream are borne;
To that unſeen, eternal home,
From which no travellers return.

4 Yet whilſt the ſhore, on either ſide,
Preſents a gaudy, flattering ſhow;
We gaze, in fond amazement loſt,
Nor think to what a world we go.

5 Great Source of wiſdom, teach our hearts
To know the price of every hour;
That time may bear us on to joys,
Beyond its meaſure and its power.

Reformed Liturgy.

HYMN LXXVIII. *Long Metre.*

Gratitude for all Things.

GOD of my life, my thanks to thee
Shall, like my debts, continual be;
In conſtant ſtreams thy bounty flows,
Nor end, nor intermiſſion knows.

2 From thee, my comforts all ariſe,
My numerous wants thy hand ſupplies
Nor can I need or wiſh for more
Than thou canſt furniſh from thy ſtore.

3 If what I aſk, my God denies,
It is becauſe he's good and wiſe;
And what for evils I miſtake,
He can my greateſt bleſſings make.

4 Deep, Lord, upon my thankful breaſt,
Let all thy goodneſs be impreſs'd,

ſpoſe me, each revolving day,
r daily gifts my praiſe to pay.
praiſe I'll ſpend my lateſt breath ;
ıen yield it to the call of death,
hope that thou my fleſh wilt raiſe,
› celebrate thy deathleſs praiſe.

BROWN, with addition.

MN LXXIX. *Long Metre.* ✻

Unceaſing Praiſe.

OD of my life, through all its days
My grateful tongue ſhall ſound thy praiſe ;
ıe ſong ſhall wake with dawning light,
ıd warble to the ſilent night.

'hen anxious cares would break my reſt,
ıd grief would tear my throbbing breaſt,
ıy tuneful praiſes rais'd on high,
ıall check the murmur and the ſigh.

'hen death o'er nature ſhall prevail,
ıd all the powers of language fail,
y through my feeble eyes ſhall break,
ıd *mean* thoſe thanks I cannot ſpeak.

ıt when the final conflict's o'er,
y ſpirit chain'd to fleſh no more ;
'ith what glad accents ſhall I riſe
› join the muſic of the ſkies !

'on ſhall I learn th' exalted ſtrains,
hich echo through the heavenly plains ;
'd emulate, with joy unknown,
e glowing ſeraphs round thy throne.

ıis cheerful tribute will I give,
ıg as a deathleſs ſoul can live ;
work ſo vaſt, a theme ſo high,
mands a whole eternity.

HYMN LXXX. *Common Metre.*

The Myſteries of Providence.

GOD moves in a myſterious way,
His counſels to perform!
He marks his footſteps on the ſea,
And rides upon the ſtorm!

2 Deep, in unfathomable mines
Of never failing ſkill,
He treaſures up his bright deſigns,
And works his ſovereign will,

3 Let fearful ſaints freſh courage take,
The clouds, they ſo much dread,
Are big with mercy, and ſhall break
In bleſſings on their head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble ſenſe,
But truſt him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a ſmiling face.

5 His purpoſes will ripen faſt,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taſte,
But ſweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is ſure to err,
And ſcan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

Cowp

HYMN LXXXI. *Common Metre.*

Divine Providence, and the Folly of ſelf Depende

GOD reigns; events in order flow,
Man's induſtry to guide;
But in a different channel go,
To humble human pride.

ıe ſwift, not always in the race,
Shall win the crowning prize;
)t always wealth and honour grace
The labours of the wiſe.

nd mortals do themſelves beguile,
When on themſelves they reſt;
ınd is their wiſdom, vain their toil,
By thee, O Lord, unbleſt.

is ours, the furrows to prepare,
And ſow the precious grain;
is thine to give the ſun and air,
And to command the rain.

vil and good before thee ſtand,
Their miſſion to perform;
he ſun ſhines bright at thy command;
Thy hand directs the ſtorm,

n all thy ways, we humbly owa
Thy providential power;
Entruſting to thy care alone
The lot of every hour. Scott.

HYMN LXXXII. *Long Metre.* ♯ or ♭

The Fear of God.

1 GREAT Author of all nature's frame,
Holy and reverend is thy name;
Thou, Lord of Life, and Lord of death,
Worlds riſe and vaniſh at thy breath.

Nations, in thine all-ſeeing eye,
Are leſs than nothing, vanity;
Againſt thee who ſhall lift his hand?
Before thy terrors who can ſtand?

But bleſt are they, O gracious Lord,
Who fear thy name, and hear thy word!
Vith ſuch thy dwelling is, on thoſe,
hy peace its joy divine beſtows.

4 Thy wiſdom guides, thy power defend
Their life, till life its journey ends;
Death ſhall convey them to thy ſeat,
Where all thy ſaints in glory meet.

5 O that my ſoul with awful ſenſe
Of thy tranſcendent excellence,
May cloſe the day, the day begin,
Watchful againſt each darling ſin.

6 Never, O never from my heart
May this great principle depart;
But act with unabating power,
Within me to my lateſt hour. &c

HYMN LXXXIII. *Long Metre.*

The Divine Goodneſs imitated.

GREAT Author of th' immortal m
For nobleſt thoughts and views deſi
Make me deſirous to expreſs
The image of thy holineſs.

2 Whilſt I thy boundleſs love admire,
Grant me to catch the ſacred fire;
Thus ſhall my heavenly birth be known,
And as thy child, thou wilt me own.

3 Father, I ſee thy ſun ariſe,
To cheer thy friends and enemies;
And when from heaven thy rain deſcen
Thy bounty both alike befriends.

4 Enlarge my ſoul with love like thine,
My mortal powers by grace refine;
So ſhall I feel another's woe,
And freely feed a hungry foe.

5 I hope for pardon through thy Son,
For all the crimes which I have done;
Then may the grace that pardons me,
Conſtrain me to forgive like thee.

HYMN LXXXIV. *Hallelujah Metre.* ✻

The Houſe of Prayer.

GREAT Father of mankind,
We bleſs that wondrous grace,
Which could for Gentiles find,
Within thy courts, a place.
How kind the care
Our God diſplays,
For us to raiſe
A houſe of prayer!

2 Once we were ſtrangers here,
But now approach the throne;
For Jeſus brings us near,
And makes our cauſe his own.
Strangers no more,
To thee we come;
And find our home,
And reſt ſecure.

3 To thee our ſouls we join,
And love thy ſacred name;
No more our own, but thine,
We triumph in thy claim.
Our Father, King,
Thy covenant grace
Our ſouls embrace
Thy glories ſing.

4 Here in thy houſe we feaſt
On dainties all divine;
And whilſt ſuch food we taſte,
With joy our faces ſhine.
Incenſe ſhall riſe
From flames of love,
And God approve
The ſacrifice.

3 Thou Sun of righteouſneſs, whoſe light
O'erwhelms the higheſt angels ſight,
How ſhall I glance my eye at thee,
In all thy vaſt immenſity!

5 Yet may I be allowed to trace
The diſtant ſhadow of thy face;
As in the pale reflecting moon
We ſee the image of the ſun.

5 In every work thy hands have made,
Thy power and wiſdom are diſplay'd;
But O! what glories all divine,
In my exalted Saviour ſhine!

6 May I enjoy like thoſe above,
The gentle influence of his love;
Enable me my courſe to run,
With the ſame vigour as the ſun.

STENNE

HYMN LXXXVIII. *Common Metre.*

The Spreading of the Goſpel.

GREAT God, the nations of the ear
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy power and glory ſhine.

2 But thy compaſſion, Lord, has ſent
Thy goſpel to mankind;
Unveiling what rich ſtores of grace
Are treaſur'd in thy mind.

3 Lord, when ſhall theſe glad tidings ſpr
The ſpacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every ſoul
Shall hear the joyful ſound?

4 O when ſhall Afric's ſable ſons
Enjoy the heavenly word;
And long in ſlavery held, become
The freemen of the Lord?

hen ſhall the ſavage wandering tribes,
A dark bewilder'd race,
down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn his ſaving grace?

ıſte, ſovereign mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love;
ften the tyger to a lamb,
The vulture to a dove.

ıile, Lord, on each ſincere attempt
To ſpread the goſpel's rays;
ıd build in every heathen land
A temple to thy praiſe. RIPPON's Coll.

YMN LXXXIX. *Common Metre.* ♭

Truſt in God.

REAT Source of boundleſs power and graee!
Attend my mournful cry;
the dark hour of deep diſtreſs,
To thee alone I fly.

ou art my ſtrength, my life, my ſtay;
Aſſiſt my feeble truſt;
ive theſe diſtreſſing fears away,
And raiſe me from the duſt.

.n would I call thy grace to mind,
And truſt thy glorious name;
ıovah, powerful, wiſe, and kind,
Forever is the ſame.

ıy preſence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
When earthly comforts die;
ıy voice can bid my pains depart,
And raiſe my pleaſures high.

:re let me reſt, on thee depend,
My God, my hope, my all;
:hou my everlaſting friend,
nd I ſhall never fall. SMART.

HYMN XC. *Long Metre.* ※

Praiſe for common Mercies.

GREAT Source of life, our ſouls confeſs
The various riches of thy grace;
Crown'd with thy mercies, we rejoice,
And in thy praiſe exalt our voice.

2 By thee heaven's ſhining arch was ſpread
By thee were earth's foundations laid;
All the delights of our abode
Proclaim the wiſe, the powerful God.

3 Thy tender hand reſtores our breath,
When trembling on the verge of death;
Gently it wipes away our tears,
And lengthens life to future years.

4 Theſe lives are ſacred to the Lord,
By thee upheld, by thee reſtor'd;
And whilſt our hours renew their race,
Still we would walk before thy face.

5 So, when our ſouls by thee are led
Through unknown regions of the dead,
With joy triumphant, they ſhall move
To ſeats of nobler life above.

DODDRID

HYMN XCI. *Long Metre.* ※ or ♭

Religion vain without Love.

HAD I tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler ſpeech than angels uſe,
If love be abſent, I am found,
Like tinkling braſs, an empty ſound.

2 Were I inſpir'd to preach, and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

Should I diſtribute all my ſtore
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name;
Love to God, and love to men
Be abſent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

WATTS.

HYMN XCII. *Common Metre.* ✻

The God of Nature.

HAIL, King ſupreme, all wiſe and good
To thee our thoughts we raiſe;
Whilſt nature's lovely charms, diſplay'd,
Inſpire our ſouls with praiſe.

At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Thy works engage our view;
And as we gaze, our hearts exult
With tranſports ever new.

Thy glory beams in every ſtar
Which gilds the gloom of night;
And decks the riſing face of morn
With rays of cheering light.

Th' aſpiring hill, the verdant lawn
With thouſand beauties ſhine;
The vocal grove and cooling ſhade
Proclaim thy power divine.

From tree to tree, a conſtant hymn
Employs the feather'd throng;
To thee their cheerful notes they ſwell,
And chant their grateful ſong.

Great nature's God! ſtill may theſe ſcenes
Our ſerious hours engage;
Still may our wondering eyes peruſe
Thy works' inſtructive page.

YMN XCIII. *Particular Metre.*

Praiſe to our Redeemer.

1 HAIL, thou once deſpiſed Jeſus!
Thou didſt free ſalvation bring;
By thy death thou didſt releaſe us
From the tyrant's deadly ſting.

2 Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our ſin and ſhame!
By thy merits we find favour,
Life is given through thy name.

3 Paſchal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our ſins on thee were laid;
Great High Prieſt by God anointed,
Thou haſt full atonement made!

4 Contrite ſinners are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood:
Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made with man and God.

5 Jeſus hail! enthron'd in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hoſts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's ſide.

6 There for ſinners thou art pleading,
There thou doſt our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in heaven we appear.

7 Glory, honour, power and bleſſing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudeſt praiſes, without ceaſing,
Meet it is for us to give.

8 Help, ye bright angelic ſpirits,
Lend your loudeſt, nobleſt lays;
Join to ſing our Saviour's merits,
To celebrate his praiſe.

HYMN XCIV *Common Metre.* ※ or ♭

Early Religion.

HAPPY is he, whoſe early years
Receive inſtruction well;
Who hates the ſinners path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

Our youth devoted to the Lord,
Is pleaſing in his eyes;
A flower when offered in the bud
Is no vain ſacrifice.

'Tis eaſier work, if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
While ſinners who grow old in ſin,
Are harden'd in their crimes.

He ſaves us from a thouſand fears,
To mind religion young;
With joys it crowns ſucceeding years,
And renders virtue ſtrong.

To thee, almighty God, to thee
Our hearts we now reſign;
Will pleaſe us to look back and ſee
That our whole lives were thine.

We'll do thy work, we'll ſpeak thy praiſe,
Whilſt we have life and breath;
Thus we're prepar'd for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

WATTS.

HYMN XCV. *Long Metre.* ※

The Glory and Defence of the Church.

HAPPY the Church! thou ſacred place,
The ſeat of thy Creator's grace!
Thy holy courts are his abode,
And earthly palace of our God.

" To arm you with ſuperior ſtrength,
" And melt your hearts to love.

6 " Come, whilſt my offers laſt,
" Ye ſinners, and be wiſe;
" He lives who hears this friendly cal
" But he that ſlights it, dies."

DODDI

HYMN CI. *Common Metre.*

The Saviour's Commiſſion.

HARK, the glad ſound! the Saviour
The Saviour promis'd long;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And every voice a ſong.

2 On him, the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his ſacred fire;
Wiſdom and power, and zeal and lov
His holy breaſt inſpire.

3 He comes, from thickeſt films of vice
To clear the mental ſight;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celeſtial light.

4 He comes, the broken heart to heal,
The bleeding ſoul to cure;
And with the treaſures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

5 He comes, the priſoners to releaſe,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of braſs before him burſt;
The iron fetters yield.

6 His ſilver trumpet loud proclaims
The Lord's accepted year;
Our debts are all remitted now;
Our heritage is clear.

Our glad hoſannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome ſhall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CII. *Common Metre.* ※

The Chriſtian Warriour animated.

HARK! 'tis our heavenly Leader's voice,
From the bright realms above!
Amidſt the war's tumultuous rage,
A voice of power and love.

2 "Maintain the fight, my faithful band,
"Nor fear the mortal blow;
"He that in ſuch a warfare dies,
"Shall ſpeedy victory know.

3 "I have my days of combat known,
"And in the duſt was laid;
"But now I ſit upon my throne,
"And glory crowns my head.

4 "This throne, this glory ſhall be yours,
"My hands the crown ſhall give;
"And you the bleſt reward ſhall ſhare,
"Whilſt God himſelf ſhall live."

5 Lord, 'tis enough, our ſouls are fir'd
With courage and with love;
Vain are th' aſſaults of earth and hell,
Our hopes are fix'd above.

6 We'll trace the footſteps thou haſt trod,
To triumph and renown;
Nor ſhun thy combat and thy croſs,
May we but wear thy crown.

Altered from DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CIII. *Common Metre.*

Walking in Darkneſs, and truſting in God.

HEAR, gracious God, my humble moan;
To thee I breathe my ſighs;
When will the tedious night be gone?
And when the dawn ariſe?

2 My God! O could I make the claim,
My Father and my Friend!
And call thee mine, by every name
On which thy ſaints depend!

3 By every name of power and love,
I would thy grace entreat;
Nor ſhould my humble hope remove,
Nor leave thy ſacred ſeat.

4 Yet though my ſoul in darkneſs mourns,
Thy word is all my ſtay;
Here will I reſt till light returns,
Thy preſence make my day.

5 Speak, Lord, and bid celeſtial peace
Relieve my aching heart;
Thy love can make my ſorrow ceaſe,
And all the gloom depart.

6 Then ſhall my drooping ſpirit riſe,
And bleſs thy healing rays;
And change theſe deep complaining ſighs
To ſongs of ſacred praiſe.

Mrs. Steele.

HYMN CIV *Common Metre.*

The Angels' ſong at the Birth of Chriſt.

HIGH let us ſwell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic ſong;
For ſuch a theme does leſs to them,
Than to the ſaints, belong.

ood will is ſhown to ſinful men,
And peace on earth is given ;
r lo ! the promis'd Saviour comes,
With meſſages from heaven.

ercy and truth, in ſweet accord,
His riſing beams adorn ;
ſtice and peace in concert join,
Now ſuch a child is born.

lory to God ! in higheſt ſtrains,
In higheſt worlds be paid ;
is glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives diſplay'd.

hen ſhall we reach thoſe happy realms,
Where Chriſt exalted reigns !
nd learn of the celeſtial choir
Their own immortal ſtrains !

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CV. *Common Metre.* ※

The Reſurrection and Aſcenſion of Chriſt.

HOSANNA to the Prince of life,
Who cloth'd himſelf in clay ;
nter'd the gloomy ſhades of death,
And roſe to endleſs day.

eath is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel roſe ;
e took the monſter's ſting away,
And cruſh'd our helliſh foes.

ee how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies !
ith ſcars of honor in his fleſh,
And triumph in his eyes.

here our exalted Saviour reigns,
A prieſt upon his throne ;
id to ſupply his place on earth,
He ſent his ſpirit down.

5 Raiſe your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach that bleſt abode;
Let heaven and earth with praiſe reſound
To the immortal God.

Altered from WATTS.

HYMN CVI. *Common Metre.* ✻

Preſervation at Sea and in foreign Countries.

HOW are thy ſervants bleſt, O Lord,
How ſure is their defence!
Eternal wiſdom is our guide,
Our help Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes we paſs unhurt,
And breathe infected air.

3 Thy mercy ſweetens every ſoil;
Makes every region pleaſe;
The hoary frozen hills it warms,
And ſmooths the boiſterous ſea.

4 Think, O my ſoul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes,
Thou ſaw'ſt the wild extended deep,
In all its horrors riſe.

5 Confuſion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart;
When waves on waves, and gulfs in gulfs
O'ercame the pilot's art.

6 Yet then, from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſet me free;
Whilſt in the confidence of prayer,
My hope repos'd on thee.

7 The ſtorm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will;
The ſea that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was ſtill.

midſt of dangers and of death,
Thy goodneſs I'll adore;
I praiſe thee for thy mercies paſt,
And humbly hope for more.

(Suppoſed) ADDISON.

HYMN CVII. *Short Metre.* ✻

Bleſſings of the Goſpel.

OW beauteous are their feet,
Who ſtand on Zion's hill;
ao bring ſalvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

w charming is their voice;
How glad the tidings are!
on behold their Saviour king,
He reigns and triumphs here!

ow happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful ſound,
hich kings and prophets waited for,
And ſought, but never found!

ow bleſſed are our eyes,
That ſee this heavenly light!
rophets and kings deſir'd it long,
But died without the ſight.

he watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
ruſalem breaks forth in ſongs,
And deſerts learn the joy.

he Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad;
et every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

WATTS.

HYMN CVIII. *Short Metre.* ✻

Family discipline received with Meekness.

HOW gracious and how wiſe,
is our chaſtiſing God!
How rich the bloſſoms and the fruit
Of his correcting rod.

2 He takes it in his hand,
With pity in his heart;
That every ſtroke his children feel
May grace and peace impart.

3 Inſtructed thus, we bow,
And own thy ſovereign ſway;
We turn our erring footſteps back
To thy forſaken way.

4 Thy promis'd love we ſeek,
And ſtrengthen all the bands,
Which cloſer ſtill engage our hearts
To honor thy commands.

5 Our Father, we conſent
To diſcipline divine;
And bleſs the pains which make our ſouls
Still more completely thine.

DODDRID.

HYMN CX. *Common Metre.* ✻

The Song of Moſes and the Lamb

HOW great thy works, almighty God!
Who ſhall not fear thy name!
How juſt and true are all thy ways,
Thou Son of God, the Lamb!

2 More haſt thou done than Moſes did,
Our prophet, prieſt and king;
From ſin thou haſt redeem'd our ſouls,
And from death's poiſonous ſting.

ed Sea, by Moſes' hand,
gyptian hoſt was drown'd;
thy blood, our ſouls are cleans'd,
guilt no more is found.

hrough the deſart Iſrael went,
manna they were fed;
u haſt given thy fleſh to eat,
call'd it living bread.

eheld the promis'd land,
ever reach'd the place;
u ſhalt bring thy followers home,
e thy Father's face.

ty praiſe, O King of Saints,
every nation ſing;
ſhall Jew and Gentile race
r humble offerings bring.

ing wall ſhall intervene;
with united ſoul,
oice ſhall join in ſongs of praiſe,
ſt endleſs ages roll.

WATTS, altered.

MN CX. *Common Metre.* ※

The Safety of the Church.

W honourable is the place
Vhere we adoring ſtand!
he glory of the earth,
beauty of the land.

ks of mighty grace defend
city where we dwell;
lls, of ſtrong ſalvation made,
the aſſaults of hell.

the everlaſting gates,
oors wide open fling;

Enter, ye nations, who obey
The ſtatutes of our King.

Here ſhall you taſte unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You, who have known Jehovah's name,
And taſted of his grace.

5 Truſt in the Lord, forever truſt,
And baniſh all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

WAT

HYMN CXI. *Common Metre.*

The Bleſſings of Abraham.

HOW large the promiſe, how divine
To Abrah'm and his ſeed!
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
"Supplying all their need."

2 The words of thy extenſive love
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the cov'nant proves
And ſeals the bleſſings ſure.

3 Jeſus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers giv'n;
He takes young children in his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God! how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the ſame;
Nor from the promiſe of his grace,
Blots out the children's name.

WA

HYMN CXII. *Common Metre.*

The Reſurrection.

HOW long ſhall death the tyran
And triumph o'er the juſt!

Whilſt the rich blood of my Redeemer flam,
Lies mingled with the duſt!

Let faith arife and climb the hills,
The Saviour to deſcry;
And view his diſtant chariot wheels
And tell how faſt they fly.

Lo, faith beholds the ſcatter'd ſhades!
The dawn of heaven appears!
And the bright morning gently ſpreads
Its bluſhes round the ſpheres.

Faith ſees the Lord of Glory come,
His flaming guards around!
The ſkies divide to make him room,
His trumpet ſhakes the ground.

He hears the voice, "ye dead, ariſe!"
She ſees the graves obey!
And waking ſaints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.

They leave the duſt, and on the wing
Surmount the yielding air;
Their ſhining garments meet their King,
And bow before him there.

O! may we then among them ſtand,
Cloth'd in celeſtial white;
The meaneſt place at his right hand
Gives infinite delight.

WATTS.

HYMN CXIII. *Common Metre.* ♯ or ♭

Pardoning Mercy.

HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord!
How oft my erring thoughts depart,
Forgetful of thy word!

2 Yet ſovereign mercy cries "return,"
Lord, at thy call, I come;
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home.

3 And canſt thou, wilt thou yet forgive;
And all my crimes remove?
And ſhall a pardon'd rebel live,
To ſpeak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious! how divine!
That can to life and bliſs reſtore
So vile a heart as mine!

5 Thy pard'ning love, forever free,
With rapture I adore;
Lord, I devote myſelf to thee,
And long to love thee more.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN CXIV. *Long Metre.*

The Goſpel Feaſt.

HOW rich are thy proviſions, Lord!
Thy table furniſh'd from above;
The fruits of life o'erſpread the board;
The cup o'erflows with heavenly love.

2 Thine ancient family, the Jews,
Were firſt invited to the feaſt;
We humbly take what they refuſe,
And Gentiles, thy ſalvation taſte.

3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far and death was nigh;
Yet, at the goſpel call, we came,
And every want receiv'd ſupply.

4 From the highway that leads to hell,
From paths of darkneſs and deſpair,

rd, we are come with thee to dwell,
lad to enjoy thy preſence here.

hat ſhall we pay our heavenly Friend,
ho left the ſky, his bleſt abode,
nd did to this low earth deſcend,
o bring us wanderers back to God?

ur everlaſting love is due
o him, who pitied ſinners loſt!
nd paid our ranſom, when he knew
is precious life muſt be the coſt.

WATTS.

HYMN CXV. *Common Metre.* ※

Rich Treaſure in Earthen Veſſels.

OW rich thy bounty, King of kings!
Thy favours how divine!
ie bleſſings which thy goſpel brings,
How ſplendidly they ſhine!

ld is but droſs and gems but toys;
Should gold and gems compare,
ow mean! when ſet againſt thoſe joys
Thy pooreſt ſervants ſhare.

t all theſe treaſures of thy grace
Are lodg'd in urns of clay,
id the weak ſons of mortal race
Th' immortal gifts convey.

ebly they liſp thy glories forth,
Yet grace the victory gives;
ickly they moulder back to earth,
Yet ſtill the goſpel lives.

ch wonders power divine effects;
Such *trophies* God can raiſe;
hand from crumbling duſt erects
His monuments of praiſe.

Salisbury Collection.

HYMN CXVI. *Common Metre.*

The Frailty and Folly of Man.

HOW ſhort and haſty is our life!
How vaſt our ſouls' affairs!
Yet fooliſh mortals vainly ſtrive
To laviſh out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtleſsly along,
Without a moment's ſtay;
Juſt like a ſtory or a ſong,
We paſs our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedleſs on;
And ever haſtening to the tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.

4 Draw us, O God, with ſovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high;
That we may end this mortal race,
And ſee ſalvation nigh.

WAT.

HYMN CXVII. *Common Metre.*

God's Juſtice and Power. Job. ix. 2, 10.

HOW ſhould the ſons of Adam's race
Be juſt before their God!
If he contend in righteouſneſs,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 To vindicate my words and thoughts,
I'll make no vain pretence;
Not one of all my numerous faults
Can bear a juſt defence.

3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wiſe;
What vain preſumers dare
Againſt their Maker's power to riſe,
And impious war declare.

untains, by his almighty wrath,
From their old ſeats are torn;
ſhakes the pillows of the earth,
And all the nations mourn.

rough the wide air, the mighty rocks
Are ſwift as hail-ſtones thrown;
hilſt *Etna* pours, with horrid ſhocks,
Her melted entrails down.

: bids the ſun forbear to riſe,
The obedient ſun forbears;
s hand with darkneſs ſpreads the ſkies,
And ſeals up all the ſtars.

: walks upon the ſtormy ſea,
And rides upon the wind;
› fleſh can trace his wondrous way,
Nor his dark footſteps find.

et, mighty God, thy ſovereign grace
Sits regent on the throne,
ne refuge of thy choſen race,
When wrath comes ruſhing down.

WATTS, with variation.

YMN CXVIII. *Common Metre.* ♯ or ♭

The Goſpel Feaſt.

OW ſweet and awful is the place,
With Chriſt within the doors;
ere everlaſting love diſplays
The choiceſt of her ſtores!

hilſt all our hearts and all our ſongs
Join to admire the feaſt;
ich of us ſay, with thankful tongues,
"Lord, why was I gueſt?

Why was I made to hear thy voice,
"*And enter* whilſt there's room,
When thouſands make a wretched choice,
And rather ſtarve than come?"

4 'Twas the ſame love that ſpread the feaſt,
Which gently drew us in;
Or we had ſtill refus'd to taſte,
And periſh'd in our ſin.

5 Pity the nations, O our Lord,
Compel the Jews to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring thy people home.

6 We long to ſee thy churches full,
That all the choſen race
May with one voice, and heart, and ſoul
Sing thy redeeming grace.

WATT

HYMN CXIX. *Particular Metre.*

The Beauties of the Spring.

HOW ſweetly along the gay mead
The daiſies and cowſlips are ſeen!
The flocks, as they careleſsly feed,
Rejoice in the beautiful green!

2 The vines that encircle the bowers,
The herbage that ſprings from the ſod,
Trees, plants, cooling fruits and ſweet flowers
All riſe to the praiſe of my God.

3 Shall man, the great maſter of all,
The only inſenſible prove?
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call,
Forbid it, devotion and love.

4 The Lord who ſuch wonders can raiſe,
And ſtill can deſtroy with a nod,
My lips ſhall inceſſantly praiſe,
My ſoul ſhall rejoice in my God.

HYMN CXX. *Long Metre.* ※ or ♭

Juſtice.

F high or low our ſtation be,
Of noble or ignoble name;
uncorrupt integrity,
hy bleſſing, Lord, we humbly claim.

he upright man no want ſhall fear;
hy providence ſhall be his truſt;
hou wilt provide his portion here,
hou friend and guardian of the juſt.

ay we, with moſt ſincere delight,
o all, the teſt of duty pay;
nder of every ſocial right,
bedient to thy righteous ſway.

ich virtue thou wilt not forget,
that bleſt world, where virtue ſhares
fit reward, though not of debt,
ut what thy boundleſs grace prepares.

Reformed Liturgy.

HYMN CXXI. *Short Metre.* ♭

Compaſſion and Forgiveneſs.

HEAR the voice of woe!
I hear a brother's ſigh!
hen let my heart with pity flow,
With tears of love mine eye.

I hear the thirſty cry!
The hungry beg for bread!
hen let my ſpring its ſtream ſupply,
My hand its bounty ſhed.

he debtor humbly ſues,
Who would, but cannot pay;
nd ſhall I lenity refuſe,
Who need it every day?

4 Shall not my wrath relent,
Touch'd by that humble ſtrain,
My brother crying, "I repent,
"Nor will offend again!"

5 If not, how ſhall I dare
Appear before thy face,
Great God, and how preſent the prayer
For thy forgiving grace?

6 They who forgive, ſhall find
Remiſſion, in that day,
When all the merciful and kind
Thy pity ſhall repay.

7 But all who here below
Mercy refuſe to grant,
Shall judgment without mercy know,
When mercy moſt they want.

ENFIELD.

HYMN CXXII *Common Metre.*

Not aſhamed of the Goſpel.

I'M not aſham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cauſe;
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his croſs.

2 Jeſus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my truſt;
Nor will he put my ſoul to ſhame,
Nor let my hope be loſt.

3 Firm as his throne, his promiſe ſtands,
And he can well ſecure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the deciſive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthleſs name
Before his Father's face;

And in the New Jeruſalem
Appoint my ſoul a place.

WATTS.

HYMN CXXIII. *Short Metre.* ※ or ♭

The Love of Truth.

IMPOSTURE ſhrinks from light,
And dreads the curious eye;
But Chriſtian truths the teſt invite,
They bid us ſearch and try.

2 A meek inquiring mind,
Lord, help us to maintain;
That growing knowledge we may find,
And growing virtue gain.

3 With underſtanding bleſt,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not reſt,
Subject to none but thee.

4 Give us the light we need,
Our minds with knowledge fill;
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice, our will.

5 The truth thou ſhalt impart,
May we with firmneſs own,
Abhorring each evaſive art,
And fearing thee alone.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CXXIV. *Common Metre.* ※

A Song of Praiſe.

INDULGENT Father, how divine,
How bright thy glories are!
Through nature's ample round they ſhine,
Thy goodneſs to declare.

2 But, in the nobler work of grace,
What winning mercy ſmiles
In my divine Redeemer's face,
And every fear beguiles.

3 Such wonders, Lord, will I ſurvey,
To thee, my thanks ſhall riſe,
When morning uſhers in the day,
Or evening veils the ſkies.

4 When glimmering life reſigns its flame,
Thy praiſe ſhall tune my breath;
The ſweet remembrance of thy name
Shall gild the ſhades of death.

5 But, O how bleſt my ſong ſhall riſe,
When freed from feeble clay;
And all thy glories meet thine eyes,
In one eternal day.

6 Not ſeraphs who reſound thy name
Through the etherial plains,
Shall glow with a diviner flame,
Or raiſe ſublimer ſtrains.

SOWDEN

HYMN CXXV. *Common Metre.*

An Evening Hymn.

INDULGENT God, whoſe bounteous c
O'er all thy works is ſhown,
O let my grateful praiſe and prayer
Ariſe before thy throne.

2 What mercies has this day beſtow'd!
How largely haſt thou bleſt!
My cup with plenty overflow'd,
With cheerfulneſs my breaſt.

3 Now may ſoft ſlumbers cloſe my eyes,
From pain and ſickneſs free;

d let my waking thoughts ariſe,
o meditate on thee.

as bleſs each future day and night,
ill life's vain ſcene is o'er ;
then, to realms of endleſs light,
let my ſpirit ſoar.

Liverpool Collection.

MN CXXVI. *Common Metre.* b

Looking to Him whom we have pierced.

FINITE grief ! amazing woe !
Behold our bleeding Lord ;
and the Jews conſpir'd his death,
nd us'd the Roman ſword.

he ſharp pangs of pain and grief,
hat our Redeemer bore ;
en ſcourging whips and pointed thorns
is ſacred body tore !

ſcourging whips and pointed thorns
vain do we accuſe !
ain we blame the Roman bands,
nd the more ſpiteful Jews.

ſins, alas, our cruel ſins,
is chief tormentors were ;
of our crimes became a nail,
nd unbelief the ſpear.

ce, mighty grace, our flinty ſouls,
ill melting waters flow ;
deep contrition drown our eyes,
undiſſembled woe. WATTS.

flowing tears cannot ſuffice,
o make repentance ſure ;
let our hearts be purified,
Chriſt the Lord is pure. (Added)

HYMN CXXVII. *Short Metre.* ✻ or

Baptiſm by Immerſion.

IN ſuch a grave at this,
The meek Redeemer lay,
When he our ſouls to ſeek and ſave,
Learn'd humbly to obey.

2 See, how the ſpotleſs Lamb
Deſcends into the ſtream,
And teaches us to imitate
What him ſo well became.

3 Let ſinners waſh away
Their ſins of crimſon die;
Buried with him, their vileſt ſins
Shall in oblivion lie.

4 Riſe, and aſcend with him,
A heavenly life to lead;
Who came to ranſom guilty men
From regions of the dead.

5 Lord, ſee the ſinner's tears!
Hear his repenting cry!
Speak, and his contrite heart ſhall live;
Speak, and his ſins ſhall die.

6 Speak, with that mighty voice,
Which ſhall hereafter ſpread
Its ſummons through the earth and ſea,
To raiſe the ſleeping dead.

STENNE

HYMN CXXVIII. *Common Metre.* ✻ or

God our Portion. Pſalm iv. 6, 7.

IN vain the erring world inquires
For true ſubſtantial good;
Whilſt earth confines their low deſires,
They live on airy food.

2 Illuſive dreams of happineſs
Their eager thoughts employ;
They wake, convinc'd their boaſted bliſs
Was viſionary joy.

3 Not all the good which earth beſtows,
Can fill the craving mind;
Its higheſt joys have mingled woes,
And leave a ſting behind.

4 Be gone, ye gilded vanities!
I ſeek ſome ſolid good!
To real bliſs my wiſhes riſe,
The favour of my God.

5 To thee, my God, my ſoul aſpires;
Diſpel theſe ſhades of night;
Enlarge and fill theſe vaſt deſires
With infinite delight.

6 Immortal joy thy ſmiles impart,
Heaven dawns in every ray;
One glimpſe of thee will glad my heart,
And turn my night to day.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CXXIX. *Common Metre.* ♯ or ♭

The Convenant of Grace.

IN vain we laviſh out our lives,
To gather empty wind;
The choiceſt bleſſings earth can yield
Will ſtarve a hungry mind.

2 But God can every want ſupply,
And fill our hearts with peace;
He gives by covenant and by oath
The riches of his grace.

Pardon he ſpeaks to contrite ſouls,
This is the joyful ſound,
" Your ſins ſhall ſink beneath the ſea,
" And ſhall no more be found.

4 " And leſt pollution ſhould o'erſpread
" Your inward powers again,
" My ſpirit ſhall bedew your ſouls,
" Like purifying rain.

5 " Your ſtony hearts I'll take away,
" That will not be refin'd ;
" And put within you tender hearts,
" To my bleſt will inclin'd.

6 " On them my Spirit ſhall engrave
" The precepts of my law ;
" And by the gentle cords of love
" Your willing ſouls ſhall draw."

7 Lord, we receive thy pardoning grace,
We yield to thy commands ;
Thou art our God, and we are thine,
In everlaſting bands.

WATTS, with Variation and Addi

HYMN CXXX. *Long Metre.* ℳc

Chriſt the Way to God.

IN vain would boaſting reaſon find
The way to happineſs and God ;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a doubtful road.

2 Jeſus, no other name but thine,
Is given by everlaſting love,
To lead our ſouls to joys divine ;
No other name will God approve.

3 Eternal life thy words impart,
On theſe, my fainting ſpirit live

iner comforts cheer my heart
n all the power of nature gives.

whom but thee ſhall mortals go,
ind the true and living way,
t leads us through this world of woe
the bright realms of endleſs day.

e let my conſtant feet abide,
from the heavenly way depart!
thy good Spirit be my guide,
ect my ſteps, and rule my heart.

hee, my great almighty Friend,
ſafety dwells, and peace divine;
thee alone my hopes depend,
life, eternal life is thine.

MRS. STEELE.

MN CXXXI. *Long Metre.* ※

The Bleſſing of the Goſpel.

arious forms, to ſaints of old,
od did his mind and will unfold;
Chriſt, commiſſion'd from above,
h now reveal'd his grace and love.

read the volume of thy word,
t book of life, that true record;
bright inheritance of heaven
y this ſure conveyance given.

kindeſt thoughts are here expreſt;
e to make us wiſe and bleſt;
doctrines are divinely true,
for reproof and comfort too.

render thanks to God above,
his *rich grace* and boundleſs love;
ll mankind receive his word,
every nation bleſs the Lord.

HYMN CXXXII. *Common Metre.*

Praiſe for Creation and Providence.

I SING the mighty power of God,
That made the mountains riſe;
That ſpread the flowing ſeas abroad,
And built the lofty ſkies.

2 I ſing the wiſdom that ordain'd
The ſun to rule the day;
The moon ſhines full at his command,
And all the ſtars obey.

3 I ſing the goodneſs of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food:
He form'd the creatures by his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

4 Lord, how thy wonders are diſplay'd,
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I ſurvey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the ſky!

5 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known;
The clouds ariſe and tempeſts blow,
By order from thy throne.

6 Creatures, as numerous as they be,
Are ſubject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is preſent there.

WATTS.

HYMN CXXXIII. *Common Metre.*

Chriſt precious in Life and Death.

JESUS, I love thy glorious name;
'Tis muſic to my ear;
Fain would I ſound it out ſo loud,
That heaven and earth might hear.

es, thou art precious to my ſoul,
My treaſure and my truſt;
wels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is fordid duſt.

ll my capacious powers can wiſh,
In thee doth richly meet;
ot to my eyes is light ſo dear,
Nor friendſhip half ſo ſweet.

hy grace ſtill dwells upon my heart,
And ſheds its fragrance there;
he richeſt balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

ll ſpeak the honours of thy name
With my laſt labouring breath;
hen, ſpeechleſs, give my ſoul to thee,
The antidote of death.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CXXXIV. *Long Metre.* ♯ or ♭

The Memorial of our abſent Lord.

ESUS is gone above the ſky,
Where our weak ſenſes reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eye,
To thruſt our Saviour from our thought.

He knows what wandering hearts we have,
How weak our faith and hope might prove;
And, to refreſh our mind, he gave
This kind memorial of his love.

The Lord of life this table ſpread,
With his own fleſh and dying blood;
We on the rich proviſion feed,
And taſte the wine, and bleſs our God.

Let ſinful ſweets be all forgot,
And earth grow leſs in our eſteem;

Chriſt and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

5 Whilſt he is abſent from our ſight,
'Tis to prepare our ſouls a place:
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live forever near his face.

W4

HYMN CXXXV. *Common Metre.*

Relieving Chriſt in his Saints.

JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties, how complete!
How ſhall I count the matchleſs ſum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light,
Doſt thou exalted ſhine;
What can my poverty beſtow
When all the world is thine?

3 But thou haſt brethren here below,
Partakers of thy grace;
And wilt confeſs their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou may'ſt be cloth'd and fed,
And viſited and cheer'd;
And, in their accents of diſtreſs,
My Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
I in thy poor would ſee;
Lord, I would rather beg my bread,
Than hold it back from thee.

Doddridge.

N CXXXVI. *Common Metre.* ✻

Redemption.

, th' eternal Son of God,
m heavenly powers obey,
)ſom of his Father left,
l enter'd human clay.

ır ſinful world he came,
meſſenger of grace;
n the curſed tree expir'd,
ictim in our place.

reſſors of the deepeſt ſtain,
im ſalvation find;
ood removes the fouleſt guilt;
Spirit heals the mind.

:ſus ſaves from ſin and death,
promiſes are ſure;
n this rock our ſouls may reſt,
noveably ſecure.

heſe tidings be receiv'd
th univerſal joy;
et the high angelic praiſe
r tuneful powers employ.

to God, who gave his Son,
bear our ſhame and pain;
e peace on earth, and grace to man,
rough all ſucceſſion reign.

GIBBONS.

IN CXXXVII. *Long Metre.* ✻

The Union of Chriſt and his Church.

S, thou everlaſting King,
ept the tribute which we bring;
t the well deſerv'd renown,
ear our praiſes as thy crown.

2 Let every act of homage be
Like our eſpouſals, Lord, to thee;
Like the bleſt hour, when from above
We firſt receiv'd thy pledge of love.

3 The gladneſs of that happy day,
Our hearts would wiſh it long to ſtay;
Let not our faith forſake its hold,
Nor comfort ſink, nor love grow cold.

4 May every minute, as it flies,
Increaſe thy praiſe, improve our joys;
Till we are raiſed to ſing thy name,
At the great ſupper of the Lamb.

WATTS.

HYMN CXXXVIII. *Common Metre.*

The compaſſionate Call of Chriſt. Matt. xxiii. 37.

JESUS the friend of ſinners, calls,
With pity in his eyes;
And warns them of the dangerous foes
That all around them riſe.

2 "Fly to the refuge of my arms,
"And dwell ſecure from fear;
"No enemy ſhall pluck you hence
"No weapon wound you here."

3 With anxious heart, the parent bird
Thus calls her offspring round;
When furious vultures beat the air,
And ſlaughter ſtains the ground,

4 The trembling brood, by nature taught,
Fly to the known retreat;
Beneath her downy wings are ſafe,
And find the ſhelter ſweet.

5 Shall men, alas! more thoughtleſs men
Refuſe to lend an ear;

Their only refuge madly ſhun,
And rather die than hear?

No, let us take the offer'd grace,
Leſt we his wrath inflame;
For bleſt are they who put their truſt
In his almighty name.

Altered from DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CXXXIX. *Common Metre.* ※ or ♭

Chriſt the Head of his Church.

JESUS, we ſing thy matchleſs grace,
That calls ſuch worms thy own;
Gives us among thy ſaints a place,
And brings us near thy throne.

When join'd to thee, our vital head,
Our virtues grow and thrive;
From thee divided each is dead,
Though it may ſeem alive.

Thy ſaints on earth, and thoſe above,
All join in ſweet accord;
The body one, in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord.

O may our humble faith receive
Thy Spirit with delight;
Then time and death in vain ſhall ſtrive
The bond to diſunite.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CXL. *Hallelujah Metre.* ※

The Offices and Names of Chriſt.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wiſdom and of power
That ever mortals knew,
That ever angels bore;

All are too mean To ſpeak his worth,
Or ſet Immanuel's Glory forth.

2 Great *Prophet* of our God,
Our ſouls would bleſs thy name;
By thee, the joyful news
Of our ſalvation came.
The joyful news Of ſins forgiven,
Of hell ſubdued, And peace with Heav

3 Jeſus our great *High-Prieſt*
Hath ſhed his blood, and died;
Our guilty conſcience ſeeks
No ſacrifice beſide.
His precious blood Did once atone,
And now he pleads Before the throne

4 Our great almighty *Lord*,
Our *Saviour*, and our *King*,
Thy ſceptre and thy ſword,
Thy reigning grace we ſing.
Thine is the power, Behold we ſit,
Thy willing captives, At thy feet.

5 We hear our *Shepherd's* voice,
His watchful eyes ſhall keep
Our wandering ſouls among
Ten thouſands of his ſheep.
He feeds his flock, He knows their nam
His boſom bears The tender lambs.

6 Should the proud hoſt of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their moſt dreadful forms
Of rage and malice on,
We ſhall be ſafe, For Chriſt diſplays
Superior power, And guardian grac
We

HYMN CXLI. *Common Metre.* ♯ or ♭

Divine Counſels.

KEEP ſilence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod!
My ſoul ſtands trembling, whilſt ſhe ſings
The honours of her God.

2 Life, death and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on his firm decree;
He ſits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 Before his throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men;
With every angel's form and ſize,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counſels ſhine;
Each opening leaf, and every ſtroke
Fulfils ſome kind deſign.

5 Here he exalts neglected worms
To ſceptres and a crown;
And then the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

6 No creature aſks the reaſon why,
Nor God the reaſon gives;
No favourite angel dares to pry
Between the folded leaves.

7 My God, I would not wiſh to ſee
My fate with curious eyes;
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright ſcenes may riſe.

8 *In thy fair book* of life and grace,
May I but find my name,

Recorded in ſome humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

WATTS.

HYMN CXLII. *Common Metre.*

The Scriptures.

LADEN with guilt and full of fears,
I come to thee, my Lord;
For not a ray of hope appears
But in thy holy word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief aſſuage;
There I behold my Saviour's face
In every ſacred page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
Then bleſt is he who wiſely tries
To make that pearl his own.

4 Here living water gently flows,
To waſh me from my ſin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

5 This is the judge that ends the ſtrife,
Where ſenſe and reaſon fail;
My guide to everlaſting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

6 May thy wiſe counſels, O my God,
Theſe roving feet command;
Leſt I forſake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

WATTS, varied

HYMN CXLIII. *Common Metre.* ♯ or ♭

In a Thunder Storm.

LET coward guilt with pallid fear,
To ſheltering caverns fly,
And juſtly dread the vengeful fate
Which thunders through the ſky:

Protected by that hand, whoſe law
The threatening ſtorms obey,
Intrepid virtue ſmiles ſecure,
As in the blaze of day.

In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
The lightning's horrid glare,
It views the ſame all-gracious Power
Which breaths the vernal air.

Through nature's ever varying ſcene,
By different ways purſued,
The one eternal end of Heaven
Is univerſal good.

With like beneficent effect,
O'er flaming ether glows,
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
And bluſhes in the roſe.

When through creation's vaſt expanſe,
The laſt dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the ſpheres,
And ſhake the guilty ſoul:

Unmov'd, may we the final ſtorm
Of jarring worlds ſurvey,
That uſhers in the tranquil morn
Of everlaſting day.

MRS. CARTER.

6 Daily our mortal fleſh decays,
  But Chriſt our life ſhall come;
And by his mighty power ſhall raiſe
  Our bodies from the tomb.

WATTS.

HYMN CLII. *Common Metre.*

On the Death of a Child.

LIFE is a ſpan, a fleeting hour,
  How ſoon the vapour flies!
Man is a tender tranſient flower,
  That in the blooming dies.

2 Death ſpreads, like winter, frozen arms,
  And beauty ſmiles no more;
Where now are fled thoſe riſing charms
  Which pleas'd our eyes before?

3 The once lov'd form, now cold and dea
  Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
  And wither'd all her joys.

4 But wait the interpoſing gloom,
  And lo! ſtern winter flies!
And, dreſt in beauty's faireſt bloom,
  The flowery tribes ariſe.

5 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
  When, what we now deplore
Shall riſe in full immortal prime,
  And bloom to fade no more.

6 Then ceaſe, fond nature, dry thy tears,
  Religion points on high;
There everlaſting ſpring appears,
  And joys that never die.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN CLIII. *Long Metre.* b

Life and Death.

'E is the time to ſerve the Lord,
he time t' inſure the great reward;
l whilſt the lamp holds out to burn,
vileſt ſinner may return.

: is the hour which God has given,
'ſcape from hell, and fly to heaven;
day of grace, and mortals may
ire the bleſſings of the day.

living know that they muſt die,
all the dead forgotten lie;
ir memory and their ſenſe are gone,
e unknowing and unknown.

ir hatred and their love are loſt;
ir envy buried in the duſt;
y have no ſhare in all that's done
eath the circuit of the ſun.

acts of pardon can be paſt
he cold grave to which we haſte:
no repentance can be found,
faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

n, what my thoughts deſign to do,
ſoul, with all thy might purſue;
eve, and take the promis'd reſt,
y, and be forever bleſt.

WATTS.

MN CLIV. *Common Metre.* ※ or b

onviction of Sin, and Relief by the Goſpel.

RD, how ſecure my conſcience was,
And felt no inward dread!
s *alive without* the law,
d *thought* my ſins were dead.

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
But ſince the precept came,
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appear'd but ſmall before,
Till, terrified, I ſaw
How perfect, holy, juſt and pure
Is thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my ſoul the heavy load,
My ſins reviv'd again;
I had provok'd a holy God,
And all my hopes are vain.

5 My God, what power ſhall I invoke
With my laſt labouring breath,
To rid me of this wretched yoke,
Theſe bonds of ſin and death.

6 In Jeſus I behold thy face,
Thy mercy there I ſee;
Through him I truſt thy boundleſs grace,
To ſet the priſoner free.

WATTS, with Variation and Addition.

HYMN CLV. *Common Metre.* ✻

Recovery from Sickneſs.

LORD, in thy ſervice I would ſpend,
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renew'd,
But to renew thy praiſe?

2 Thy own almighty power and love
Did this weak frame ſuſtain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature ſunk with pain.

3 Thou, when the pains of death were felt,
Didſt chaſe the fears of hell;

And teach my pale and quivering lips
Thy matchleſs grace to tell.

4 Into thy hands, my Saviour God,
I did my ſoul reſign,
In firm dependence on that truth
Which made ſalvation mine.

5 From the dark borders of the grave,
At thy command I come;
Nor would I urge a ſpeedier flight
To my celeſtial home.

5 Where thou ſhalt ſettle my abode,
There would I chooſe to be;
For in thy preſence death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CLVI. *Long Metre.* ※ or ♭

Storm and Thunder.

LORD of the earth, and ſea, and ſkies,
All nature owns thy ſovereign power;
At thy command the tempeſts riſe,
At thy command the thunders roar,

2 We hear with trembling and affright
The voice of heaven, tremendous ſound!
Keen lightnings pierce the ſhades of night,
And ſpread their horrors all around.

3 What mortal could ſuſtain the ſtroke,
Should wrath divine in dreadful ſtorms,
Which our repeated crimes provoke,
Deſcend to cruſh rebellious worms!

4 Theſe dreadful glories of thy name
With terror would o'erwhelm our ſouls;

But mercy dawns with kinder beam,
And guilt and riſing fear controls.

5 O let thy mercy on my heart,
With cheering, healing radiance ſhine;
Bid every anxious fear depart,
And gently whiſper "thou art mine."

6 Then, ſafe beneath thy guardian care,
In hope ſerene my ſoul ſhall reſt;
Nor ſtorms nor dangers reach me there,
In thee, my God, my refuge, bleſt.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CLVII. *Long Metre.* ♯ or ♭

The Eternal Sabbath.

LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy houſe;
And let our ſongs and worſhip riſe
Like grateful incenſe to the ſkies.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler reſt above;
To that our labouring ſouls aſpire,
With ardent pangs of ſtrong deſire.

3 No more fatigue, no more diſtreſs,
Nor ſin nor death, ſhall reach the place;
No groans ſhall mingle with the ſongs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms, no raging foes,
To interrupt the long repoſe;
No midnight ſhade, no clouded ſun,
To veil the bright eternal noon.

5 O long expected day, begin;
Dawn on theſe realms of death and ſin;

Fain would we quit this weary road,
And ſleep in death, to reſt with God.
DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CLVIII. *Common Metre.* ✻

Divine Goodneſs.

LORD, thou art good, all nature ſhows
Thee full and free and kind;
Thy bounty through creation flows,
Nor can it be confin'd.

The whole, in every part proclaims
Thy infinite good will!
It ſhines in ſtars, it flows in ſtreams,
And burſts from every hill.

It fills the wide extended main,
And heavens which ſpread more wide;
It drops in gentle ſhowers of rain,
And rolls in every tide.

Still hath it been diffus'd and free,
Through ages paſt and gone;
Nor ever can exhauſted be,
But ſtill keeps flowing on.

Through the whole earth it pours ſupplies,
Spreads joy through all its parts;
Lord, may thy goodneſs draw our eyes,
And captivate our hearts.

High admiration let it raiſe,
And kind affections move;
Employ our tongues in hymns of praiſe,
And fill our hearts with love.

Liverpool Collection.

2 Gird on thy conquering ſword,
Aſcend thy ſhining car,
And march, Almighty Lord,
To wage thy holy war.
Before his wheels, In glad ſurpriſe,
Ye vallies, riſe, And ſink, ye hills.

3 Fair truth and gentle love.
With righteouſneſs and peace,
In thy retinue move,
Thy conquering power to grace.
Thou in their cauſe Shalt proſperous ride,
And far and wide Diſpenſe thy laws.

4 Before thy mighty ſword,
Millions of foes ſhall fall,
The captives of thy word,
That word which conquers all.
The world ſhall know, Great King of Kings,
What wonderous things Thine arm can do.

5 Here to my willing ſoul
Bend thy triumphant way;
Here every foe controul,
And all thy power diſplay.
Beneath thy ſword, Bleſt Jeſus, ſee,
I bow to thee, My Prince and Lord.

DODDRIDGE, varied.

HYMN CLXIV. *Long Metre.*

Folly cured by Affliction.

LOW at thy gracious feet I bend,
My God, my everlaſting friend,
Permit the claim; O let thine ear
My humble ſuit indulgent hear.

2 Lord, thou haſt bid me ſeek thy face,
And aſk of thee, thy promis'd grace;
O may thy favour, bliſs divine!
With fuller, clearer radiance ſhine.

3 But, O my heart, reflect with ſhame;
Can I prefer ſo bold a claim?
Conſcious how often I have ſtray'd,
By empty vanities betray'd.

4 How oft, ungrateful to my God,
Have trifles call'd my thoughts abroad!
Till heavenly pity ſaw me roam,
And bade affliction bring me home.

5 And when the ſnares of earth were broke,
By kind affliction's needful ſtroke,
Have not I own'd, with humble praiſe,
That juſt and right are all his ways?

6 Yes gracious God, before thy throne,
My vileneſs and thy love I own;
O let that love, with beams divine,
Forgiving, healing, round me ſhine.

7 Whene'er, ungrateful to my God,
This heedleſs heart requires the rod,
Thy arm ſupporting I implore;
The hand that chaſtens can reſtore.

8 O may the kind conviction prove
A fruit of thy paternal love;
Wean me from earth, from ſin refine,
And make my heart entirely thine.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN CLXV. *Common Metre.*

The New-Jeruſalem.

LO, what a glorious ſight appears
To our believing eyes?
The earth and ſeas are paſt away,
And the old rolling ſkies!

2 From the third heaven, where God reſides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jeruſalem comes down,
Adorn'd with ſhining grace.

3 Attending angels ſhout for joy,
And the bright armies ſing;
"Mortals, behold the ſacred ſeat
"Of your deſcending King.

4 "The God of glory, down to men
"Removes his bleſt abode;
"Men are the objects of his love,
"And h their gracious God.

5 "His tender hand ſhall wipe the tears
"From every weeping eye;
"And pains and groans and griefs and fe
"And death itſelf ſhall die."

6 How bright the viſion! but how long
Shall this glad hour delay!
Fly ſwifter round, ye wings of time,
And bring the welcome day.

WAT

HYMN CLXVI. *Common Metre.* O

A living and a dead Faith.

MISTAKEN ſouls, that dream of hea
And make their empty boaſt

ırd joys and ſins forgiven,
ſt they are ſlaves to luſt.

: our fancies' airy flights,
th be cold and dead;
ıt a living power unites
hriſt the living head.

h that changes all the heart;
aith that works by love;
ds all ſinful joys depart,
lifts the thoughts above.

h that conquers earth and hell
celeſtial power;
the grace that ſhall prevail
.e deciſive hour.

ıuſt obey our Father's will,
'ell as truſt his grace;
oning God is jealous ſtill,
ıis own holineſs.

from the curſe he ſets us free,
nakes our natures clean;
ɔuld he ſend his Son to be
miniſter of ſin.

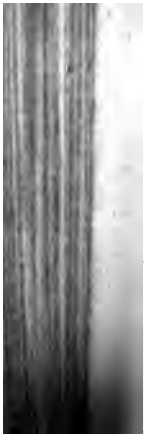
rit fills our hearts with love,
l ſeals our peace with God;
:heerful ſteps our feet ſhall move
ng the heavenly road.

WATTS, varied.

N CLXVII. *Long Metre.* ♯ or ♭

The Example of Chriſt.

dear Redeemer and my Lord,
read my duty in thy word;



i ſecret ſilence of the mind,
y heaven, and there my God, I find.

WATTS.

YMN CLXIX. *Common Metre.* ※ or ♭

The Everlaſting Covenant.

[Y God, the cov'nant of thy love
Abides forever ſure;
id in its boundleſs grace I feel
My happineſs ſecure.

hat though my houſe be not with thee,
As nature could deſire?
higher joys than nature gives,
My nobler views aſpire.

ice thou, the everlaſting God,
My Father art become;
us, my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home;

velcome all thy ſovereign will,
For all that will is love;
id when thy providence is dark,
I wait thy light above.

y cov'nant in my dying hour
Shall dwell upon my tongue;
id when I wake, ſhall ſtill employ
My everlaſting ſong.

DODDRIDGE, varied.

YMN CLXX. *Common Metre.* ※

Gratitude the Spring of true Religion.

[Y God, what ſilken cords are thine!
How ſoft, and yet how ſtrong!
hilſt power, and truth, and love combine
o draw our ſouls along.

2 When cruſh'd beneath the heavy yoke
Of Satan and of ſin,
Thy hand our iron bondage broke,
Our grateful hearts to win.

3 The guilt of twice ten thouſand ſins
Thy mercy takes away;
Thy promiſe, when the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.

4 Comfort through all this vale of tears
In rich profuſion flows;
The glory of unnumber'd years
Eternity beſtows.

5 Drawn by ſuch cords, we onward move,
Till round the throne we meet;
And captives in the chains of love,
Fall at our conqueror's feet.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CLXXI. *Long Metre.* ♯ or ♭

Imploring divine Influences.

MY God, whene'er my longing heart
Its grateful tribute would impart;
In vain my tongue with feeble aim
Attempts the glories of thy name.

2 In vain my boldeſt thoughts ariſe;
I ſink to earth, and loſe the ſkies;
Yet I may ſtill thy grace implore,
And low in duſt thy name adore.

3 O let thy grace my heart inſpire,
And raiſe each languid, weak deſire;
Thy grace, which condeſcends to meet
The ſinner proſtrate at thy feet.

humble fear let love unite,
mix devotion with delight;
ı ſhall thy name be all my joy,
praiſe my conſtant, bleſt employ.

name inſpires the harps above,
h harmony and praiſe and love;
t grace, which tunes th' immortal ſtrings,
›ks kindly down on mortal things.

let thy grace guide every ſong,
d fill my heart, and tune my tongue;
ıen ſhall the ſtrains harmonious flow,
nd heavenly joy begin below

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CLXXII. *Short Metre.* ✱ or ♭

God our Creator and Benefactor.

1 MY Maker and my King!
To thee my all I owe;
Thy ſovereign bounty is the ſpring
From whence my bleſſings flow.

2 Thou ever good and kind!
A thouſand reaſons move,
A thouſand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praiſe than I can give.

4 Lord, what can I impart
When all is thine before;
Thy love demands a thankful heart;
The gift, alas, how poor!

5 Shall I withhold thy due?
And ſhall my paſſions rove?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

6 O let thy grace inſpire
My ſoul with ſtrength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aſpire,
And all my days be thine.

Mrs. STEELE

HYMN CLXXIII. *Common Metre.*

Repentance and Hope.

MY Saviour, when my thoughts recal
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet, aſham'd I fall,
And hide my guilty face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah! vile ungrateful heart!
By earth's unworthy cares betray'd,
From Jeſus to depart!

3 From Jeſus, who alone can give
True pleaſure, peace and reſt:
When abſent from my Lord, I live
Unſatisfied, unbleſt.

4 But he, for his own mercy's ſake,
My wandering ſoul reſtores;
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.

5 O whilſt I breathe to thee my Lord,
The penitential ſigh,
Confirm the kind, the pardoning word,
With pity in thine eye.

Then ſhall the mourner, at thy feet,
Rejoice to ſeek thy face,
And grateful own how kind, how ſweet
Is thy forgiving grace.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN CLXXIV. *Short Metre.* ♭

Confeſſion and Pardon.

MY ſorrows, like a flood
Impatient of reſtraint,
Into thy boſom, O my God,
Pour out a long complaint.

2 How often have I ſtood
A rebel to the ſkies;
Yet, O the patience of my God,
Thy thunder ſilent lies.

3 Now by a powerful glance,
My Saviour, from thy face,
This rebel heart no more withſtands,
But yields to ſovereign grace.

4 I ſee the Prince of Life
Diſplay his wounded veins;
I ſee the fountain open'd wide,
To waſh away my ſtains.

5 My God is reconcil'd,
My tears his pity move;
He calls me his adopted child,
The object of his love.

6 Now let me not receive
In vain this heavenly grace;
But let it be a fruitful ſeed,
Producing holineſs.

WATTS, abbreviated and altered.

HYMN CLXXV. *Common Metre.*

The Chriſtian Race.

MY ſoul, awake, ſtretch every nerve,
And preſs with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witneſſes around,
Hold thee in full ſurvey;
Forget the ſteps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all animating voice,
Which calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand preſents the prize
To thine aſpiring eye.

4 That prize, with peerleſs glories bright,
Which ſhall new luſtre boaſt,
When victors' wreaths, and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common duſt.

5 My ſoul, with ſacred ardour fir'd,
The glorious prize purſue;
And meet with joy the high command,
To bid this earth adieu.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CLXXVI. *Short Metre.*

Prayer in Sickneſs.

MY Sovereign, to thy throne,
With humble hope, I preſs;
O bow thine ear, to hear the groan
Of indigent diſtreſs.

2 Th' eternal prieſt appears
Before thee with his blood;
Through him I offer theſe my tears,
And caſt my care on God.

3 My life, bow'd down with pain,
Mourns its decaying bloom;
Lord, clothe theſe bones with fleſh again,
And ſpare me from the tomb.

4 Without one murmuring word,
Thy chaſtening I receive;
But with ſubmiſſion aſk, O Lord,
A merciful reprieve.

5 Diſtreſs'd and pain'd as now,
Thy aid I once implor'd,
Thy pity heard my earneſt vow,
Thy power my health reſtor'd.

6 My ſupplicating voice,
Unwearied I will raiſe:
Say to thy ſervant's ſoul, "Rejoice!"
And fill my mouth with praiſe.

Scot:

HYMN CLXXVII. *Common Metre.*

Marriage.

MYSTERIOUS rite! by Heaven ordai
This ſacred truth to prove,
The bliſs which mortals here enjoy,
Muſt flow from virtuous love.

2 Though made by God's Almighty hand,
And in his image form'd,
Yet Adam knew no happineſs,
Till love his boſom warm'd.

3 Eden, with all its beauteous groves,
And fruits of richeſt taſte,
To one for ſocial bliſs deſign'd
Was but a lonely waſte.

4 But when his lovely bride appear'd
In native graces dreſt,
The latent ſpark burſt into flame,
And love inſpir'd his breaſt.

5 What wiſe proviſion haſt thou made,
Great Parent of mankind,
That all thine offspring may enjoy
The bliſs for them deſign'd!

6 Then will we join our hearts and hands
In bonds of virtuous love;
And whilſt we live in peace below,
Prepare for bliſs above.

HYMN CLXXVIII. *Common Metre.*

Submiſſion to Providence.

NAKED as from the earth we came,
And roſe to life at firſt,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our duſt.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And call our own, in vain,
Are but ſhort favours, borrow'd now,
To be repaid again.

3 'Tis God who lifts our comforts high,
Or ſinks them to the grave;
He gives, and, bleſſed be his name,
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry paſſions, then!
Let each impatient ſigh

Be ſilent at his ſovereign will,
And every murmur die.

5 If ſmiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praiſes ſhall be ſpread;
And we'll adore the juſtice too
That ſtrikes our comforts dead.

WATTS.

HYMN CLXXIX. *Common Metre.*

Vain Proſperity, or Forgetfulneſs of God.

NO, I ſhall envy them no more,
Who grow profanely great;
Though they increaſe their golden ſtore,
And ſhine in robes of ſtate.

2 They taſte of all the joys that grow
Upon this earthly clod;
In vain they ſearch the creature through
Whilſt they forget their God.

3 Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own;
But death comes haſtening on to you,
To cut your glory down.

4 Yes, you muſt bow your ſtately head,
Away your ſpirit flies;
And no kind angel near your bed,
To bear it to the ſkies.

5 Go now, and boaſt of all your ſtores,
And tell how bright you ſhine;
Your heaps of glittering duſt are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine.

WATTS.

HYMN CLXXX. *Common*

The Holineſs and Happineſs of H

NOR eye hath ſeen, nor ear ha
Nor ſenſe, nor reaſon know
What joys the Father hath prep
For thoſe that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come ;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the ſky,
And all the region peace ;
No wanton lip, nor envious ey
Can ſee or taſte the bliſs.

4 Not the malicious or profane,
The covetous or proud,
Nor thieves nor ſlanderers ſhall
The kingdom of our God.

5 Thoſe holy gates forever bar
Pollution, ſin and ſhame ;
None ſhall receive admittance
But followers of the Lamb.

6 If we are waſh'd in Jeſus' blood
And pardon'd through his n
If the good Spirit of our God
Has ſanctified our frame :

7 We aſk a perſevering power,
To keep thy juſt commands
We would defile our hearts no
No more pollute our hands.

Altere

HYMN CLXXXI. *Long Metre.* ※

Chriſtians the Sons of God.

NOT all the nobles of the earth,
Who boaſt the honours of their birth,
Such real dignity can claim,
As thoſe who bear the chriſtian name.

2 To them the privilege is given,
To be the ſons and heirs of heaven;
Sons of the God, who reigns on high,
And heirs of joys beyond the ſky.

3 On them a happy, choſen race,
Their Father pours his richeſt grace;
To them his counſels he imparts,
And writes his law within their hearts.

4 When through temptation they rebel,
His chaſtening rod he makes them feel;
Then, with a Father's tender heart,
He ſoothes the pain and heals the ſmart.

5 Their daily wants his hands ſupply,
Their ſteps he guards with watchful eye;
Leads them from earth to heaven above,
And crowns them with eternal love.

6 Have I the honour, Lord, to be
One of this numerous family?
On me thy gracious gift beſtow,
To call my God my Father too.

7 So may my conduct ever prove
My filial piety and love;
Whilſt all my brethren clearly trace
Their Father's image in my Face.

STENNET.

HYMN CLXXXII. *Long Metre.*

Divine Compaſſion to Sinners.

NOT to condemn the Sons of men,
Did Chriſt the Son of God appear;
No weapons in his hands are ſeen,
No flaming ſword, nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He lov'd the race of man ſo well,
He ſent his Son to bear our load
Of ſins, and ſave our ſouls from hell.

3 Let ſinners hear the Saviour's word,
Truſt in his mighty name and live;
A thouſand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thouſand bleſſings give.

4 "Come, all ye weary, fainting ſouls,
"Ye heavy laden ſinners, come;
"I'll give you reſt from all your toils,
"And lead you to my heavenly home.

5 "Ye ſhall find reſt, that learn of me;
"I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
"But paſſion rages like the ſea,
"And pride is reſtleſs as the wind.

6 "Bleſt is the man whoſe ſhoulders take
"My yoke, and bear it with delight;
"My yoke is eaſy to his neck,
"My grace ſhall make the burden light.

7 Jeſus, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Reſign our ſpirits to thy hand,
To rule and guide us at thy will.

N CLXXXIII. *Common Metre.* ※

Sinai and Sion.

' to the terrors of the Lord,
he tempeſt, fire and ſmoke;
› the thunder of that word
ıich God on Sinai ſpoke;

e are come to Sion's hill,
: city of our God;
e milder words declare his will,
l ſpread his love abroad.

l th' innumerable hoſt
angels cloth'd in light!
l the ſpirits of the juſt,
ıoſe faith is turn'd to ſight!

l the bleſt aſſembly there,
ıoſe names are writ in heaven!
God, the Judge of all, declares
:ir vileſt ſins forgiven.

ıints on earth, and all the dead
one communion make;
ın in Chriſt, their living Head,
l of his grace partake.

h ſociety as this
weary ſoul would reſt;
ıan that dwells where Jeſus is
ſt be forever bleſt.

WATTS.

N CLXXXIV. *Common Metre.* ♭

On the Death of a Miniſter.

V let our drooping hearts revive,
ıd all our tears be dry;

6 "Deep on the palms of both my hands
"I have engrav'd her name;
"My hands ſhall raiſe her ruin'd walls,
"And build her broken frame."

WATTS.

HYMN CLXXXVII. *Long Metre.*

The Glory and Grace of Chriſt.

NOW to the Lord a noble ſong!
Awake, my ſoul; awake, my tongue;
Hoſanna to th' eternal Name,
And all his boundleſs love proclaim.

2 See where it ſhines in Jeſus' face,
The brighteſt image of his grace;
God, in the perſon of his Son,
Has all his nobleſt works outdone.

3 The ſpacious earth and ſpreading flood,
Proclaim the wiſe, the powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling ſtar.

4 But in thy Son a glory ſhines,
Drawn out in far ſuperior lines;
The luſtre of redeeming grace
Outſhines the beams of nature's face.

5 Grace! 'Tis a pure celeſtial theme,
Our thoughts rejoice at Jeſus' name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the ſound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

6 O may we reach that glorious place,
Where we ſhall ſee him face to face;
Where all his ſaints from death reſtor'd,
Shall be forever with the Lord.

WATTS, 1721.

ΓMN CLXXXVIII. *Long Metre.* ※

Glory to Chriſt our Prieſt and King

OW to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
humble honours paid below,
ıd ſtrains of nobler praiſe above.

was he who cleans'd us from our ſins,
ıd waſh'd us in his precious blood;
s he who makes us prieſts and kings,
ıd brings us rebels near to God.

Jeſus, our atoning Prieſt,
Jeſus, our eternal King,
univerſal power confeſs'd
ıd every tongue his glory ſing.

hold, on flying clouds he comes!
ıd every eye ſhall ſee him move!
ıough with our ſins we pierc'd him once,
ıen he diſplays his pardoning love.

ıe unbelieving world ſhall wail,
hilſt we rejoice to ſee the day;
ıme, Lord, nor let thy promiſe fail,
ır let thy chariot long delay.

WATTS.

YMN CLXXXIX. *Long Metre.* ※

Salvation by Grace.

OW to the power of God ſupreme
Be everlaſting honours given;
e ſaves from ſin, we bleſs his name,
nd calls our wandering feet to heaven.

ıt *for our duties* or deſerts,
t *of his own* abundant grace,

He works ſalvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praiſe.

3 'Twas his own purpoſe that begun
To reſcue ſinners doom'd to die;
He gave us grace in Chriſt his Son,
Before he ſpread the ſtarry ſky.

4 Jeſus, the Lord, appears at laſt,
And makes his Father's counſels known
Declares the great tranſactions paſt,
And brings immortal bleſſings down.

5 He dies, and in that dreadful night
Did all the powers of hell deſtroy;
Riſing, he brought our heaven to light,
And took poſſeſſion of the joy.

WAT— —TS.

HYMN CXC. *Common Metre.* ✻

Divine Goodneſs in Afflictions.

NOW to thy heavenly Father's praiſe,
My heart, thy tribute bring;
That goodneſs which prolongs my days,
With grateful pleaſure ſing.

2 Whene'er he ſends afflicting pains,
His mercy holds the rod;
His powerful word the heart ſuſtains,
And ſpeaks a faithful God.

3 A faithful God is ever nigh,
When humble grief implores;
His ear attends each plaintive ſigh,
He pities and reſtores.

4 My grateful ſoul would humbly bring
Her tribute to thy throne;

: the wiſh, my God, my King,
nake thy goodneſs known.

he life, thy hand reſtores,
oted to thy praiſe;
e I conſecrate my powers,
hee, my future days.

ul-enlivening grace impart,
armer love inſpire;
: the breathings of my heart
endence and deſire.

Mrs. STEELE.

N CXCI. *Common Metre.* ♯ or ♭

Winter.

r winter throws his icy chains,
circling nature round;
leak, how comfortleſs the plains,
h verdure lately crown'd!

n withdraws his vital beams,
light and warmth depart:
rooping, lifeleſs nature ſeems
emblem of my heart.

art, where mental winter reigns,
ight's dark mantle clad,
'd in cold, inactive chains,
v deſolate and ſad!

ig the ſun, with genial ray
l cheer the morning earth;
looming flowers, and verdure gay,
ew their annual birth.

my ſoul's bright Sun impart
ıll-enlivening ſmile,

The vital ray ſhall cheer my heart,
Till then a frozen ſoil.

6 Then faith and hope and love ſhall riſe
Renew'd to lively bloom,
And breathe accepted to the ſkies,
Their humble, ſweet perfume.

7 Great Source of light, thy beams diſpl
My drooping joys reſtore,
And guide me to the ſeats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

Mrs. Stee

HYMN CXCII. *Common Metre.*

Charity.

O CHARITY! thou heavenly grace!
All tender, ſoft and kind!
A friend to all the human race,
To all that's good inclin'd!

2 The man of charity extends
To all his liberal hand;
His kindred, neighbours, foes and fri
His pity may command.

3 He aids the poor in their diſtreſs;
He hears when thy complain;
With tender heart delights to bleſs
And leſſen all their pain.

4 The ſick, the priſoner, poor and
And all the ſons of grief,
In him a benefactor find,
He loves to give relief.

5 'Tis love that makes religion ſw
'Tis love that makes us riſe

ith willing mind and ardent feet,
To yonder happy ſkies.

hen let us all in love abound,
And charity purſue;
hus ſhall we be with glory crown'd,
And love as angels do.

PROUD.

YMN CXCIII. *Long Metre.* ✠ or ♭

Longing for Heaven.

COULD I ſoar to worlds above,
That bleſſed ſtate of peace and love;
ow gladly would I mount and fly
n angels' wings to joys on high!

ıt ah! ſtill longer muſt I ſtay,
re darkſome night is chang'd to day;
ore croſſes, ſorrows, conflicts bear,
xpos'd to trials, pains and care.

ell, let theſe troubles ſtill abound,
et thorns and briers fill the ground;
et ſtorms and tempeſts dreadful come,
ill I arrive at heaven my home.

ly Father knows what road is beſt,
nd how to lead to peace and reſt;
o him I cheerful give my all,
o where he leads, and wait his call.

hen he commands my ſoul away,
ot kingdoms then ſhall tempt my ſtay;
ith rapture I ſhall wake and riſe
o join my friends above the ſkies.

PROUD.

HYMN CXCIV. *Common Metre.* ✱

The univerſal Extent of Chriſt's Kingdom. Iſaiah ii. 2, 4.

O'ER mountain tops, the mount of God,
In latter days, ſhall riſe
Above the ſummits of the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues ſhall flow;
Up to the mount of God, they ſay,
And to his houſe we'll go.

3 The beams that ſhine from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King, who reigns in Salem's towers,
Shall the whole world command.

4 Among the nations he ſhall judge;
His judgments truth ſhall guide;
His ſceptre ſhall protect the juſt,
And cruſh the ſinner's pride.

5 No war ſhall rage, nor hoſtile ſtrife
Diſturb thoſe happy years;
To plough-ſhares men ſhall beat their ſwords,
To pruning-hooks their ſpears.

6 No longer hoſts, encountering hoſts,
Shall crowds of ſlain deplore;
They'll lay the martial trumpet by,
And ſtudy war no more.

Scotch Paraphraſe.

HYMN CXCV. *Common Metre.* ✱ or ♭

Obedience to God our Father.

O GOD, my Father, I adore
That all commanding name;

my ſoul to life reſtore,
kindle all my flame.

I bow at thy commands,
filial homage pay ;
eart and life, with tongue and hands,
heerfully obey.

fully no more tranſgreſs,
too oft have done ;
ry ſinful thought ſuppreſs,
ı ſinful action ſhun.

ay I live, I'll ſeek with care,
Father well to pleaſe,
ı this courſe will perſevere,
hine aſſiſting grace.

will I my relation claim,
l call myſelf thy ſon,
hilſt I bear the glorious name,
Father's rights will own.

; but thou muſt ſtrength impart
s promiſe to fulfil ;
write thy law upon my heart,
ıt I may do thy will.

N CXCVI. *Long Metre.* ♯ or ♭

Brotherly Love.

OD, our Father and our King,
f all we have, or hope, the ſpring ;
down thy Spirit from above,
ill our hearts with holy love.

we from every act abſtain,
hurts, or gives our neighbour pain,
very ſecret wiſh ſuppreſs,
vould abridge his happineſs.

Still may we find our hearts inclin'd
To act the friend to all mankind;
Still ſeek their ſafety, health and eaſe,
Their virtue and eternal peace.

4 With pity may our breaſt o'erflow,
When we behold a wretch in woe;
And bear a ſympathiſing part
With all who are of heavy heart.

5 Let love in all our conduct ſhine,
An image fair, though faint, of thine;
Thus may we his diſciples prove
Who came to manifeſt thy love.

Salisbury Collection.

HYMN CXCVII. *Common Metre.*

TE DEUM.

A general Hymn of Praiſe.

O GOD, we praiſe thee, and confeſs
That thou the only Lord
And everlaſting Father art,
By all the earth ador'd.

2 To thee all angels cry aloud,
To thee the powers on high,
Both Cherubim and Seraphim,
Continually do cry,

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hoſts obey,
The world is with the glory fill'd
Of thy majeſtic ſway.

4 Th' apoſtles' glorious company,
And prophets crown'd with light,
With all the martyrs' noble hoſt,
Thy conſtant praiſe recite.

ne holy Church throughout the world,
O Lord, confeſſes thee,
hat thou eternal Father art,
Of boundleſs majeſty.

Thy honour'd, true, and only Son,
And Holy Ghoſt, the ſpring
f never-ceaſing joy; O Chriſt,
Of glory thou art King.

PATRICK.

HYMN CXCVIII. *Long Metre.*

The Glory and Safety of the Church.

HAPPY Church, celeſtial bride,
Thy huſband will with thee reſide;
With matchleſs glory thou ſhalt ſhine,
In robes of honour all divine.

Silver and gold her happy dreſs,
Truth, meekneſs, love and righteouſneſs;
Holy without, and pure within,
Free from the guilt of reigning ſin.

Her laws and doctrines, juſt and right
Her prieſts the miniſters of light;
Her order from the courts above,
And all her ſervice, done in love.

Her diſcipline is from the word,
Her head and ruler is the Lord;
Her ſons and daughters all agree,
And live in peace and charity.

Her journey is the holy way,
Which leads to everlaſting day;
And her eternal ſure reward,
A crown of glory with the Lord.

PROUD.

HYMN CXCIX. *Common Metre.* ※

The Ways of Wiſdom.

O HAPPY is the man, who hears
Inſtruction's faithful voice;
And who celeſtial wiſdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 Her treaſures are of more eſteem
Than eaſt or weſt unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their mines of gold.

3 In her right hand ſhe holds to view
A length of happy days;
Riches, with ſplendid honours join'd,
Her left hand full diſplays.

4 She guides the young with innocence
In pleaſure's path to tread;
A crown of glory ſhe beſtows
Upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labours riſe,
So her rewards increaſe;
Her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs,
And all her paths are peace.

Scotch Paraphraſe.

HYMN CC. *Common Metre.* ※ or ♭

Filial Submiſſion.

O LORD, my beſt deſires fulfil,
And help me to reſign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleaſure mine.

2 Why ſhould I ſhrink at thy command,
Whoſe love forbids my fears?

tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears!

, let me rather freely yield
What moſt I prize to thee;
ho never haſt a gift withheld,
Nor wilt withhold, from me.

COWPER.

ould ſubmit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wiſe;
t every anxious thought be ſtill,
Nor one faint murmur riſe.

y love can cheer the darkeſt gloom,
And bid me wait ſerene,
ll hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the ſcene.

y father! O permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
nd aſk the bliſs thoſe words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCI. *Common Metre.* ✻

A Morning or Evening Hymn.

)N thee each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend;
whom are founded all my hopes,
In whom my wiſhes end.

ly ſoul, in pleaſing wonder loſt,
Thy boundleſs love ſurveys;
nd, fir'd with grateful zeal, prepares
Her ſacrifice of praiſe.

hen evening ſlumbers preſs my eyes,
With thy protection bleſt,

In peace and ſafety, I commit
My weary limbs to reſt.

4 My ſpirit in thy hands ſecure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For, whether waking or aſleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me ſtill.

5 Then will I daily to the world
Thy wondrous acts proclaim;
Whilſt all with me ſhall praiſes ſing,
And bleſs thy ſacred name.

6 At morn, at noon, at night I'll ſtill
The growing work purſue;
And thee alone will praiſe, to whom
Eternal praiſe is due.

Liverpool Coll.

HYMN CCII. *Common Metre.*

Reſignation, or Good out of Evil.

O RESIGNATION! heavenly pow'r
Our warmeſt thoughts engage;
Thou art the ſafeſt guide of youth,
The ſole ſupport of age.

2 Teach us the hand of love divine
In *evils* to diſcern;
'Tis the firſt leſſon which we need,
The lateſt which we learn.

3 Is reſignation's leſſon hard?
On trial we ſhall find,
It makes us give up nothing more
Than anguiſh of the mind.

4 Reſign, and all the pain of life
That moment we remove;

The heavy load of grief and care,
Devolves on ONE above.

He bids us lay our burthen down
On his almighty hand;
Supports our feeble frame, and makes
Our weary feet to ſtand.

What though we're ſwallow'd in the deep,
And billows round us roar?
Like *Jonah* thou wilt ſafely keep,
And guide us to the ſhore.

Thy will is welcome, let it wear
Its moſt tremendous form;
Though tempeſts riſe, we know that thou
Canſt ſave us from the ſtorm.

YOUNG, altered.

HYMN CCIII. *Common Metre.*

Deſire of Communion with God.

O THAT I knew the ſecret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd ſpread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

I'd tell him how my ſins ariſe;
What ſorrows I ſuſtain;
How ſtrength decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

He knows what arguments I'd take
To wreſtle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's ſake,
And plead my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He knows the meaning of his ſaints,
The language of their groans.

5 Ariſe, my ſoul, from deep diſtreſs,
And baniſh every fear;
He calls me to his throne of grace,
To ſpread my ſorrows there.

WATTS.

HYMN CCIV. *Long Metre.* ♭

On the dangerous Sickneſs of a Miniſter.

O THOU, before whoſe gracious throne
We bow our ſuppliant ſpirits down,
Thou know'ſt the anxious cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell.

2 Thou only canſt aſſuage our grief,
And give our ſorrowing hearts relief;
In mercy then thy ſervant ſpare,
Nor turn aſide thy people's prayer.

3 Avert thy deſolating ſtroke,
Nor ſmite the ſhepherd of the flock;
Reſtore him, ſinking to the grave,
Stretch out thine arm, make haſte to ſave.

4 Bound to each ſoul by tender ties,
In every heart his image lies;
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.

5 But if our ſupplications fail,
And prayers and tears cannot prevail,
Be thou his ſtrength, be thou his ſtay,
Support him through the gloomy way.

Around him may thy angels ſtand,
Waiting the ſignal of thy hand,
To bid his happy ſpirit riſe,
And bear him to their native ſkies.

RIPPON's Collection.

HYMN CCV. *Common Metre.* ♯ or ♭

The Chriſtian's Reſolution, founded on Jacob's Vow.
Gen. xxviii. 20.

O THOU, by whoſe all bounteous hand
Thy people ſtill are fed;
Who through life's weary pilgrimage
Haſt all our fathers led;

To thee our humble vow we raiſe;
To thee addreſs our prayer;
And in thy kind and faithful hand,
Depoſite all our care.

If thou, through each perplexing path,
Wilt be our conſtant guide;
If thou wilt daily food ſupply,
And raiment wilt provide;

If thou wilt ſpread thy ſhield around,
Till all our wanderings ceaſe,
And at our Father's ſafe abode
Our ſouls arrive in peace;

To thee, as to our covenant God,
Ourſelves we will reſign:
And count that all on earth we have,
And e'en our life is thine.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CCVI. *Common Metre.* ♭

The contrite Heart.

O THOU, whoſe tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble ſigh;
Whoſe hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From ſorrow's weeping eye!

2 See! low before the throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Haſt thou not bid me ſeek thy face?
Haſt thou not ſaid—Return?

3 And ſhall my guilty fears prevail,
To drive me from thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only ſafe retreat.

4 Abſent from thee, my guide, my light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How deſolate my way!

5 O ſhine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy ſhine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taſte of joys divine.

6 Thy preſence only can beſtow
Delights which never cloy;
Be this my comfort here below,
And my eternal joy.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCVII. *Long Metre.* ♯ or ♭

The Importance of Time.

O TIME, how few thy value weigh;
How few will eſtimate a day!

Days, months and years are rolling on,
The ſoul neglected and undone.

In painful cares or empty joys
Our life its precious hours deſtroy;
Whilſt death ſtands watching at our ſide,
Eager to ſtop the living tide.

Was it for this, ye mortal race,
Your Maker gave you here a place?
Was it for this, his thought deſign'd
The frame of your immortal mind?

For nobler cares, for joys ſublime,
He faſhion'd all the ſons of time;
Pilgrims on earth, but ſoon to be
The heirs of immortality.

This ſeaſon of your being know,
Is given to you, your ſeeds to ſow;
Wiſdom and folly's differing grain
In future worlds is bliſs and pain.

Then let me every day review,
Idle or buſy, ſearch it through;
And whilſt probation's minutes laſt,
Let every day amend the paſt.

SCOTT.

HYMN CCVIII. *Common Metre.* ♯ or ♭

Prudence.

O 'TIS a lovely thing to ſee
A man of prudent heart!
Whoſe thoughts and lips and life agree
To act a uſeful part.

When envy, ſtrife and wars begin
In little angry ſouls,

Mark how the ſons of peace come in,
And quench the kindling coals.]

3 Their minds are humble, mild and meek,
Nor does their anger riſe;
Nor paſſion moves their lips to ſpeak,
Nor pride exalts their eyes.

4 Their lives are prudence mix'd with love;
Good works employ their day;
They join the ſerpent with the dove,
But caſt the ſting away.

5 Such was the Saviour of mankind;
Such pleaſures he purſued:
His manners gentle and refin'd;
His ſoul divinely good.

HYMN CCIX. *Long Metre.* ♭.

Importunate Prayer. "Aſk, and ye ſhall receive." Matt. vii. 7, &c.

OUR Father, thron'd above the ſky,
To thee our empty hand we ſpread;
Thy children at thy fooſtool lie,
And aſk thy bleſſings on their head.

2 Let mercy all our ſins diſpel,
As clouds before the ſolar beam;
Our ſouls from bondage and from hell
To liberty and life redeem.

3 With cheerful hope and filial fear,
In that auguſt and precious name,
By thee ordain'd, we now draw near,
And would the promis'd bleſſing claim.

4 Does not an earthly parent hear
The cravings of his famiſh'd ſon?

ill he reject the filial prayer,
· mock him with a cake of ſtone ?

ır heavenly Father, how much more
'ill thy divine compaſſion riſe ;
ıd open thy unbounded ſtore
› ſatisfy thy children's cries ?

ɛs, we will aſk, and ſeek, and preſs
›r gracious audience to thy ſeat ;
ill hoping, waiting for ſucceſs,
perſevering to entreat.

›r Jeſus in his faithful word
he patient ſupplicant has bleſt ;
nd all thy ſaints with one accord
he prevalence of prayer atteſt.

SCOTT.

HYMN CCX. *Short Metre.* ✻ or ♭

Communion with God and Chriſt.

OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Chriſt invites us near ;
Vith both our friendſhip ſhall be ſweet,
And our communion dear.

God pities all my griefs,
He pardons every day ;
Almighty to protect my ſoul,
And wiſe to guide my way.

How large his bounties are ;
What various ſtores of good,
Diffus'd from my Redeemer's hand,
And purchas'd with his blood !

Jeſus, my living head,
I bleſs thy faithful care,

My advocate before the throne,
And my fore-runner there.

5 Here fix my loving heart;
Here wait my warmeſt love,
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler ſcenes above.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CCXI. *Hallelujah Metre.*

Chriſt ſeen of Angels.

O YE immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble ſong;
And make the Saviour known;
On earth ye knew His wondrous grace;
His radiant face In heaven ye view.

2 Ye ſaw the heaven-born Child
In human fleſh array'd;
How innocent and mild,
When in the manger laid!
And praiſe to God, And peace on earth,
For ſuch a birth, Proclaim'd aloud.

3 Ye in the wilderneſs
Beheld the tempter ſpoil'd,
Well known in every dreſs,
In every combat foil'd;
Ye join'd to crown The victor's head,
When Satan fled Before his frown.

4 Ye kept a ſilent guard
Around his ſleeping head,
Till the bright morn appear'd
Which wak'd him from the dead.
Then roll'd the ſtone, And all ador'd
Your riſing Lord, With joy unknown.

5 When all array'd in light,
The ſhining Conqueror rode,
Ye hail'd his rapturous flight
Up to the throne of God;
And wav'd around Your ardent wings.
And tun'd your ſtrings, Of nobleſt ſound,

6 The warbling notes purſue,
And louder anthems raiſe,
Whilſt mortals ſound with you
Their own Redeemer's praiſe.
And thou, my ſoul, With equal flame
His praiſe proclaim, Whilſt ages roll.

DODDRIDGE, altered.

HYMN CCXII. *Long Metre.* ✻ or ♭

Patience.

PATIENCE, O what a grace divine,
Sent from the God of peace and love!
That leans upon its Father's hand,
As through the wilds of life we rove.

2 By patience we ſerenely bear
The troubles of our mortal ſtate;
And wait contented our diſcharge,
Nor think our glory comes too late.

3 Though we in full ſenſation feel
The weight, the wounds our God ordains,
We ſmile amidſt our heavieſt woes,
And triumph in our ſharpeſt pains.

4 O for this grace to aid us on,
And arm with fortitude the breaſt;
Till life's tumultuous voyage is o'er,
We reach the port of endleſs reſt.

5 Faith into viſion ſhall be brought,
Hope ſhall in full enjoyment die;
And patience in poſſeſſion end
In the bright world of bliſs on high.

RIPPON's Collection.

HYMN CCXIII. *Common Metre.* ♯ or ♭

The Peace and Conſolation of a Chriſtian.

PEACE, all ye ſorrows of the heart,
And every tear be dry;
The chriſtian ne'er can be forlorn,
Who views his Saviour nigh.

2 "Let not your ſorrows riſe," he ſays,
"Nor be your ſouls afraid:
"Truſt in your God's almighty name,
"And truſt your Saviour's aid.

3 "Fair manſions in my Father's houſe
"For all his children wait;
"And I, your elder brother, go
"To open wide the gate.

4 "And if I thither go before,
"A dwelling to prepare;
"I ſurely will return again
"That I may fix you there.

5 "United in eternal love,
"My people ſhall remain,
"And with rejoicing heart ſhall ſhare
"The glories of my reign.

6 Thy gracious words, O Lord, we hear,
And cordial joys they bring;
Frail nature may extort a groan,
But death has loſt its ſting.

DODD

HYMN CCXIV. *Common Metre.* b

Submiſſion to afflictive Providence.

PEACE, my complaining, doubting heart,
Ye buſy cares, be ſtill;
Adore the juſt, the ſovereign Lord,
Nor murmur at his will.

Unerring wiſdom guides his hand;
Nor dares my guilty fear,
Amidſt the ſharpeſt pains I feel,
Pronounce his hand ſevere.

To ſoften every painful ſtroke,
Indulgent mercy bends;
And unrepining when I plead,
His gracious ear attends.

Let me reflect with humble awe,
Whene'er my heart complains;
Compar'd with what my ſins deſerve,
How eaſy are my pains!

Great ſovereign Lord, I own thy hand,
Thou juſt and wiſe and kind;
Be every anxious thought ſuppreſs'd.
And all my ſoul reſign'd.

From evil thou wilt good produce,
And light from darkneſs raiſe;
Thus thou wilt change my grief to joy,
And turn my tears to praiſe.

Mrs. STEELE, with Addition.

HYMN CCXV. *Common Metre.* b

The Trials of Virtue.

PLAC'D on the verge of youth, my mind
Life's opening ſcene ſurvey'd;

I view'd its ills of various kinds,
Afflicted and afraid.

2 But chief my fear the dangers mo
That virtue's path incloſe;
My heart the wiſe purſuit approv'
But oh, what toils oppoſe!

3 For ſee, while yet her unknown w
With doubtful ſtep I tread,
A hoſtile world its terrors raiſe,
Its ſnares deluſive ſpread.

4 O how ſhall I, with heart prepar'
Thoſe terrors learn to meet?
How from the thouſand ſnares to
My inexperienc'd feet?

5 Let faith ſuppreſs each riſing fear,
Each anxious doubt exclude;
My Maker's will has plac'd me he
A Maker wiſe and good.

6 He to my every trial knows
Its juſt reſtraint to give;
Attentive to behold my woes,
And faithful to relieve.

7 Then why thus heavy, O my ſoul
Say, why diſtreſsful ſtill,
Thy thoughts with vain impatienc
O'er ſcenes of future ill?

8 Though griefs unnumber'd throng t
Still in thy God confide;
Whoſe finger marks the ſeas their
And curbs the rolling tide.

HYMN CCXVI. *Sevens Metre.* ※

Praiſe in Proſperity and Adverſity.

PRAISE to God, immortal praiſe,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praiſe our ſongs employ.

2 For the bleſſings of the field,
For the ſtores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's uſe;

3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow ſheaves of ripen'd grain,
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuſe;

4 All that ſpring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the ſmiling land:
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing ſtores;

5 Theſe to thee, our God, we owe,
Source, whence all our bleſſings flow
And for theſe our ſouls ſhall raiſe
Grateful vows and ſolemn praiſe.

6 Yet ſhould riſing whirlwinds tear
From its ſtem, the opening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blaſted ſhoot
Drop its green untimely fruit;

7 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her ſtore;
Though the ſickening flocks ſhould fall,
And the herds deſert the ſtall;

8 *Yet to thee* our ſouls ſhall raiſe
Grateful vows and ſolemn praiſe;

And, when every bleſſing's flown,
Love thee for thyſelf alone.

Mrs. BARBAULD.

HYMN CCXVII. *Long Metre.*

The Old and New Creation.

PRAISE to the Lord of boundleſs might,
With uncreated glories bright;
His preſence fills the world above,
Th' eternal Source of light and love.

2 This riſing earth his eye beheld,
When in ſubſtantial darkneſs veil'd;
The ſhapeleſs chaos, nature's womb,
Lay buried in eternal gloom.

3 "Let there be light," Jehovah ſaid,
And light o'er all its face was ſpread;
The world array'd in charms unknown,
With all its new-born luſtre ſhone.

4 He ſees the mind, obſcur'd within
The ſhades of ignorance and ſin;
And darts from heaven a vital ray,
That changes darkneſs into day.

5 Shine, mighty God, with vigour ſhine
On this benighted heart of mine;
And let thy glories ſtand reveal'd
As in the Saviour's face beheld.

6 My ſoul, reviv'd by heaven-born day,
Thy radiant image ſhall diſplay,
Whilſt all my faculties unite
To praiſe the Lord who gives me light.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CCXVIII. *Short Metre.* ✻

The Grace of God in Chriſt

RAISE your triumphant ſongs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth reſound the deeds
Celeſtial grace hath done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved choſe,
And bade him raiſe our ſinful race
From their abyſs of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to derive our guilty ſouls
To fiercer flames below.

4 But mercy fill'd the throne
Of the eternal ſky,
When Chriſt was ſent with pardon down,
To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now, ſinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeleſs ſorrow ceaſe;
Bow to the ſceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

6 Lord we obey thy call,
We lay an humble claim
To the ſalvation thou haſt wrought,
And love and praiſe thy name.

WATTS.

HYMN CCXIX. *Common Metre.* ✻ or ♭

For a New Year.

REMARK, my ſoul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year;

How ſwift the weeks complete their rou
How ſhort the months appear!

2 So faſt eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life hath done
God's judgment ſhall ſurvey.

3 Yet like an idle tale we paſs
The ſwift advancing year;
And ſtudy artful ways t' increaſe
The ſpeed of its career.

4 Waken, O God, my careleſs heart,
Its great concern to ſee;
That I may act the chriſtian part,
And give the year to thee.

5 So ſhall their courſe more grateful roll,
If future years ariſe;
Or this ſhall bear my waiting ſoul
To joy beyond the ſkies.

DODDRID

HYMN CCXX. *Common Metre.*

Salvation.

SALVATION! O melodious ſound
To wretched dying men!
Salvation, that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again!

2 Reſcued from hell's eternal gloom,
From darkneſs, fire and chains;
Rais'd to a paradiſe of bliſs,
Where love with glory reigns!

3 But O, may a degenerate ſoul,
Sinful and weak as mine,

ume to raiſe a trembling eye
o bleſſings ſo divine?

luſtre of ſo bright a ſcene
ly feeble heart o'erbears;
unbelief almoſt perverts
he promiſe into tears.

Saviour God, no voice but thine
heſe dying hopes can raiſe;
ık thy ſalvation to my ſoul,
nd turn my tears to praiſe.

Saviour God, this broken voice
ranſported ſhall proclaim,
call on all th' angelic harps,
o ſound thy glorious name.

DODDRIDGE.

MN CCXXI. *Common Metre.* 𝄞 or 𝄢

Chriſt's Regard to little Children.

, Iſrael's gentle ſhepherd ſtand,
/ith all engaging charms;
k, how he calls the tender lambs,
nd takes them in his arms!

'ermit them to approach, (he cries,)
Nor ſcorn their humble name;
was to bleſs ſuch ſouls as theſe,
The Lord of angels came.

bring them, Lord, with grateful hearts,
nd yield them up to thee;
oic'd that we ourſelves are thine,
hine let our offſpring be.

little flock, with pleaſure hear;
e children, ſeek his face;

And fly with tranſport to receive
The bleſſings of his grace.

5 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we truſt;
That thought ſhall heal our bleeding hearts,
When weeping o'er their duſt.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CCXXII. *Short Metre.*

Chriſt the Wiſdom of God.

SHALL wiſdom cry aloud,
And not her ſpeech be heard!
The voice of God's eternal word,
Deſerves it no regard?

2 I was his chief delight,
His everlaſting Son,
Before the firſt of all his works,
Creation was begun.

3 Before the flying clouds,
Before the ſolid land,
Before the fields, before floods,
I dwelt at his right hand.

4 When he adorn'd the ſkies,
And built them, I was there,
To order when the ſun ſhould riſe,
And marſhal every ſtar.

5 When he pour'd out the ſea,
And ſpread the flowing deep,
I gave the flood a firm decree,
In its own bounds to keep.

6 Upon the empty air
The earth was balanc'd well

oy I ſaw the manſion where
ſons of men ſhould dwell.

buſy thoughts at firſt
:heir ſalvation ran ;
appear'd, or Adam's duſt
; faſhion'd to a man.

n come, receive my grace,
children, and be wiſe ;
the man that keeps my ways,
man that ſhuns them, dies.

WATTS.

N CCXXIII. *Common Metre.* ✻

The Nativity of Chriſt.

PHERDS, rejoice, lift up your eyes,
And ſend your fears away ;
/s from the region of the ſkies,
alvation's born to-day

Son of God, whom angels fear,
omes down to dwell with you,
day he makes his entrance here,
ut not as monarchs do.

gold nor purple ſwaddling bands,
Vor royal ſhining things ;
nanger for his cradle ſtands,
And holds the King of kings.

ſhepherds, where the infant lies,
And ſee his humble throne ;
th tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, ſhepherds, kiſs the Son."

Gabriel ſang, and ſtraight around
heavenly armies throng ;

They tune their harps to lofty ſound,
And thus conclude the ſong:

6 "Glory to God, who reigns above,
"Let peace ſurround the earth;
"Mortals ſhall know their Maker's love,
"At their Redeemer's birth."

7 Lord, ſhall the angels have their ſongs,
And men no tunes to raiſe?
O may we loſe theſe uſeleſs tongues,
When they forget to praiſe.

8 Glory to God, who reigns above,
Who pitied us forlorn;
We join to ſing our Maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.

WATTS.

HYMN CCXXIV. *Long Metre.*

Faith in God in a Time of Diſtreſs. Habakkuk iii. 17, 18.

SHOULD famine o'er the mourning field
Extend her deſolating reign;
Nor ſpring her blooming beauties yield,
Nor autumn ſwell the ripening grain:

2 Should lowing herds and bleating ſheep
Around their famiſh'd maſter die;
And hope itſelf expiring weep,
Whilſt life deplores its laſt ſupply:

3 Amidſt the dark, the deathful ſcene,
If I can ſay the Lord is mine,
The joy ſhall triumph o'er the pain,
And glory dawn, though life decline.

4 The God of my ſalvation lives,
My nobler life he will ſuſtain;

His word immortal vigour gives,
Nor ſhall my hope or truſt be vain.

5 Thy preſence, Lord, can cheer my heart;
Though every earthly comfort die;
Thy love can bid my pain depart,
And raiſe my ſacred pleaſures high.

6 O let me hear thy bliſsful voice,
Inſpiring life and joys divine,
The barren deſert ſhall rejoice;
'Tis paradiſe if thou be mine.

HYMN CCXXV. *Common Metre.*

Chriſt the Supreme Beauty. Iſaiah xxxiii 17.

SHOULD nature's charms to pleaſe the eye
In ſweet aſſemblage join,
All nature's charms would droop and die,
Jeſus, compar'd with thine.

2 Vain were her faireſt beams diſplay'd,
And vain her blooming ſtore;
Her brightneſs languiſhes to ſhade;
Her beauty is no more.

3 But ah, how far from mortal ſight
The Lord of glory dwells!
A veil of interpoſing night
His radiant face conceals.

4 O could my longing ſpirit riſe
On ſtrong immortal wing,
And reach thy palace in the ſkies,
My Saviour and my King!

5 There thouſands worſhip at thy feet
And there, (divine employ!)

The triumphs of thy love repeat
In ſongs of endleſs joy.

6 Thy preſence beams eternal day
O'er all the bliſsful place;
Who would not drop this load of clay,
And die to ſee thy face?

Mr. Steele

HYMN CCXXVI. *Long Metre.* ✻

Faith in God's Name.

SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
His various and his ſaving names;
O may they not be heard alone,
But by our ſure experience known.

2 The great Jehovah be ador'd,
Th' eternal, all-ſufficient Lord;
He through the world moſt high confeſs'd
By whom 'twas form'd, and is poſſeſs'd.

3 Awake, our nobleſt powers, to bleſs
The God of Abr'ham. God of peace;
Now by a dearer title known,
Father and God of Chriſt his Son.

4 Through every age, his gracious ear
Is open to his ſervants' prayer;
Nor can one humble ſoul complain
That he hath ſought his God in vain.

5 What unbelieving heart ſhall dare,
In whiſpers, to ſuggeſt a fear?
While ſtill he owns his ancient name,
The ſame his power, his love the ſame.

6 To thee our ſouls in faith ariſe,
To thee we lift expecting eyes;

And boldly through the desert tread,
For God will guard where God shall lead.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CCXXVII *Common Metre.* ♯ or ♭

The brazen Serpent.

SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high;
The wounded felt immediate ease;
The sick forbore to die.

"Look upward in th' expiring hour,
"And live," the prophet cries;
But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.

High on the cross the Saviour hung;
High in the heavens he reigns;
Here sinners, by the serpent stung,
Look and forget their pains.

When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives;
The Jew beholds the blessed hope;
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

WATTS.

HYMN CCXXVIII. *Long Metre.* ♭

On the Death of a Child.

SO fades the lovely blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour!
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die!

To certain trouble we are born,
Hope to rejoice, but sure to mourn;

Ah, wretched effort, ſad relief,
To plead neceſſity of grief!

3 Is there no kind, no lenient art,
To heal the anguiſh of the heart?
To eaſe the heavy load of care
Which nature muſt, but dreads to bear?

4 Can reaſon's dictates be obey'd?
Too weak, alas! her ſtrongeſt aid;
O let religion then be nigh,
Her conſolations never die.

5 Her powerful aid ſupports the ſoul,
And nature owns her kind control;
Whilſt ſhe unfolds the ſacred page,
Our fierceſt griefs reſign their rage.

6 Then gentle patience ſmiles on pain,
And dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from ſorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the ſky.

7 The promiſe guides her ardent flight,
And joys, unknown to ſenſe, invite,
Thoſe bliſsful regions to explore,
Where pleaſure blooms, to fade no more.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCXXIX *Long Metre.* ♯ or ♭

Holineſs.

SO let our lips and lives expreſs
The holy goſpel we profeſs;
So let our works and virtues ſhine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus ſhall we beſt proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God;

When the ſalvation reigns within,
And grace ſubdues the power of ſin.

5 Our fleſh and ſenſe muſt be denied,
Paſſion and envy, luſt and pride;
Whilſt juſtice, temperance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

6 Religion bears our ſpirits up,
Whilſt we expect that bleſſed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith ſtands leaning on his word.

WATTS.

HYMN CCXXX. *Common Metre.* ※

The Hope of Heaven.

SOON ſhall this earthly frame diſſolv'd
In death and ruin lie;
But better manſions wait the juſt,
Prepar'd above the ſky.

2 A houſe eternal, built by God,
Shall lodge the holy mind,
When once the priſon-walls are broke
In which 'tis now confin'd.

3 Such are the hopes that cheer the juſt,
Theſe hopes their God hath given;
His Spirit is the earneſt now,
And ſeals their ſouls for heaven.

4 What faith rejoices to believe,
We long and pant to ſee;
We would be abſent from the fleſh,
And preſent, Lord, with thee.

Scotch Paraphraſes.

HYMN CCXXXI. *Common Metre.* ✻

Human Miſery, and Divine Conſolation.

THE days how few, how ſhort the year
Of man's ſo rapid race!
Each leaving, as it ſwiftly flies,
A ſhorter in its place.

2 They who the longeſt leaſe enjoy,
Have told us, with a ſigh,
That to be born, ſeems little more
Than to begin to die.

3 Our hearts are faſten'd to this world
By ſtrong and numerous ties;
But every ſorrow cuts a ſtring,
And urges us to riſe.

4 When Heaven would kindly ſet us free,
And earth's enchantment end;
It takes the moſt effectual way,
And robs us of a friend.

5 If we preſume to counteract
A ſympathetic God,
Have we not cauſe to fear the ſtroke
Of his avenging rod?

6 If we reſign, our patience makes
His rod a gentle wand;
If not, it darts a ſerpent's ſting,
Like that in Moſes' hand.

YOUNG.

HYMN CCXXXII. *Long Metre.* ✻

Divine Providence towards Man and Beaſt.

THE earth and all the heavenly frame
Their great Creator's love proclaim;

He gives the ſun his genial power,
And ſends the ſoft refreſhing ſhower.

The ground with plenty blooms again,
And yields her various fruits to men;
To men, who from thy bounteous hand
Receive the gifts of every land.

Nor to the human race alone
Is thy paternal goodneſs ſhown;
The tribes of earth, of ſea and air,
Enjoy thy univerſal care.

Not e'en a ſparrow yields its breath
Till God permits the ſtroke of death;
He hears the ravens when they call,
The father and the friend of all.

Thy care, great God, ſuſtains them all;
When urg'd by hunger's powerful call,
Expectant of the known ſupply,
To thee they lift the aſking eye.

To thee, in ceaſeleſs ſtrains, my tongue
Shall raiſe the morn and evening ſong;
And long as breath inſpires my frame,
The wonders of thy love proclaim.

Liverpool Collection.

HYMN CCXXXIII. *Long Metre.* ♯ or ♭

Sinai and Sion.

THE God, who once to Iſrael ſpoke
From Sinai's top in fire and ſmoke,
In gentler ſtrains of goſpel grace
Invites us now to ſeek his face.

He wears no terrors in his brow,
He ſpeaks in love from Sion now.

It is the voice of Jeſus' blood
That calls us wanderers back to God.

3 God's ſervant, Moſes, quak'd and fear'd,
When Sinai's thundering law he heard;
But goſpel grace, with accents mild,
Speaks to the ſinner as a child.

4 Hark! how from Calvary it ſounds,
From the Redeemer's bleeding wounds;
"Pardon and grace I freely give,
"Then, ſinner, look to me and live."

5 What other arguments can move
The heart that ſlights a Saviour's love;
O may that heavenly power be felt,
And cauſe the ſtony heart to melt.

6 Elſe how ſhall we thy preſence bear,
When as our Judge thou ſhalt appear;
When ſlighted love to wrath ſhall turn,
And the whole earth like Sinai burn.

NEWTON.

HYMN CCXXXIV. *Common Metre.*

Room at the Goſpel Feaſt.

THE King of heaven his table ſpreads,
And dainties crown the board;
Not paradiſe, with all its joys,
Could ſuch delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endleſs life are given;
And the rich blood that Jeſus ſhed,
To raiſe the ſoul to heaven.

3 Ye hungry poor, who long have ſtray'd
In ſins dark mazes, come;

Come from the hedges and highways,
And grace will find you room.

Thouſands of ſouls in glory now,
Were fed and feaſted here;
And thouſands more, ſtill on the way,
Around the board appear.

Yet is his houſe and heart ſo large,
That thouſands more may come;
Nor could the wide aſſembling world
O'erfill the ſpacious room.

All things are ready; enter in,
Nor weak excuſes frame;
Come, take your places at the feaſt,
And bleſs the Founder's name.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CCXXXV. *Short Metre.* ♯ or ♭

The Law and Goſpel.

THE law by Moſes came,
But peace and truth and love
Were brought by Chriſt, a nobler name,
Deſcending from above.

2 Amiſt the houſe of God,
Their different works were done;
Moſes a faithful ſervant ſtood;
But Chriſt a faithful Son.

3 Then to his new commands
Be ſtrict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's houſe he ſtands
The ſovereign and the head.

4 *The man* who durſt deſpiſe
The law that Moſes brought,

Behold how terribly he dies
For his preſumptuous fault.

5 But ſorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jeſus calls,
And dare reſiſt his grace.

WATTS.

HYMN CCXXXVI. *Common Metre.* ✻ or ♭

The New Covenant.

"THE promiſe of my Father's love
"Shall ſtand forever good,"
He ſaid; and gave his ſoul to death,
And ſeal'd the grace with blood.

2 To this new cov'nant of thy word
I ſet my worthleſs name;
I ſeal th' engagement to the Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 Thy light and ſtrength and pardoning grace,
And glory ſhall be mine;
My life and ſoul, my heart and fleſh,
And all my powers be thine.

4 Thus will I join my ſoul to God
In everlaſting bands;
And take the bleſſings he beſtows,
With thankful heart and hands.

WATTS and DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CCXXXVII. *Long Metre.* ✻

The Reward of faithful Servants. Daniel xii 3.

THERE is a glorious world on high,
Reſplendent with eternal day;

th views the bliſsful proſpect nigh,
d God's own word reveals the way.

ere ſhall the ſervants of the Lord
th never fading luſtre ſhine;
priſing honour! large reward,
nferr'd on man by love divine!

w happy then the truly wiſe,
no learn and keep the ſacred road;
w happy they whom heaven employs,
turn rebellious men to God!

win them from the fatal way,
here erring folly thoughtleſs roves;
id that bleſt righteouſneſs diſplay,
hich Jeſus wrought, and God approves!

ie ſhining firmament ſhall fade,
id ſparkling ſtars reſign their light;
t theſe ſhall know no change nor ſhade,
rever fair, forever bright.

o fancied joy beyond the ſky,
o fair deluſion is reveal'd;
is God that ſpeaks, who cannot lie,
nd all his word muſt be fulfill'd.

nd ſhall not theſe cold hearts of ours
e kindled at the glorious view?
ome, Lord, awake our active powers,
ur feeble, dying ſtrength renew.

n wings of faith and ſtrong deſire
may our ſpirits daily riſe;
nd reach at laſt the ſhining choir,
i the bright manſions of the ſkies.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN CCXXXVIII. *Common Metre.* ♯ or ♭

Death and Heaven.

THERE is a houſe not made by hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my ſpirit waiting ſtands,
Till God ſhall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this priſon of my clay
Muſt be diſſolv'd and fall;
Then, oh my ſoul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven;
And, as an earneſt of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word;
But whilſt the body is our home,
We're abſent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleaſant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather ſee;
We would be abſent from the fleſh,
And preſent, Lord, with thee.

WATTS.

HYMN CCXXXIX. *Common Metre.* ♭

The Humiliation of Chriſt. Iaiah liii.

THE Saviour comes! no outward pomp
Beſpeaks his preſence nigh;
No earthly beauties in him ſhine,
To draw the carnal eye.

2 Fair as a blooming, tender flower
Amidſt the deſart grows;
So, ſlighted and deſpis'd by man,
The heavenly Saviour roſe.

3 They held him as condemn'd by Heaven,
An outcaſt from his God;
While for their ſins he groan'd and bled
Beneath his Father's rod.

4 With ſinners in the duſt he lay,
The rich a grave ſupplied;
Unſpotted was his blameleſs life,
Unſtain'd by ſin he died.

5 His ſoul rejoicing ſhall behold
The purchaſe of his pain;
And every ſinner by him ſav'd
Shall bleſs Meſſiah's reign.

6 He died to bear the guilt of men,
That ſin might be forgiven;
He lives to bleſs them, and defend,
And plead their cauſe in heaven.

Scotch Paraphraſes.

HYMN CCXL. *Common Metre.* ♯ or ♭

The Reſurrection of the Martyrs. Rev. vii.

1 THESE glorious minds how bright they ſhine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the happy ſeats
Of everlaſting day?

2 From torturing pains to endleſs joys,
On fiery wheels they rode;
And ſtrangely waſh'd their raiment white,
In Jeſus' dying blood.

3 Now they approach a glorious God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and ſacred ſongs
Adore the Holy One.

4 The unveil'd glories of his face
Among his ſaints reſide;
While the rich treaſure of his grace
Sees all their wants ſupplied.

5 Tormenting thirſt ſhall leave their ſouls,
And hunger flee as faſt;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their ſweet repaſt.

6 The Lamb ſhall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains riſe;
And love divine ſhall wipe away
The ſorrows of their eyes.

WATTS.

HYMN CCXLI. *Long Metre.* ✻

The Voice of Nature.

THE ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial ſky;
And ſpangled heavens, a ſhining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 The unwearied ſun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power diſplay,
And publiſhes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the liſtening earth
Repeats the ſtory of her birth.

4 Whilſt all the ſtars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in ſolemn ſilence, all
Move round the dark terreſtrial ball;
What though no real voice nor ſound,
Amidſt their radiant orbs be found:

6 In reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever ſinging, as they ſhine,
The hand that made us is divine.

ADDISON.

HYMN CCXLII. *Long Metre.* ♯ or ♭

Remembrance of Chriſt.

1 "THIS do, in memory of your friend."
Such was the Saviour's laſt requeſt,
Who all the pangs of death endur'd,
That we might live forever bleſt.

2 Yes, we'll record thy matchleſs love,
Thou deareſt, tendereſt, beſt of friends!
Thy dying love the nobleſt praiſe
Of long eternity tranſcends.

3 'Tis pleaſure more than earth can give,
Thy goodneſs through theſe veils to ſee;
Thy table food celeſtial yields,
And happy they who ſit with thee.

4 But oh! what vaſt tranſporting joys
Shall fill our breaſts, our tongues inſpire,
When, join'd with the celeſtial train,
Our grateful ſouls thy love admire!

5 *When theſe* vile bodies, all refin'd,
Perfect and glorious as thy own,

Unwearied ſhall our minds obey,
And join in worſhip near thy throne.

HYMN CCXLIII. *Common Metre.* ♯ or ♭

The Teſtimony of a good Conſcience.

THOUGH frightful ſnares beſet me round,
And threatening billows roll;
Though ſcandal and reproach abound,
To vex my weary ſoul;

2 A conſcience pure can teſtify
My heart to be ſincere;
Preſumption and hypocriſy
All hateful ſtill appear.

3 My feet have kept the path divine,
Though ſinners did entice,
Nor do I yet from thence decline,
To tread the paths of vice.

4 God's word I treaſure up, and prize
Beyond all earthly good;
Compar'd with this, I may deſpiſe
My neceſſary food.

5 Cenſorious men who dwell at eaſe,
May proudly on me tread;
My Saviour whom I ſeek to pleaſe,
My righteous cauſe will plead.

6 His righteouſneſs I ſhall behold,
When light ſprings from above;
And tried I ſhall come forth as gold,
To praiſe his wondrous love.

WALLIS.

HYMN CCXLIV. *Long Metre.* ♯ or ♭

Chriſt the Image of the Inviſible God.

THOU, Lord, by mortal eyes unſeen,
And by thy offspring here unknown,

To manifeſt thyſelf to men,
Haſt ſet thy image in thy Son.

2 As the bright ſun's meridian blaze
O'erwhelms and pains our feeble ſight,
But cheers us with his ſofter rays
When ſhining with reflected light;

3 So in thy Son thy power divine,
Thy wiſdom, juſtice, truth and love
With mild and pleaſing luſtre ſhine,
Reflected from thy throne above.

4 Though harden'd Jews denied his claim,
And turn'd away their ſcornful face;
Yet thoſe who truſted in his name,
Beheld in him thy truth and grace.

5 O thou, at whoſe almighty word
Fair light at firſt from darkeſs ſhone,
Give us to know our glorious Lord,
And ſee the Father in the Son.

6 Whilſt we, thine image there diſplay'd,
With love and admiration view,
Form us in likeneſs to our head,
That we may bear thy image too.

MASON, altered.

HYMN CCXLV. *Common Metre.*

God our Refuge in Trouble.

THOU refuge of my weary ſoul,
On thee, when ſorrows riſe,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each riſing grief,
For thou alone canſt heal;

Thy promiſes can bring relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But when theſe gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The ſprings of comfort ſeem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where ſhall I flee;
Thou art my only truſt;
And ſtill my ſoul would riſe to thee,
Though proſtrate in the duſt.

5 Haſt thou not bid me ſeek thy face?
And ſhall I ſeek in vain?
And can the ear of ſovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

6 Thy mercy-ſeat is open ſtill,
There ſhall my ſoul retreat;
With humble hope attend thee ſtill,
And wait beneath thy feet.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCXLVI. *Long Metre.*

Self-Examination.

THOU vain intruding world, depart!
No more allure or vex my heart;
Let every vanity be gone;
I would be peaceful and alone.

2 Here let me ſearch my inmoſt mind,
And try its real ſtate to find;
The ſecret ſprings of thought explore,
And call my words and actions o'er.

3 Reflect how ſoon my life will end,
And think on what my hopes depend;
What aim my buſy thoughts purſue;
What work is done, and what to do.

rnity is juſt at hand;
d ſhall I waſte the ebbing ſand,
d careleſs view departing day,
d throw my fleeting time away?

this my chief, my only care,
high purſuit, my ardent prayer,
intereſt in the Saviour's blood,
ardon ſeal'd, and peace with God.

rch, gracious God, my inmoſt heart,
d light, and hope, and joy impart,
m guilt and error ſet me free,
d guide me ſafe to heaven and thee.

Mrs. STEELE.

MN CCXLVII. *Long Metre.* ♯ or ♭

Seeking Chriſt the Shepherd.

HOU, whom my ſoul admires above
All earthly joys and earthly love,
ll me, my Shepherd, let me know
here doth thy ſweeteſt paſture grow?

here is the ſhadow of that rock,
hich from the ſun defends thy flock?
n would I feed among thy ſheep,
nong them reſt, among them ſleep,

e footſteps of thy flock I ſee;
y ſweeteſt paſtures here they be!
wondrous feaſt thy love prepares,
ught by thy wounds, and groans, and tears,

s ſacred fleſh he makes my food,
d bids me drink his precious blood;
re to this feaſt my ſoul will come,
ll my beloved lead me home.

WATTS.

HYMN CCXLVIII. *Long Metre.* ♯ or ♭

The Vanity of Forms without Virtue.

TH' uplifted eye and bended knee
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee;
In vain our lips thy praiſe prolong,
The heart a ſtranger to the ſong.

2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precepts heal?
Can faſts and penance reconcile
Thy juſtice, and obtain thy ſmile?

3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Thankful, and to thy will reſign'd,
To thee a nobler offering yields,
Than *Sheba's* groves, or *Sharon's* fields;

4 Than floods of oil, or coſtly wine,
Rolling by thouſands to thy ſhrine;
Or than if to thine altar led,
A firſt-born ſon the victim bled.

5 "Be juſt and kind and humble too,
"In all you ſay, in all you do;
"To men, your charity impart,
"And love your God with all your heart."

6 This truth by ancient prophets given,
Was by thy Son confirm'd from heaven;
And, deep engrav'd, this great command
Doth on eternal pillars ſtand.

Reformed Liturgy.

HYMN CCXLIX. *Long Metre.* ♯ or ♭

Love to God and Man.

THUS ſaith the firſt, the great command,
"Let all thy inward powers unite
"To love thy Maker and thy God
"With ſacred fervour and delight.

"Then ſhall thy neighbour, next in place,
Share thine affections and eſteem;
And let thy kindneſs to thyſelf
Meaſure and rule thy love to him."

This is the ſenſe that Moſes ſpoke,
This did the prophets preach and prove;
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.

But oh, how baſe our paſſions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!
Lord, fill our ſouls with heavenly fire,
Or we ſhall ne'er perform thy will.

WATTS.

HYMN CCL. *Long Metre.* ✻ or b

God dwelling with the humble.

THUS ſaith the high and lofty One,
"I ſit upon my holy throne;
My name is God, I dwell on high,
Dwell in my own eternity.

"But I deſcend to worlds below,
On earth I have a manſion too;
The humble ſpirit and contrite
Is an abode of my delight.

"The humble ſoul my words revive,
I bid the mourning ſinner live;
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And eaſe the ſorrows of the mind.

"When I contend againſt their ſin,
I make them know how vile they've been;
But ſhould my wrath forever ſmoke,
Their ſouls would ſink beneath the ſtroke.

5 O may thy pardoning grace be nigh,
Leſt we ſhould faint, deſpair and die;
Thus ſhall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chaſtening love.

WATT

HYMN CCLI. *Common Metre.* ✻ or ‖

Characters of Chriſt. Iſa. xlii 1—4.

THUS ſaith the Lord, who built the he
And bade the planets roll; [ſe
Who peopled all the climes of earth,
And form'd the human ſoul;

2 "Behold my ſervant, ſee him riſe,
Exalted in my might;
Him have I choſen, and in him
I place ſupreme delight.

3 "On him, in rich profuſion pour'd,
My ſpirit ſhall deſcend;
My truth and judgment he ſhall ſhow
To earth's remoteſt end.

4 "Gentle and ſtill ſhall be his voice,
No threats from him proceed;
The ſmoking flax he ſhall not quench,
Nor break the bruiſed reed.

5 "The feeble ſpark to flame he'll raiſe,
The weak will not deſpiſe;
Judgment he ſhall bring forth to truth,
And make the fallen riſe.

6 "The progreſs of his zeal and power
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and diſtant iſles
Receive the law divine."

Scotch Paraphr

HYMN CCLII. *Common Metre.* ♯ or ♭

Children devoted to God.

THUS ſaith the mercy of the Lord,
"I'll be a God to thee,
I'll bleſs thy numerous race, and they
Shall be a ſeed for me."

Abrah'm believ'd the promis'd grace,
And gave his ſons to God;
But water ſeals the cov'nant now,
Which then was ſeal'd with blood.

Thus Lydia's houſe was ſanctified,
When ſhe receiv'd the word;
Thus the believing jailor gave
His houſehold to the Lord.

Thus do thy ſaints, O faithful God,
Thine ancient truth embrace;
To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim the grace.

WATTS.

HYMN CCLIII. *Long Metre.* ♯ or ♭

Chriſt's Commiſſion to preach the Goſpel.

THUS ſpake the Saviour, when he ſent
His miniſters to preach his word;
They through the world obedient went,
And ſpread the goſpel of their Lord.

"Go forth, ye heralds, in my name,
Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
The goſpel jubilee proclaim,
And call them to repent and live.

"The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where ſalvation lies;
Bind up the broken bleeding heart,
And wipe the tear from weeping eyes.

4 "Be wiſe as ſerpents where you go,
But harmleſs as the peaceful dove;
And let your heaven-taught conduct ſhow
That you're commiſſion'd from above.

5 "Freely from me ye have receiv'd,
Freely in love to others give;
Thus ſhall your doctrines be believ'd,
And by your labours, ſinners live.

6 "All power is truſted in my hands,
I will protect you and defend;
Whilſt thus you follow my commands,
I'm with you till the world ſhall end."

7 Happy thoſe ſervants of the Lord,
Who thus their Maſter's will obey!
How rich, how full is their reward,
Reſerv'd until the final day!

HYMN CCLIV. *Common Metre.* ✻

Divine Goodneſs to Man.

THY wiſdom, power and goodneſs, Lor
In all thy works appear;
But man thy bounties ſhall record,
For thy diſtinguiſh'd care.

2 From thee, the breath of life we drew,
That breath thy power maintains;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
Our brittle frame ſuſtains.

3 Yet nobler gifts demand our praiſe,
Of reaſon's light poſſeſs'd;
By revelation's brighter rays
Still more divinely bleſt.

4 Thy providence our conſtant guard,
When threatening woes impend,

Will either threatening dangers ward,
Or timely ſuccours lend.

On us thy providence has ſhone
With its propitious rays;
O let our lips and lives make known
Thy goodneſs and thy praiſe.

All bounteous Lord, thy grace impart;
O teach us to improve
Thy gifts with ever grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCLV. *Short Metre.* ♯ or ♭

The Voice of Wiſdom.

'TIS wiſdom's earneſt cry,
Wiſdom, the voice of God,
To young and old, the low and high,
She ſpeaks his will abroad.

2 Within the human breaſt
Her ſtrong monitions plead,
She thunders her divine proteſt
Againſt th' unrighteous deed.

3 Within the holy place,
She calls with open arms;
"How long, ye fools, will you embrace
"Folly's deceiving charms?

4 "The race of men I love;
"In mercy I chaſtiſe;
"Severely faithful, I reprove;
"Hear, mortals, and be wiſe.

5 "My doors are open wide;
"My table ſpread within;
"Come then, ye ſimple, turn aſide,
"And leave the paths of ſin.

6 "My joys unſenſual taſte,
"Come, drink of wiſdom's wine;
"No ſorrow poiſons my repaſt,
"The banquet is divine.

7 "My ways are ways of peace;
"My pleaſures never cloy;
"The bliſs I give will never ceaſe,
"But lead to endleſs joy."

SCOTT, varied.

HYMN CCLVI. *Short Metre.*

Preſerving Grace.

TO God, the only wiſe,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the ſaints below the ſkies
Their humble praiſes bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counſel and his care,
Preſerves us ſafe from ſin and death,
And every hurtful ſnare.

3 He will preſent our ſouls,
Unblemiſh'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the choſen ſeed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bleſs the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer, God,
Wiſdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majeſty,
And everlaſting ſongs.

WATTS

HYMN CCLVII. *Long Metre.* ※

Divine Preſervation.

TO heaven my grateful ſoul aſcends,
On God alone for help depends;
His hand is my perpetual guard,
His grace the ſource of my reward.

2 The ſpreading ſkies, by power divine,
In all their radiant glories ſhine;
From his command, the ſolid earth
And all its ſtores deriv'd their birth.

3 Inſpected by his piercing eyes,
No threatening ſnares my ſoul ſurprize;
My faithful guardian never ſleeps;
My trembling feet he ſafely keeps.

4 Protected by his powerful arm,
Should dreadful ſcenes our ſouls alarm,
Our lives are ſafe; his heavenly care
Defends us ſtill from every ſnare.

5 He guides our feet, directs our way,
His morning ſmiles enliven day;
And when the ſun withdraws the light,
His preſence cheers the ſhades of night.

Liverpool Collection.

HYMN CCLVIII. *Long Metre.* ※

Communion with Chriſt.

TO Jeſus, our exalted Lord,
That name, in heaven and earth ador'd,
Fain would our hearts and voices raiſe
A cheerful ſong of ſacred praiſe,

2 But all the notes which mortals know
Are weak, and languiſhing, and low;

Far, far above our humble ſongs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet whilſt around his board we meet,
And worſhip at his ſacred feet,
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love.

4 Yes, Lord, we love and we adore,
But long to know and love thee more;
And whilſt we taſte the bread and wine,
Deſire to feed on joys divine.

5 Let faith our feeble ſenſes aid,
To ſee thy wondrous love diſplay'd;
Thy broken fleſh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

6 Let humble penitential woe,
With painful, pleaſing anguiſh flow;
And thy forgiving love impart,
Life, hope and joy to every heart.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCLIX. *Long Metre.*

The Heavenly Conqueror.

TO Jeſus, our victorious Lord,
The praiſes of our lives belong;
Forever be his name ador'd,
The ſubject of each thankful ſong.

2 Enſlav'd by ſin, beſet by foes,
Undone and periſhing we lay;
His pity melted o'er our woes,
To ſave the trembling, dying prey.

3 He fought, he conquer'd, though he fell,
Whilſt with his laſt expiring breath

He triumph'd o'er the powers of hell,
And, by his dying, vanquiſh'd death.

Now on his Father's throne he reigns,
And all the tuneful choir above
Reſound, in high immortal ſtrains,
The praiſes of victorious love.

Though ſtill ſurviving foes ariſe,
Temptations, ſins, and doubts appear,
And pain our hearts, and fill our eyes,
With many a groan, and many a tear;

Still ſhall we fight, and ſtill prevail,
In our almighty Leader's name;
His ſtrength, whene'er our ſpirits fail,
Shall all our active powers inflame.

Immortal honours wait above,
To crown the dying Conqueror's brow;
And endleſs peace, and joy, and love,
For the ſhort war ſuſtain'd below.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCLX. *Long Metre.*

The Lord's Supper.

'TWAS on that dark and doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell aroſe
Againſt the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes,

Before the mournful ſcene began,
He took the bread, and bleſt, and brake;
What love through all his actions ran;
What wondrous words of grace he ſpake!

"This is my body, broke for ſin,
Receive and eat the living food;

Then took the cup, and bleſt the wine,
"'Tis the new covenant in my blood."

4 "In memory of your dying Lord,
Do this (he ſaid) till time ſhall end;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed friend."

5 Jeſus, thy feaſt we celebrate,
We ſhow thy death, we ſing thy name;
'Till thou return, and we ſhall eat
The marriage ſupper of the Lamb.

WATTS

HYMN CCLXI. *Common Metre.*

The New Birth.

VAIN are the hopes the ſons of men
On their own works have built;
The carnal mind is all unclean,
And all its actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile ſtop their mouth,
Without a murmuring word;
And the whole race of Adam ſtand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we aſk God's righteous law
To juſtify us now;
When, to convince and to condemn,
Is all the law can do.

4 Not all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that Moſes gave;
Nor will of men, nor blood, nor birth,
The guilty race can ſave.

5 God's Spirit, like a heavenly wind,
Blows on the ſons of fleſh;

Changes the heart, renews the mind,
And forms the man afreſh.

6 Our quicken'd ſouls awake, and riſe
From the long ſleep of death;
To heavenly things we turn our eyes,
And praiſe employs our breath.

7 The ſins and follies of our mind
Are crucified and dead;
By holy love our ſouls are join'd
To Chriſt our living Head.

Altered from WATTS.

HYMN CLXII. *Long Metre.* ♭

The Grave deſtroyed.

UNVEIL thy boſom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treaſure to thy truſt;
And give theſe ſacred relicks room
To ſlumber in thy ſilent duſt.

2 No pain, no grief, no anxious fear
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful ſleeper here,
Whilſt angels watch its ſoft repoſe.

3 So Jeſus ſlept; God's dying Son
Paſt through the grave and bleſt the bed;
Then reſt, dear ſaint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the ſhade.

4 Break from his throne, illuſtrious morn!
Attend, O grave, his ſovereign word!
Reſtore thy truſt; the glorious form
Will then ariſe to meet the Lord.

WATTS.

HYMN CLXXIII. *Short Metre.* ✱

The Lord's Day.

WELCOME, thou day of reſt ;
That ſaw the Lord ariſe ;
Welcome to this reviving breaſt,
And theſe rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himſelf comes near
To feaſt his ſaints to day ;
Here we may ſit, and ſee him here,
And love and praiſe and pray.

3 One day amidſt the places
Where Jeſus is within,
Is better than ten thouſand days,
Of pleaſure and of ſin.

4 My willing ſoul would ſtay
In ſuch a frame as this,
Till it is call'd to ſoar away
To everlaſting bliſs.

WATTS, varied.

HYMN CCLXIV. *Common Metre.*

The Victory and Dominion of Chriſt.

WE ſing our Saviour's wondrous death
He conquer'd when he fell ;
"'Tis finiſh'd," ſaid his dying breath,
And ſhook the gates of hell.

2 "'Tis finiſh'd," our Immanuel cries,
The mighty work is done ;
Hence ſhall his ſovereign throne ariſe ;
His kingdom is begun.

3 A perſon ſo divine was he,
Who yielded to be ſlain,

That he could give his life away,
And take his life again.

His croſs a ſure foundation laid
For glory and renown;
When through the regions of the dead
He paſs'd, to reach the crown.

Exalted at his Father's ſide,
Sits our victorious Lord;
His ſaints from ſinners to divide,
To puniſh or reward.

Live, glorious Lord, and reign above,
And every tongue ſhall ſing
The riches of eternal love,
The conqueſt of our King.

WATTS, varied.

HYMN CCLXV. *Common Metre.* ✠ or ♭

Reſignation in Death.

WHAT cannot reſignation do?
It wonders can perform;
That powerful charm, "Thy will be done,"
Can lay the loudeſt ſtorm.

Haſte, then, O reſignation, haſte,
'Tis thine to reconcile
The mind to death; at thy approach
The monſter wears a ſmile.

What ſight beneath the arch of heaven
Has moſt of heaven to boaſt?
The dying ſaint, reſign'd, ſerene,
And giving up the ghoſt.

O for that ſummit of my wiſh,
Whilſt yet I draw my breath,
That foretaſte of eternal life,
A glorious ſmile in death!

YOUNG.

HYMN CCLXVI. *Common Metre.* ✠

Gratitude for divine Mercies. Part I.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My riſing ſoul ſurveys,
Tranſported with the view, I'm loſt
In wonder, love and praiſe.

2 Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſs'd,
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
Or hung upon the breaſt.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themſelves in prayer.

4 Unnumber'd comforts on my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd;
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom thoſe comforts flow'd.

5 When in the ſlippery paths of youth
With heedleſs ſteps I ran,
Thine arm unſeen convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to man.

6 Through hidden dangers, toils and death,
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleaſing ſcenes of vice
Where thouſands go aſtray.

ADDISON.

HYMN CCLXVII. *Common Metre.* ✠

Gratitude for divine Mercies. Part II.

WHEN pale with ſickneſs, oft haſt thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in ſad ſorrow ſunk,
Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly good
Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my ſtore.

Ten thouſand thouſand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the leaſt a cheerful heart,
That taſtes thoſe gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life,
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after death, in diſtant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide the time no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

Through all eternity to thee
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe;
For O, eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy praiſe.

ADDISON.

HYMN CCLXVIII. *Common Metre.* ※

The Spring.

WHEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,
And bloſſoms deck the ſpray;
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How ſweet the vernal day!

Hark, how the feather'd warblers ſing!
'Tis nature's cheerful voice;
Soft muſick hails the lovely ſpring,
And woods and fields rejoice.

3 How kind the influence of the ſkies!
The ſhowers, with bleſſings fraught,
Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance riſe,
And fix the roving thought.

4 Then let my wondering heart confeſs,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bleſs
The garden, field and grove.

5 That bounteous hand my thoughts adore,
Beyond expreſſion kind,
Hath better, nobler gifts in ſtore,
To bleſs the craving mind.

6 O God of nature and of grace;
Thy heavenly gifts impart!
Then ſhall my meditation trace
Spring, blooming in my heart!

7 Inſpir'd to praiſe, I then ſhall join
Glad nature's cheerful ſong,
And love and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful tongue.

Mrs STERLE.

HYMN CCLXIX. *Common Metre.* ✻

Strength from God.

WHENCE do our mournful thoughts ariſe?
And where's our courage fled?
Has reſtleſs ſin and hopeleſs fear
Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot th' Almighty hand
That form'd the earth and ſea?
Or can the all-creating arm
Grow weary, or decay?

3 Treaſures of everlaſting might
In our Jehovah dwell:

He gives the conqueſt to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal power ſhall fade and die,
And youthful vigour ceaſe;
But they who wait upon the Lord
Shall find their ſtrength increaſe.

5 The ſaints ſhall mount on eagle's wings,
And taſte the promis'd bliſs;
'Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleaſure is.

WATTS.

HYMN CCLXX. *Common Metre.* ✻

Victory over Death, through Chriſt.

WHEN death appears before my ſight,
In all his dire array,
Unequal to the dreadful fight,
My courage dies away.

2 How ſhall I meet this potent foe,
Whoſe frown my ſoul alarms?
Dark horror ſits upon his brow!
And victory waits his arms!

3 But ſee my glorious leader nigh!
My Lord, my Saviour lives;
Before him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.

4 Jeſus, be thou my ſure defence,
My guard forever near;
My faith ſhall triumph over ſenſe,
And never yield to fear.

5 O, may I meet the final hour
With fortitude divine;
Suſtain'd by thine almighty power,
The conqueſt muſt be mine.

6 Lord, I commit my ſoul to thee,
Accept the ſacred truſt;
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch my ſleeping duſt,

7 Till that illuſtrious morning come,
When all thy ſaints ſhall riſe;
And cloth'd in thine immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the ſkies.

8 O let me join their raptur'd lays,
And, with the bliſsful throng,
Reſound ſalvation, power and praiſe
In everlaſting ſong.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCLXXI. *Long Metre.* ✻

Chriſt the Life of the Soul.

WHEN doubts and fears prevailing riſe,
And fainting hope almoſt expires?
Jeſus, to thee, I lift mine eyes,
To thee I breathe my ſtrong deſires.

2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die.
Fix'd on thine everlaſting word,
That word which built the earth and ſky?

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal hope is ſure;
His word a firm foundation gives,
Here let me build and reſt ſecure.

4 Here let my faith unſhaken dwell;
Immoveable the promiſe ſtands;
Not all the powers of earth and hell
Can e'er diſſolve the ſacred bands.

5 Here, then, my ſoul, thy truſt repoſe,
If Jeſus is forever mine,

Not death itſelf, the laſt of foes,
Shall break a union ſo divine. Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCLXXII. *Common Metre.* ♭

Thirſting after God. Iſa. xli. 17.

1 WHEN fainting in the ſultry waſte,
And parch'd with thirſt extreme,
The weary pilgrim longs to taſte
The cool refreſhing ſtream.

2 Should, ſudden to his hopeleſs eye,
A cryſtal ſpring appear,
How would th' enlivening, ſweet ſupply
His drooping ſpirit cheer!

3 So longs the weary fainting mind,
Oppreſs'd with ſins and woes,
Some ſoul-reviving ſpring to find,
Whence heavenly comfort flows.

4 Thus ſweet the conſolations are
The promiſes impart;
Here flowing ſtreams of life appear.
To eaſe the panting heart.

5 O when I thirſt for thee, my God,
With ardent ſtrong deſire,
And ſtill, through all this deſert road,
To taſte thy grace, aſpire;

6 Then, let my prayer to thee aſcend,
A grateful ſacrifice;
My plaintive voice thou wilt attend,
And grant me full ſupplies.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCLXXIII. *Common Metre.* ♯ or ♭

The Diſcipline of God's Providence.

WHEN I review the crooked ways,
Through

I find inceſſant cauſe to bleſs
And love my guardian God.

2 Through all the labyrinth of life,
My folly he purſued;
My wondering heart to quick return,
How tenderly he woo'd!

3 I rarely plann'd, but cauſe I found
My plan's defeat to bleſs!
Oft I lamented an event
Which turn'd to my ſucceſs.

4 When labouring under fancied ill,
My ſpirits to ſuſtain,
He kindly cur'd with wholeſome draughts
Of unaffected pain.

5 Sometimes he brought me near to death,
And, pointing to the grave,
Made terror whiſper kind advice,
And taught the tomb to ſave.

6 To raiſe my thoughts beyond where worlds
As ſpangles o'er us ſhine;
One day he gave and made the next
My ſoul's delight reſign.

7 From what ſeem'd horror and deſpair,
The richeſt harveſt roſe;
And gave me in the will divine,
An abſolute repoſe.

YOUNG.

HYMN CCLXXIV. *Long Metre.* b

Crucifixion to the World by the Croſs of Chriſt.

WHEN I ſurvey the wondrous croſs
On which the King of glory died,
My richeſt gain I count but loſs,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I ſhould boaſt,
But in the death of Chriſt, my God;
All the vain things that charm me moſt,
I ſacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er ſuch love and ſorrow meet?
Or thorns compoſe ſo rich a crown?

4 His dying crimſon, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a preſent far too ſmall;
Love ſo amazing, ſo divine,
Demands my ſoul, my life, my all.

WATTS.

HYMN CCLXXV. *Common Metre.* ※ or ♩.

Truſt in God's Word.

WHEN ſin and ſorrow, fear and pain
My trembling heart diſmay,
My feeble ſtrength, alas, how vain,
It ſinks and dies away.

2 My ſpirit aſks a firmer prop;
I lean upon the Lord;
My God, the pillar of my hope
Is thy unchanging word.

3 On this are built the brighteſt joys
Celeſtial beings know;
And 'tis the ſame almighty voice
Supports the ſaints below.

4 'Tis this upholds the rolling ſpheres,
And heaven's immortal frame;

Then let my ſoul ſuppreſs her fears.
My baſis is the ſame.

5 Thy ſacred word, thy ſolemn oath
Forever muſt remain;
I truſt in everlaſting truth,
Nor ſhall my truſt be vain.

Mrs. STEELE

HYMN CCLXXVI. *Common Metre.* ✻ or ♭

Repentance and Pardon. Iſaiah lv.

WHEN ſinners quit their wicked ways,
Their evil thoughts forego,
The God to whom their ſteps return
Returning grace will ſhow.

2 He pardons with o'erflowing love;
For, hear the voice divine;
"My nature is not like to yours,
"Nor like your ways are mine.

3 "But far as heaven's reſplendent orbs
"Beyond this earth extend;
"So far my thoughts, ſo far my ways
"Your thoughts and ways tranſcend.

4 "Like as the ſhowers from heaven diſtil,
"Nor thither riſe again,
"But ſwell the earth with fruitful juice,
"And all its tribes ſuſtain;

5 "So not a word that flows from me
"Shall ineffectual fall;
"But univerſal nature prove
"Obedient to my call.

6 "Where briers grew in barren wilds,
"Shall firs and myrtles ſpring;
"And nature through her utmoſt bounds
"Eternal praiſes ſing."

Scotch Paraphraſes.

HYMN CCLXXVIII. *Long Metre.* ※ or ♭

The Influences of the Divine Spirit.

WHEN the bleſt Comforter is nigh,
'Tis he ſuſtains my ſinking heart;
Elſe would my hopes forever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

2 When ſome kind promiſe glads my ſoul,
Does not his kind and welcome voice
The tempeſt of my fears controul,
And bid my drooping heart rejoice?

3 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine
With ardent wiſh my heart aſpires,
Can it be leſs than power divine
Which animates theſe ſtrong deſires?

4 What leſs than thy almighty word
Can raiſe my heart from earth and duſt,
And bid me welcome to my Lord,
My life, my treaſure, and my truſt?

5 And when my lively hope can ſay
I love my God and taſte his grace,
Lord, is it not thy bliſsful ray
Which gives the viſion of thy face?

6 Let thy good Spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love;
And light and heavenly peace impart;
Bleſt earneſt of the joys above.

Mrs. Steele.

HYMN CCLXXVIII. *Common Metre.* ※

The Pleaſure of Religion.

WHEN true religion gains a place,
And lives within the mind,
The ſenſual life, ſubdued by grace,
And all the ſoul refin'd;

The deſert blooms in living green,
Where thorns and briers grew;
The barren waſte is fruitful ſeen,
And all the proſpect new.

3 The ſtorms of rugged winter ceaſe,
The frozen powers revive;
Spring blooms without, within is peace;
All nature ſeems alive.

4 O happy chriſtian, richly bleſs'd!
What floods of pleaſure roll!
By God and man he ſtands confeſs'd
In dignity of ſoul.

5 Subſtantial, pure, his every joy;
His Maker is his friend;
The nobleſt buſineſs his employ,
And happineſs his end!

6 Ye ſenſual, worldly, proud and vain,
Your airy good purſue;
Let me religion's pleaſure gain,
I'll leave the world to you.

PROUD.

HYMN CCLXXIX. *Common Metre.* Glory

The Laſt Tempeſt.

WHEN wild confuſion wrecks the air,
And tempeſts rend the ſkies;
Whilſt blended rain, clouds and fire
In harſh diſorder riſe;

2 Safe in my Saviour's love I'll ſtand,
And ſtrike a tuneful ſong;
My harp ſhall tremble in my hand,
And all inſpire my tongue.

3 I'll ſhout aloud, "Ye thunders roll,
"And ſhake the ſullen ſky,

" Your ſounding voice from pole to pole
" In angry murmurs try.

4 " Let the earth totter on her baſe,
" And clouds the heaven deform;
" Blow, all ye winds, from every place,
" And ruſh the final ſtorm.

5 " Come quickly, bleſſed hope, appear,
" Bid thy ſwift chariot fly;
" Let angels tell thy coming near,
" And ſnatch me to the ſky.

6 " Around thy wheels in the glad throng
" I'd bear a joyful part;
" All hallelujah on my tongue,
" All rapture in my heart."

M. Byles.

HYMN CCLXXX *Long Metre.* ✠ or ♭

To Chriſt the Eternal Life.

WHERE ſhall the tribes of Adam find
The ſovereign good to fill the mind;
Ye ſons of moral wiſdom, ſhow
The ſpring whence living waters flow.

2 Say, will the *Stoic's* flinty heart
Melt, and this cordial balm impart?
Could *Plato* find theſe bliſsful ſtreams
Among his raptures and his dreams?

3 In vain I aſk! for nature's power
Extends but to this mortal hour;
'Twas but a poor relief ſhe gave
Againſt the terrors of the grave.

4 Jeſus, our kinſman and our Lord,
By angels and by men ador'd,
Thou art our life, our ſouls in thee
Poſſeſs a full felicity.

5 Let atheists ſcoff, and Jews blaſpheme
Th' eternal life and Jeſus' name;
Yet our immortal hopes are laid
In thee, our ſurety and our head.

6 Thy croſs, thy cradle, and thy throne
Are full of glories yet unknown;
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above
To ſee thy face, to ſing thy love.

WATTS.

HYMN CCLXXXI. *Common Metre.* ✻ o

Mercy before Sacrifice.

WHEREWITH ſhall guilty man appr
Before Jehovah's throne;
Or how procure thy kind regard,
And for his ſins atone?

2 Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
And ſpicy fumes aſcend?
Will theſe our earneſt wiſh ſucceed,
And make our God our friend?

3 Should thouſand rams in flames expire,
Would theſe thy favours buy?
Or oil that ſhould for holy fire
Ten thouſand ſtreams ſupply?

4 With trembling hands and bleeding heart
Should we our offspring ſlay;
Would this atone for ill deſert,
And take our guilt away?

5 "No," ſaith the Lord, "'tis fruitleſs all,
"Such coſtly rites are vain;
"No victims from the field or ſtall
"My favour can obtain.

6 "But truth to men and juſtice ſhow,
"And proofs of mercy give.

" Then humbly walk with God below,
" And you with God ſhall live.

7 " Hands that are clean, and hearts ſincere,
" I never will deſpiſe;
" And cheerful duty will prefer
" To coſtly ſacrifice."

Liverpool Collection.

HYMN CCLXXXII. *Common Metre.* ✻

The Nativity of Chriſt.

WHILST ſhepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
Near Bethlehem's happy ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory ſhone around.

2 " Fear not," ſaid he, (for mighty dread
Had ſeiz'd their troubled mind,)
" Glad tidings of great joy I bring
" To you and all mankind.

3 To you, in David's town, this day
" Is born, of David's line,
" The Saviour, who is Chriſt the Lord,
" And this ſhall be the ſign.

4 " The heavenly babe you there ſhall find
" To human view diſplay'd;
" But meanly wrapt in ſwathing bands,
" And in a manger laid."

5 Thus ſpake the ſeraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a ſhining throng
Of angels, praiſing God, and thus
Addreſs'd their joyful ſong.

6 " All glory be to God on high!
" And to the earth be peace!

HYMN CCLXXXV. *Long Metre.* ♯ or ♭

REANIMATION.

A Hymn for the Humane Society.

WHO, from the ſhades of gloomy night,
When the laſt tear of hope is ſhed,
Can bid the ſoul return to light,
And break the ſlumber of the dead?

2 No human ſkill that heart can warm,
Which the cold blaſt of nature froze;
Recal to life the periſh'd form;
The ſecret of the grave diſcloſe.

3 But thou, our ſaving God, we know,
Canſt arm the mortal hand with power
To bid the ſtagnant pulſes flow,
The animating heart reſtore.

4 Thy will, ere nature's tutor'd hand
Could with young life theſe limbs unfold;
Did the impriſon'd brain expand,
And all its countleſs fibres told.

5 As from the duſt thy forming breath
Could the unconſcious being raiſe;
So can the ſilent voice of death
Wake at thy call in ſongs of praiſe.

6 Since *twice* to die is ours alone,
And *twice* the birth of life to ſee;
O let us ſuppliant at thy throne,
Devote our *ſecond* life to thee.

Mrs. MORTON.

HYMN CCLXXXVI. *Long Metre.* ✻

Faith Triumphant.

WHO ſhall the Lord's elect condemn ?
'Tis God who juſtifies their ſouls :
And mercy, like a mighty ſtream,
O'er all their ſins divinely rolls.

2 Who ſhall adjudge the ſaints to hell ?
'Tis Chriſt who ſuffer'd in their ſtead ;
And, the ſalvation to fulfil,
Behold him riſing from the dead !

3 He lives ! he lives ! and reigns above,
Forever interceding there ;
Who ſhall divide us from his love ?
Or what ſhall tempt us to deſpair ?

4 Shall perſecution or diſtreſs,
Famine, or ſword, or nakedneſs ?
He who hath lov'd us, bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

5 Faith has an overcoming power,
It triumphs in the dying hour :
Chriſt is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we ſink with ſuch a prop.

6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cauſe his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Chriſt our love.

WATTS.

HYMN CCLXXXVII. *Common Metre.* ✻ or ♭

Death and the Reſurrection.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or ſhake at death's alarms ?
'Tis but the voice that Jeſus ſends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Why ſhould we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There Jeſus' ſacred body lay,
And left a long perfume.

3 The graves of all his ſaints he bleſs'd,
And ſoften'd every bed:
Where ſhould the dying members reſt,
But with the dying head?

4 Thence he aroſe, aſcended high,
And ſhow'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our fleſh ſhall fly,
At the great riſing day.

5 Then ſhall the laſt loud trumpet ſound,
And bid our friends ariſe;
Awake, ye nations, from the ground;
Ye ſaints, aſcend the ſkies.

WATTS.

HYMN CCLXXXVIII. *Common Metre.*

Looking at Things unſeen.

WHY ſhould the world's alluring toys
Detain our hearts and eyes?
Regardleſs of immortal joys,
And ſtrangers to the ſkies!

2 Theſe tranſient ſcenes will ſoon decay;
They fade upon the ſight;
And quickly will their brighter day
Be loſt in endleſs night.

3 Their brighteſt day! alas, how vain!
With conſcious ſighs we own;
Whilſt clouds of ſorrow, care and pain
O'erſhade the ſmiling noon.

4 O could our thoughts and wiſhes fly
Above theſe gloomy ſhades,

To thoſe bright worlds beyond the ſky
Which ſorrow ne'er invades.

5 There joys unſeen by mortal eyes
Or reaſon's feeble ray,
In ever blooming proſpect riſe,
Unconſcious of decay.

6 Lord, ſend a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving ray of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

7 Then ſhall, on faith's ſublimeſt wing,
Our ardent wiſhes riſe,
To thoſe bright ſcenes where pleaſures ſpring
Immortal in the ſkies.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN CCLXXXIX. *Long Metre.* ※

Marriage.

WITH cheerful voices riſe and ſing
The praiſes of our God and King;
For he alone can minds unite,
And bleſs with conjugal delight.

2 This wedded pair, O Lord, inſpire
With heavenly love, that ſacred fire;
From this bleſt moment may they prove
The bliſs divine of marriage love.

3 O may they both increaſing find
Subſtantial pleaſures of the mind;
Happy together may they be,
And both united, Lord, to thee.

4 To you, bleſt pair, your God hath given
To taſte the love which reigns in heaven;
His gift with all your powers improve,
And cultivate that virtuous love.

5 So may you live as truly one;
And when your work on earth is done,
Riſe, hand in hand, to heaven. and ſhare
The joys of love forever there!

PROUD.

HYMN CCXC. *Common Metre.* 𝄋 or 𝄌

The Penitent Thief.

WITH deep contrition, grief and ſhame,
The thief his crimes confeſs'd,
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Chriſt,
And thus his prayer addreſs'd:

2 "When to thy kingdom thou ſhalt come,
"O Lord, remember me."
"This day with me in paradiſe
"Thy happy ſoul ſhall be."

3 Thus ſpake the Saviour to a wretch
Who languiſh'd at his ſide;
Whilſt on the fatal tree he hung,
And bled, and groan'd, and died.

4 Jeſus, thou Son, and Heir of heaven,
Thou Lord of all below;
Though then unjuſtly thou waſt brought
To infamy and woe;

5 Yet quickly from that dreadful ſcene
In triumph thou didſt riſe,
Burſt through the priſon of the grave,
And gain'd thy native ſkies!

6 Exalted to thy Father's throne,
Pardon and life to give;
The penitent thou ſtill doſt hear,
And bid the ſinner live.

Altered from Brevint.

HYMN CCXCI. *Common Metre.* ※

The First and Second Adam.

WITH flowing eyes and bleeding hearts
A fallen world survey!
See the wide ruin sin has made
In one unhappy day.

2 Adam, in God's own image form'd,
See from his God estrang'd!
And all the joys of paradise
For guilt and horrour chang'd!

3 This fatal heritage bequeath'd
To all his helpless race!
Through this dark maze of sin and woe,
Thus to the grave we pass.

4 But, O my soul, with rapture hear
The second Adam's name;
And the celestial gifts he brings
To all his seed, proclaim.

5 What, though in mortal life they mourn?
What, though by death they fall?
Jesus, in one triumphant day,
Transforms and crowns them all!

6 Praise to his rich transcending grace,
Ev'n by our fall we rise!
And gain for earthly Eden lost
A heavenly paradise!

MASON, altered.

HYMN CCXCII. *Common Metre.* ※

Compassion of Christ.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is full of tenderness,
Of pity and of love.

2 Touch'd with a ſympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what ſore temptations mean,
For he endur'd the ſame.

3 But ſpotleſs, innocent and pure,
The great Redeemer ſtood;
When Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did reſiſt to blood.

4 He in the days of feeble fleſh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his meaſure feels afreſh
What every Chriſtian bears.

4 He'll never quench the ſmoking flax,
But raiſe it to a flame;
The bruiſed reed he never breaks,
Nor ſcorns the meaneſt name.

6 Then let our humble faith addreſs
His mercy and his power;
We ſhall obtain delivering grace
In the diſtreſſing hour.

W A.

HYMN CCXCIII. *Common Metre.*

Repentance and Hope.

WITH reſtleſs agitations toſt,
And low immers'd in woes,
When ſhall my wild diſtemper'd thoughts
Regain their loſt repoſe?

2 O thou, the wretched's ſure retreat,
Theſe torturing cares controul;
And with the cheerful ſmile of peace
Revive my fainting ſoul.

3 Did ever thy paternal ear
The humble plea disdain?
Or when did plaintive misery sigh,
Or supplicate in vain?

4 Oppress'd with grief and shame, dissolv'd
In penitential tears,
Thy goodness calms our restless doubts,
And dissipates our fears.

5 New life from thy refreshing grace
Our sinking hearts receive;
For 'tis thy darling attribute
To pity and forgive.

6 From that blest source, propitious hope
Appears serenely bright,
And sheds its soft diffusive beam
O'er sorrow's dismal night.

7 My griefs confess its vital power,
And bless the friendly ray,
Which ushers in the glad serene
Of everlasting day.

Mrs. Carter.

HYMN CCXCIV. *Long Metre.* ♯ or ♭

Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to day, and forever.

WITH wonder, Lord, our souls proclaim
Th' immortal honours of thy name!
Assembled round our Saviour's throne.
We make his countless glories known.

2 Ere Adam's clay with life was warm'd,
Or Gabriel's nobler spirit form'd;
Before creation was begun,
Before all ages, was the Son.

3 Through all ſucceeding ages, he
The ſame hath been, and ſtill ſhall be;
Immortal honours crown his head,
Though earth and ſkies wax old and fade.

4 The ſame his power his flock to guard;
The ſame his bounty to reward;
The ſame his faithfulneſs and love
To ſaints on earth, and ſaints above.

5 Let nature change, and ſink, and die,
Jeſus ſhall raiſe his people high;
And place them near his Father's throne,
In glory laſting as his own.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CCXCV. *Common Metre.*

The Chriſtian's Farewell.

YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever changing moon,
Pale empreſs of the night.

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames array'd;
My ſoul, that ſprings beyond thy ſphere,
No more demands thy aid.

3 Ye ſtars are but the ſhining duſt
Of my divine abode;
The pavement of thoſe heavenly courts,
Where I ſhall ſee my God.

4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams diſplay;
Nor ſhall one moment's darkneſs mix
With that unvaried day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall ſwell into my eyes;
Nor the meridian ſun decline,
Amidſt thoſe brighter ſkies.

6 There all the millions of his ſaints
Shall in one ſong unite;
And each the bliſs of all ſhall view
With infinite delight.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CCXCVI. *Common Metre.* ※ or ♭

Divine Goodneſs.

YE humble ſouls, approach your God
With ſongs of ſacred praiſe;
For he is good, immenſely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care;
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

4 He gave his well beloved Son,
To ſave our ſouls from ſin;
'Tis here he makes his goodneſs known,
And proves it all divine.

4 To this ſure refuge, Lord, we come,
And here our hope relies;
A ſafe defence, a peaceful home,
When ſtorms of trouble riſe.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The ſouls who truſt in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliſs divinely free.

HYMN CCXCIX. *Common Metre.* ✻

The Goſpel Feaſt.

YE wretched, hungry, ſtarving poor,
Behold a royal feaſt!
Where mercy ſpreads her bounteous ſtore
For every humble gueſt.

2 See Jeſus ſtands with open arms,
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,
But ſee, there yet is room!

3 In Jeſus' condeſcending heart
Both love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the ſoul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

4 Come then, and with his people taſte
The bleſſings of his love;
While hope attends the ſweet repaſt
Of nobler joys above.

5 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne;
Ten thouſand thouſand ſouls rejoice,
In extaſies unknown.

6 And yet ten thouſand thouſand more
Are welcome ſtill to come;
Ye longing ſouls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCC. *Common Metre.* ✻ or ♭

True and falſe Zeal.

ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame
The fire of love ſupplies;
Whilſt that which often bears the name,
Is ſelf but in diſguiſe.

2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear;
The falſe is headſtrong, fierce and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

3 While zeal for truth the Chriſtian warms,
He knows the worth of peace;
But ſelf contends for names and forms,
Its party to increaſe.

4 Zeal has attain'd its higheſt aim,
Its end is ſatisfied,
If ſinners love the Saviour's name,
Nor ſeeks it aught beſide.

5 But ſelf, however well employ'd,
Has its own ends in view;
And ſays, as boaſting Jehu cried
"Come, ſee what I can do."

6 Self may its own reward obtain,
And be applauded here;
But zeal the beſt applauſe will gain
When Jeſus ſhall appear.

7 This idol ſelf, O Lord, dethrone,
And from our hearts remove;
And let no zeal by us be ſhown
But that which ſprings from love.

NEWTON.

ASCRIPTIONS AND BENEDICTIONS,

Founded on TEXTS *of* SCRIPTURE; *to be ſung at the End of Pſalms and Hymns, in various Metres.*

I.

Common Metre.—Single.

Phil. iv. 7.

MAY peace, which from the Lord proceeds,
Which Chriſt alone imparts,
Which human knowledge far exceeds,
Preſerve and keep our hearts.

II.

Pſalm xxviii. 9.

Lord, bleſs thy people, who to thee
Do all their ſafety owe;
Feed thou thy flock, and raiſe them up
When they are fallen low.

Unknown.

III.

Rev. v. 13.

Bleſſing and honour, glory, power,
By all in earth and heaven,
To him who ſits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb be given.

TATE.

IV.

Another.

To him who ſits upon the throne,
The God whom we adore;
And to the Lamb that once was ſlain,
Be glory evermore.

Scotch Paraphraſt

V.

Common Metre.—Double.

Phil. ii. 10, 11.

Let every creature bow the head
To God's exalted Son;
Since God hath rais'd him from the dead,
And plac'd him on his throne.

Let every mortal tongue confeſs
That Jeſus is the Lord;
Thus when the Saviour's name we bleſs,
The Father is ador'd.

VI.

Hebrews xiii. 20, 21.

Now may the God of peace and love,
Who from the ſhades of death
Reſtor'd the Shepherd of the ſheep
To draw immortal breath,

Enrich our ſouls with every grace,
That we may do his will;
And all that's pleaſing in his ſight,
Inſpire us to fulfil.

RIPPON'S Collection.

VII.

Rev. i. 5, 6.

To him, who waſh'd us from our ſins
In his own precious blood;
And made us kings and prieſts, before
His Father and his God;

To him who died and roſe again,
Be glory ever given;
And may his wide dominion ſpread
Throughout the earth and heaven.

VIII.

Rev. v. 9, 10.

Worthy art thou, who once was ſlain,
To open every ſeal,
And from the book of God's decrees
His counſels to reveal.

Thou haſt redeem'd us by thy blood,
From ſin haſt ſet us free,
Haſt made us kings and prieſts to God,
And we ſhall reign with thee.

Partly from WATTS.

Long Metre.—Single.

I.

Mat. xxi. 9.

HOSANNA* to king David's Son,
Who reigns on a ſuperiour throne,
We bleſs the Prince of heavenly birth,
Who brought ſalvation down to earth.

WATTS.

II.

1. Tim. i. 17.

Now to the great eternal King,
Th' immortal God; we mortals ſing,
God only wiſe we glorify,
Inviſible to mortal eye.

S. D.

III.

1. Tim. vi. 15, 16.

To him who dwells in heavenly light,
Beyond the reach of human ſight,

* The word Hoſanna ſignifies, "Save, we beſeech thee" it is an aſcription of honour to Chriſt as our Saviour.

The King ſupreme, the Lord of heaven,
Be endleſs praiſe and honour given.

IV.

2. Theſſ. ii. 16, 17.

May God the Father, and his Son,
From whom all love and grace proceed,
Comfort our hearts, and ſtabliſh us
In every virtuous word and deed.

V.

Long Metre.—Six Lines.

Jude, ver. 24, 25.

To him whoſe wiſdom, love and power
Preſerves us in temptation's hour,
Who will preſent our ſouls complete
Before the glory of his ſeat;
To God, our Saviour, only wiſe,
Let ſongs of praiſe and honour riſe.

All Sevens Metre.

2. Cor. xiii. 14.

MAY the grace of Chriſt our Saviour,
And the Father's boundleſs love,
With the holy Spirit's favour
Reſt upon us from above.

NEWTON.

Short Metre.

I.

Rom. xvi. 25, 27.

TO God the only wiſe,
Who keeps us by his word,
Be glory now and evermore,
Through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord.

II.

2. Cor. xiii. 14.

The grace of Chriſt our Lord,
The Father's boundleſs love,
The Spirit's bleſt communion, too,
Be with us from above.

III.

Mat. xxi. 9. John i. 14.

Hoſanna to the WORD,
Who from the Father came,
Aſcribe ſalvation to the Lord,
And ever bleſs his name.

Hallelujah Metre.

I.

1. John iv. 19—Gal. iii. 13—Col. i. 12.

TO him who lov'd us firſt,
Before the world began,
To him who bore the curſe
To ſave rebellious man:
To him who forms
Our ſouls for heaven,
Be endleſs praiſe
And glory given.

W.

II.

Mat. xxi. 9—Acts v. 13—Phil. ii. 11.

Hoſanna to the King
Of David's royal blood;
Behold, he comes to bring
Forgiving grace from God:
Upon his head
Shall honours reſt,
And every tongue
Pronounce him bleſt.

III.

Heb. i. 6—Rev. v. 11. 12.

With angels round the throne,
And ſaints who dwell above,
We join to praiſe the Son,
And ſing his wondrous love,
Worthy the Lamb,
Who once was ſlain,
O'er heaven and earth
To live and reign.

IV.

1. Cor. xv. 47—Col. i. 18—Acts v. 31.

To Chriſt the Lord from heaven,
The firſt-born from the dead;
The Prince of life, be glory given,
And wide his kingdom ſpread:
Through earth's extent
His honours raiſe;
And all conſent
His name to praiſe.

☞ SINCE the death of my brother, the late Dr. JOHN CLARKE, I think I am at liberty to ſay, that many of the variations and additions in this Collection of Pſalms and Hymns, were either made or ſuggeſted by him; that the alteration of the 149th Pſalm was altogether his own; and that the whole work paſſed under his critical eye and correcting hand before it went to the preſs. For this, and for many other acts of Chriſtian friendſhip, his memory will be ever precious to me.

J. B.

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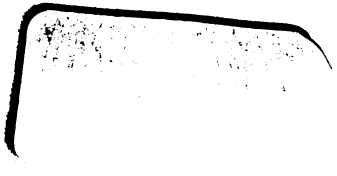
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